COLLIER'S

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OCTOBER 26, 1956 • FIFTEEN CENTS

"I am not doing penance for anything"

By INGRID BERGMAN

Oct. 26-1956.

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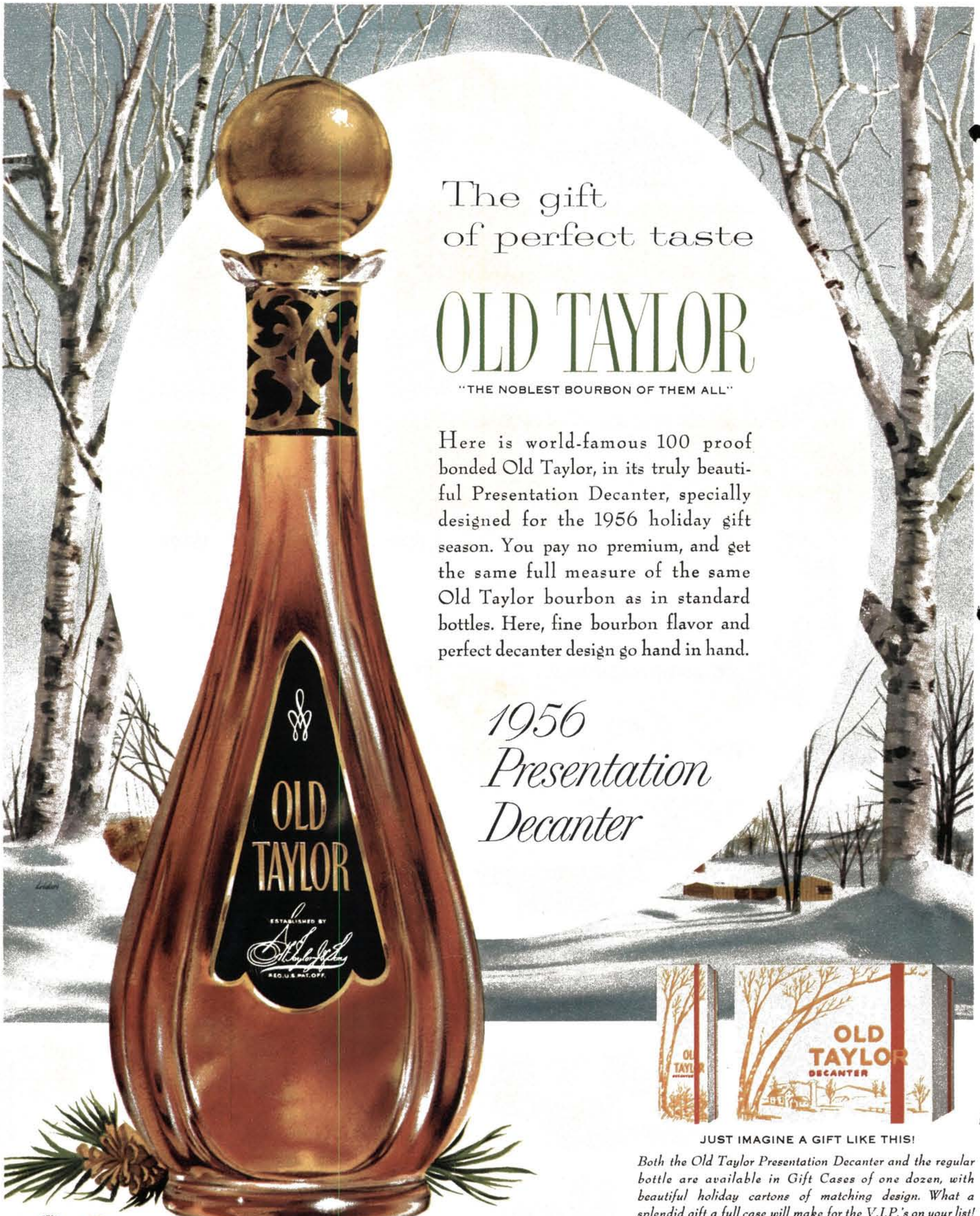

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MURINE
For Your
EYES

October 26, 1956 Vol. 138 No. 9

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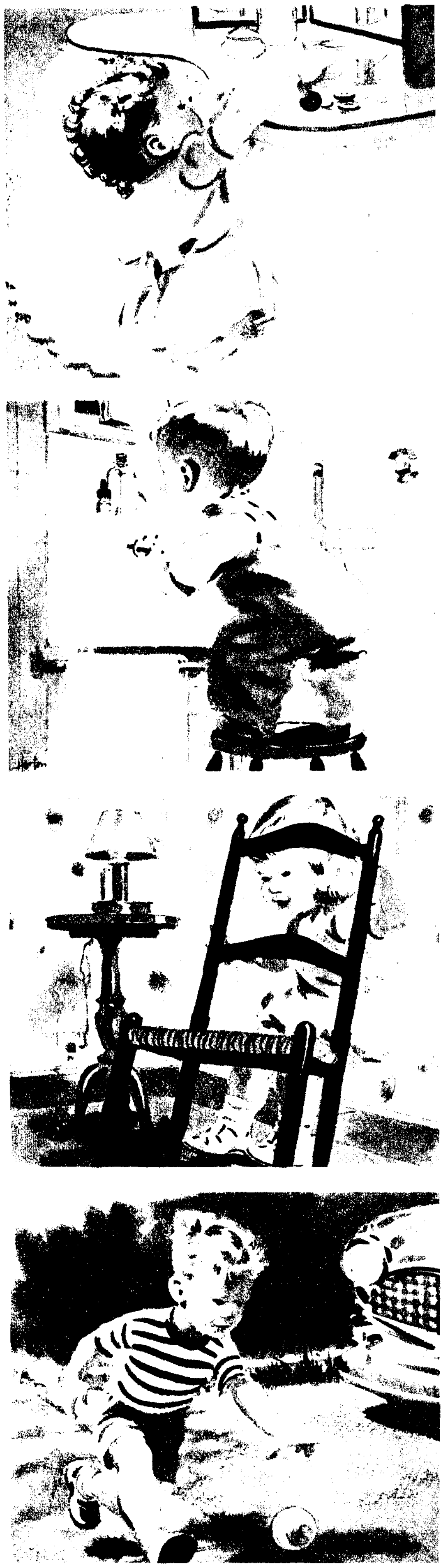

What are the greatest hazards at these ages?

THE LIVES of young children are no longer threatened by disease as much as they once were. *Today, accidents are the greatest single hazard of early childhood.*

In fact, accidents in and about the home take the lives of about 3,000 children yearly in the age group from one to four. Thousands more of our children are injured . . . and many are permanently crippled . . . *by accidents which might have been prevented.*

Medical and safety authorities believe that accidents can be controlled almost as successfully as the once-dreaded infections of childhood. *But parents must accept most of the responsibility for reducing the accident toll among toddlers and youngsters of the "runabout age."*

One way to help safeguard young children is to know something about what a child does at various stages of growth. Around age one, for example, they put practically everything in their mouths. This is why household cleansers and small objects such as pins and buttons should be put away.

Age two is the time when the child explores and investigates everything around him. So, potentially dangerous things—such as medicines, knives, matches and electrical equipment—should be kept where a child cannot reach them.

The child of three may have a serious fall, especially when he climbs near windows, on furniture or goes up and down stairs. Windows should have guards on them. Screens need to be firm and securely fastened. Stairs should always be free of objects on which a child can trip.

Four-year-old children are "runabouts." They should be taught to watch for cars in driveways and to ride their tricycles on the sidewalk.

Remember also that children imitate their parents. This normal instinct to copy adults shows why mothers and fathers should set good examples in safety at home, in the streets and elsewhere.

In addition, children need regular health examinations for correcting defects of vision or hearing that could lead to mishaps. If *repeated* accidents occur, a special effort should be made to discover the cause.

The more parents know about a child's normal interests, activities and behavior—and the risks likely to be encountered from ages one to four—the more they can do to help prevent burns, poisoning, falls and other accidents.

Children of school age also have many accidents. So, it would be wise to re-emphasize to them the importance of crossing streets properly, obeying traffic lights and equipping and riding their bicycles for safety.

If you would like more information about childhood growth and development . . . and how your knowledge of both can help you foresee and forestall accidents . . . send for Metropolitan's booklet, *A Formula for Child Safety.* Use the coupon below for your free copy which will be mailed to you promptly.

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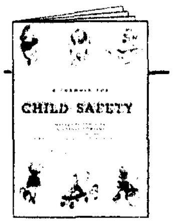

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BERNICE CLARK

LISTEN TO...
'BOSS' KETTERING

At the age of eighty, Charles F. (Boss) Kettering, a tall and uncontrollably inquisitive man, is mocking retirement. Universally considered most responsible for the development of the smooth, spectacular American automobile, he retired nine years ago as vice-president and research head of General Motors. But he's been researching continually since, and on November 14th he will be honored as "Industrialist of the Year" by the Society of Industrial Realtors.

Pragmatist Kettering has spent his life proving that things aren't necessarily what they seem, and don't have to stay as they are. He proved it first in Ashland, Ohio, at twenty-four, when the telephone company for which he had installed a central battery exchange system prepared to reinstate the old hand-crank apparatus because the new contraption was going dead for several hours each afternoon. Kettering went from farm to farm until he found the trouble. A subscriber, accustomed to a daily snooze, would place his steel spectacles on the terminals of the telephone box, thereby short-circuiting the system.

In the 56 years since, "Boss Ket" has electrified the National Cash Register Company's register, helped conceive the two-cycle diesel engine, ethyl gasoline and the high-compression automobile engine. He is perhaps best known for inventing the electrical self-starter; but certainly he will long be known, as well, for the "Ketteringisms" that disarmingly distill his realist's philosophy. Herewith, then, are presented some of the best of "Ket." —LEONARD GROSS

THE WAY UP

As I remember, there are three laws of thermodynamics . . . The second one I know very, very well. It simply says that you can't push on something that's going faster than you are.

A child from the time he goes to school is taught that it is very dangerous to fail . . . The inventor fails 9,999 times and if he succeeds once, he is in.

The one time you don't want to fail is the last time you try.

Just the minute you get satisfied with what you've got, the concrete has begun to set in your head.

SUCH IS BUSINESS

We've got something better than patents. Our competitors think we're crazy.

One thing you've got to do in all technology is be sure you don't go on record. A technologist would sooner sink his ship than change his mind. All you need to do in competition is to get your competitor on record. He'll never change his mind.

In our business we believe in the double-profit system. When we build a product we expect to get a profit out of it when we sell it. On the other hand, the average customer won't buy a thing if he doesn't expect to get more out of it than he is paying for it.

We have roughly 60,000,000 cars, trucks and so forth in the United States. Suppose we figure five seats to a vehicle, that gives us 300,000,000 seats. We have only 160,000,000 people in this country, so we can take the entire population of England, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal along as guests. I am sure some people think that is what we do every Sunday.

THE PRACTICAL MAN

Intelligent ignorance is the first requirement in research.

Research is an organized method for keeping you reasonably dissatisfied with what you have.

An experiment that fails is simply an experiment in which you were wrong.

The hard thing to recognize is that the thing you are working on is boss. The engines are much smarter than the engineers. Not many years ago a piston that runs 1,500,000 miles and one that runs 50,000 miles were sawed in half and exhibited at an engineering convention. There I met a friend of mine, an engineer. He said, "I wouldn't have that piston. I don't see how you ever designed a thing like that." I showed him the card and said, "That ran 1,500,000 miles." He said, "You couldn't give me a piston like that." He pointed to the other one and said, "That's the only one that's any good." I said, "How do you know?" He said, "I'm an engineer." I said, "Yes, but were you ever a piston in a diesel engine?"

I think it was Edison who made a study and said that the more education you had the less likely you were to become an inventor.

The Russians are outstripping us on graduating engineers. I say, let 'em go. The more they graduate, the safer we are.

We ought to put up over the library doors: "Read here at your own risk. You may get more misinformation than information."

People think that if they have a name for a thing, they understand it.

TOMORROW

We are looking backward so much that we back into the future, and that is why we get into so much trouble. What I should like for us to do is to back into the past and look forward and learn whatever we can, because all the rest of your life is going to be spent in the future and you should be interested in that and not where you came from.

The things that will be accomplished tomorrow will be done because they need to be done, not because someone has thrown down the gauntlet and challenged us to do them.

With willing hands and open minds, the future will be greater than the most fantastic story you can write. You will always underrate it.

Here's why so many people use

ONLY GLEEM – *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS.

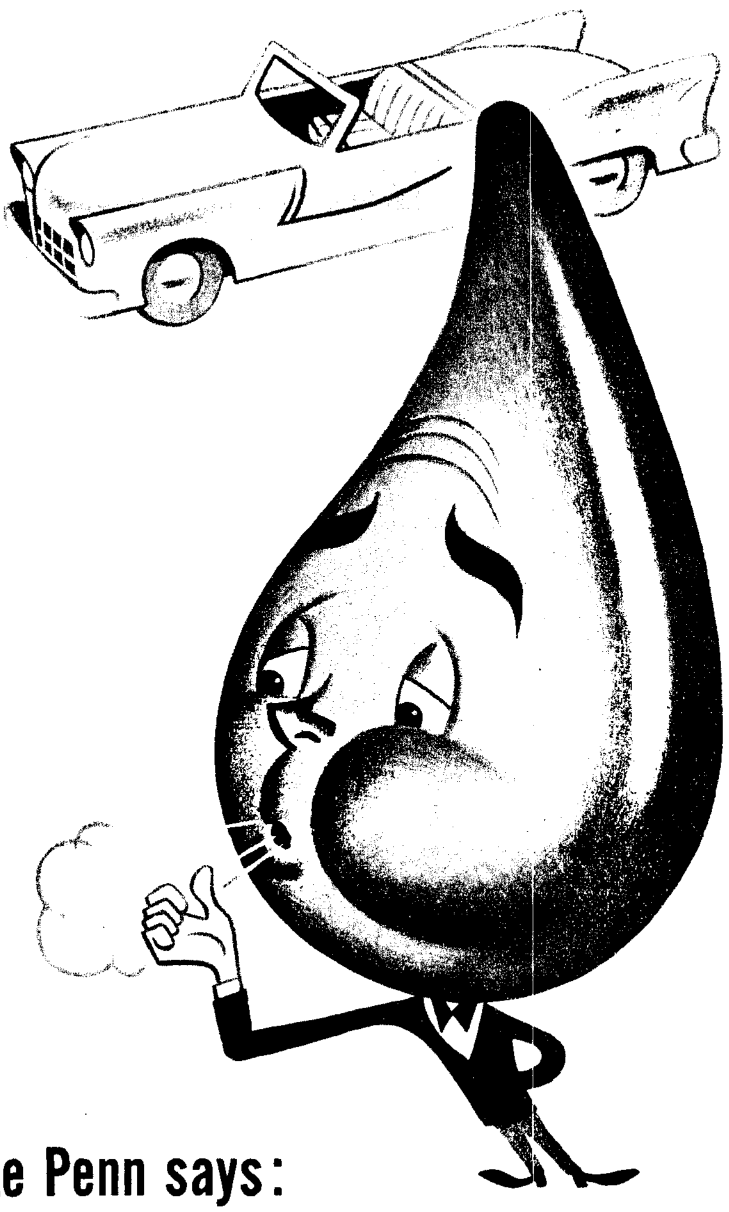
ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA.

How many of us can always take time to brush after meals, even though it's best? Then use Gleem, the toothpaste that meets this modern problem. Just *one* Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria. That's how Gleem with exclusive GL-70 gives added resistance to decay . . . and protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. And Gleem's flavor is so wonderful it's easy to get youngsters to brush regularly with Gleem. That's why so many families use only Gleem—it's the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

"I can't brush after every meal so ***I DEPEND ON GLEEM!"***

GLEEM
WITH GL-70
ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!



Pete Penn says:

"Pardon me, but...

"You're looking at the kid Mother Nature endowed with everything the other motor oils *wish* they had."

Nature's *best* crude comes from the oil fields of the Pennsylvania Grade region. That's why today's best motor oils are brands of Pennsylvania. They give your engine greatest protection against wear caused by today's high speeds in today's close-fitted engine parts.

Take Pete Penn's advice . . . at your next oil change, tell the dealer to put in a brand of Pennsylvania. Carried by good dealers *everywhere.*

Today's BEST Oils
Start with Nature's BEST Crude
...and that means Pennsylvania!

INSIST ON A BRAND OF PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

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PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

states of mind

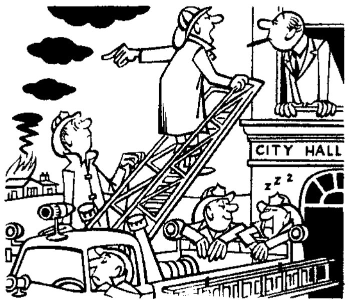
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Lady in Des Moines, Iowa, wishes to report that an otherwise respected fellow citizen told her that nine out of 10 women look sexier in a seven-dollar housedress than in a $3,000 mink coat. "He was very interesting," she says, "but hadn't time to stay and say more. Said he was already late for his appointment with his oculist."

★ ★ ★

Let's say you live in a suburb of Salem (population 2,000), South Dakota, and suddenly your house is on fire. Of course, you can notify the Salem fire department, but don't expect the boys to come cantering to the rescue. They may not be able to find the mayor, an exceedingly busy man. The law, expounded for this column's benefit by Mr. C. H. McCay, attorney at law, specifically forbids the laddies to leave town without His Honor's spoken or written permission. Obviously that's one way to get rid of suburbs; but even if your house is within the city limits, there still may be some delay, because the law goes on to forbid the use of fire-department property "for any other purpose than the advancement of the department."



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

We see by the Sonora (California) Union Democrat, sent us by Mr. Avery Moore, that Messrs. Tom Allen and Bill Knox were on their way to a secluded spot to fight a duel. But while on their way, they got to arguing about dueling code rules. Argument became so spirited that they "got into an impromptu shooting scrape, much to the disgust of their seconds." Of course, this happened a hundred years ago, but the Union Democrat dug it out of the files just to let the customers know that times have changed and that life in Sonora was not always as idyllic as it is today.

★ ★ ★

We got to discussing a well-advertised public servant with one of his upper Midwest constituents and are bound to admit that the WAPS came out third best. We asked: "Hasn't the guy any redeeming features at all?" The answer: "Well, yes. In a way he is one of the least interesting bores I've ever met."

★ ★ ★

A pathos-packed letter from Mr. Tom Bankerton. From Los Angeles, California, Mr. Bankerton warns us that due to the "unwarranted interference of reformers, football on the Pacific Coast may be of inferior quality." This, as you will readily agree, is a future hard to contemplate. But worse: "It may be that our West Coast colleges and universities may degenerate into Eastern Ivy League status," says Mr. Bankerton. Naturally that is not to be tolerated. We are having trouble blinking back our tears.

★ ★ ★

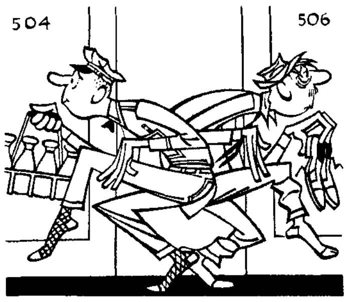
The elderly gentleman on the courthouse steps in San Antonio, Texas, wore a magnificent, waist-long beard. Thinking to compliment the owner, Mr. Chet Platt asked him that equally bewhiskered question: "Sir, which is best—keeping it inside or outside the covers when you're in bed?" The beard thought it over. Then: "Why do you have to start creating problems where there wasn't none before?"

★ ★ ★

Mr. Hermann Wenige dropped in at a Jeffersonville, Indiana, shoppe for a cup of tea, so he couldn't help overhearing what one lady at the next tab said to the other. She said: "I told him it was his own fault. If he hadn't advised me to do it, I'd have done it."

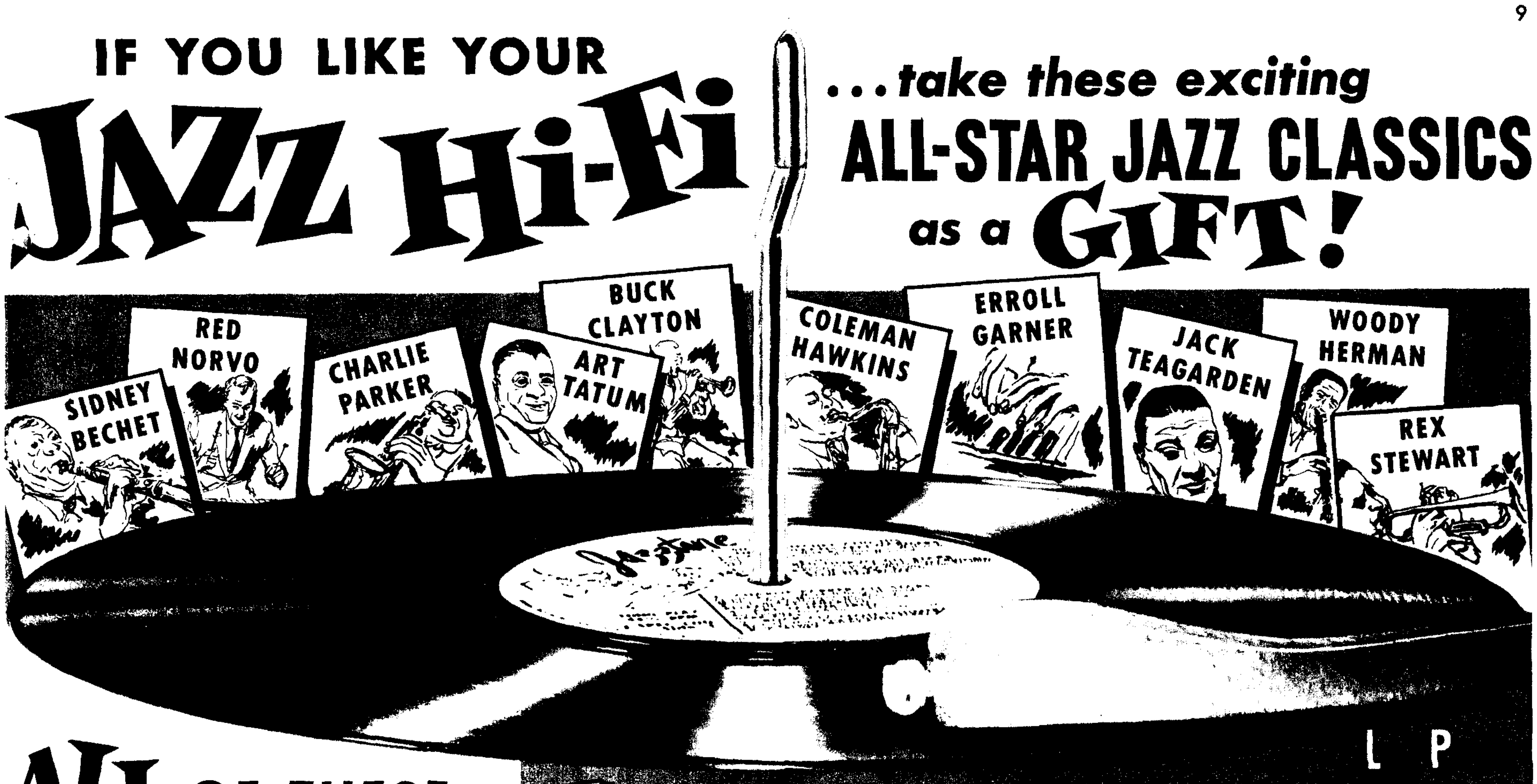
★ ★ ★

Somewhere the management of this apartment house in Montreal, Canada, got the absurd idea that the tenants would appreciate a little peace and quiet along about sunrise. For example, milkmen who had a way of driving up with exhausts wide open and playing tenpins with the empties were banished. But, says Mr. K. A. Marshman, one dairyman survived. He got exclusive rights to serve the entire building by agreeing to make his rounds in his stocking feet. And on tiptoes yet.



★ ★ ★

We pulled a pretty booboo in Collier's not long ago. We said that the Honorable Wayne N. Aspinall was a member of Congress from California. Low-grade stupidity here. Mr. Aspinall represents Colorado. T. Ellsworth Stepp, executive secretary of the Colorado Broadcasters and Telecasters Association, chewed us out by wire. Mrs. Edith Spias and others chided us by mail from Colorado. Reproval came from California too.



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ALL OF THESE ALL-TIME GREAT... LP JAZZ CLASSICS FREE

JELLY ROLL BLUES

Featuring the fabulous **SIDNEY BECHET,** his clarinet and his New Orleans Feetwarmers – with Wild Bill Davison on the cornet and Ralph Sutton at the piano. This wonderful and historic classic is performed in the happy, rowdy, truly experienced way of the early jazzmen.

SLAM SLAM BLUES

This is the great *unrehearsed* classic featuring the two leading pioneers of modern jazz – **RED NORVO** and **TEDDY WILSON.** With **CHARLIE PARKER** on the alto sax and **DIZZY GILLESPIE** on the trumpet.

RELAXIN' AT CAMARILLO

The **CHARLIE PARKER ALL-STARS** in one of the "Yardbird's" most important records, – and a classic example of modern jazz at its best. **WARDELL GRAY** on the tenor sax and **HOWARD McGHEE** is on the trumpet.

DARK EYES

The one and only **ART TATUM** and his Trio.

B. C. BLUES

The **BUCK CLAYTON QUINTET** with **TEDDY WILSON** at the piano and **FLIP PHILLIPS** on the tenor sax.

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

The FIRST MAN of the tenor sax, **COLEMAN HAWKINS** and his great Quartet in a masterly recording of Fats Waller's jazz classic. **JO JONES** on the drums.

SERENADE TO A SHYLOCK

JACK TEAGARDEN and his orchestra with **PEE WEE RUSSELL** on the clarinet and **BOBBY HACKETT** on the trumpet.

TRIO

ERROLL GARNER and his fabulous Trio.

MOON BURNS

WOODY HERMAN'S WOODCHOPPERS in a poetic and subdued jazz composition.

BASIN STREET BLUES

REX STEWART and his Dixieland Jazz Band in a rousing, rowdy, pulse-pounding performance.

A Treasury of Jazz Performances, Encompassing Every Jazz Era –

If you really like your Jazz Hi-Fi, we'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE this fabulous recorded concert of all-time Jazz Classics — with absolutely no obligation to buy another record, ever!

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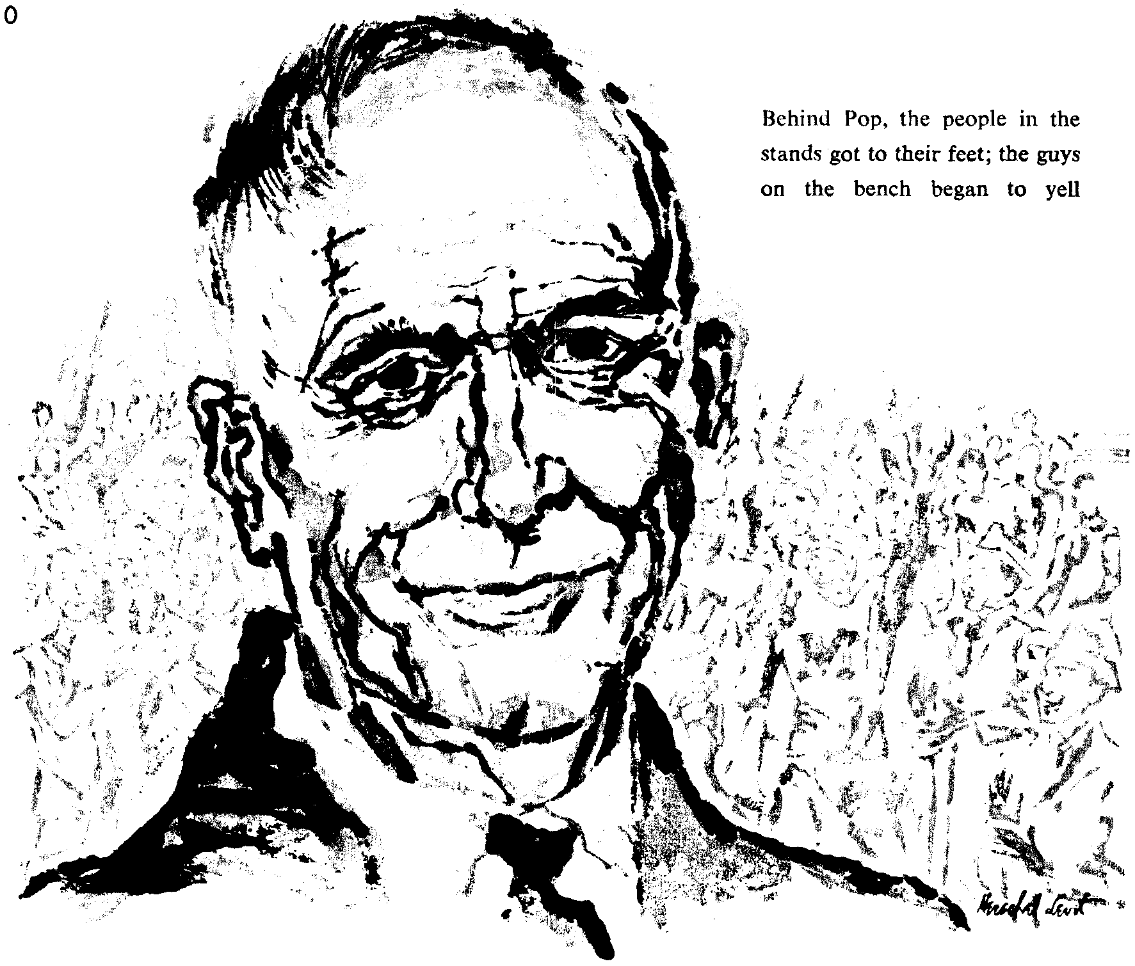

Behind Pop, the people in the stands got to their feet; the guys on the bench began to yell

CAMPUS VIP

By MURRAY HOYT

WHEN Pop Anders walked onto the campus on his way to work that night, there was a crew stringing a big cloth sign across the street. The sign read *Welcome, Dads.*

The sight depressed him. In the forty-seven years he had worked for Maplewood State University, he had always hoped to take part in a Dads' Day celebration with his own son. Or, after Mike had been killed, with his grandson. That hope, too, had failed when Michael Anders III crashed in training. This year would have been the year . . .

Pop, a spare, straight little man, punched in, and began his night watchman's rounds. He walked most of the time, but occasionally he used a pickup truck for a sweep around the campus.

The night was full of pleasant sounds. A door slammed, someone was whistling, a radio played; here and there, there were gay fragments of talk and bursts of laughter. The spell of the warm fall night began to get to Pop; his spirits rose a little.

He met a number of undergraduates walking with their fathers. They said, "Hi, Pop," and he said, "Hi." It was a nice feeling.

At about eight fifteen a man, walking with his daughter, suddenly stopped and said, "Pop!"

Pop looked at him and said, "You're Spike Davis." He couldn't always remember what year they'd been there, but he never forgot any of them.

Spike Davis turned to the girl with him and said, "I couldn't have finished college without Pop. He had some money he called the Fund. He used to collect deposit bottles on his rounds, anywhere he could find them. He kept the money in an old cigar box. If you were really in a spot the Fund would help you. Twice Pop made up part of my tuition out of the Fund."

"The Fund is down to three dollars and eighty-eight cents right now," Pop said. "It could have used thirty dollars tonight if there'd been that much left. There's a senior named Johnny Brovotski, a halfback, whose father has never had the money to come to Dads' Day. This year is his last chance, and Johnny feels pretty bad. I know, because he lives with me. Mostly he's pretty quiet, and you can't tell how he feels. But I know that when he walks around flat-footed, he's unhappy."

"I've heard about him," Spike said. He turned to his daughter and explained. "The boys came to Pop during Johnny Brovotski's freshman year and said that Johnny's money had given out and he'd have to leave college. Pop took Johnny in."

Pop shrugged. "He's a fine boy," he said, "and I was lonesome."

Spike's hand was in his pocket before Pop finished. "Take fifty dollars," he said. "It's time some of us who used the Fund put it back on its feet again."

Pop thanked him, and after a while Spike and his daughter moved along.

Pop went back to his truck, drove to the Western Union office just across College Avenue, and telegraphed thirty dollars to Mr. Brovotski.

POP WAS SHAKEN awake at noon the next day by three boys: a Deke named Broward, a Sig Ep named Franklin and an independent named Jensen.

"Come on, Pop," Broward said. "We're the committee in charge. We've got to get Cinderella to the ball. You're going to celebrate Dads' Day. You're going to be Johnny Brovotski's Dad."

Pop said, "But—"

"No buts. Homer Ball has furnished his car and chauffeur for the day, and Jim Egan, downtown in the clothing store, has sent up a new suit. Some of the other alumni got you a topcoat and a hat. Come on, try on this suit."

The suit fitted. The coat and hat fitted. When Pop saw himself in the mirror he was impressed.

But this was getting things under false pretenses, because Mr. Brovotski *was* coming. Of course there was the chance that he couldn't get away. If that happened there wouldn't be anybody for Johnny. Figuring that way, Pop decided he wouldn't be doing wrong to go along until he was sure. Besides, doggone it, these boys wouldn't let him get a word in edgeways.

The team fathers met in a room in the field house. There was a table presided over by a crew-cut boy in an M sweater. Each father was getting a large cardboard number pinned on the back of his topcoat the same number his son wore on the field.

Pop pinned Johnny's number on, just in case. Then he waited. Shortly after he heard the whistle of the afternoon train, Mr. Brovotski came in.

When Pop introduced himself, Mr. Brovotski said, making up his English sentences carefully, "I thank you for the money. I thank you for what you do for our John. I think I owe you more than anyone else in the world."

"Shucks," Pop said, "it isn't hard to be nice to Johnny."

Then he unpinned his number and pinned it on Mr. Brovotski's topcoat, went back out to Homer Ball's long black car and told the chauffeur to take him home.

A FEW MINUTES LATER Broward and Franklin and Jensen once more burst into the room. One grabbed Pop's trousers; another grabbed his coat. "Get into these, Pop, you fugitive," Franklin said.

"But—"

"We haven't got time to argue. Get with it."

Jensen said, "Scalpel. Forceps. Coat. Pants. Topcoat. Hat. The patient is ready, Doctor."

They rushed him into the long snooty car again. Up at the field house the crew-cut boy pinned a cardboard sign on Pop's back. They rushed him into a place in the line.

Then they were all marching out the field-house door and across the grass to the bench. The team fathers wore silly, pleased-looking grins.

Pop looked at Johnny; Johnny was walking around flat-footed between practice kicks. Just before they sat down Pop saw Johnny glance over to the bench and suddenly run for the side lines. Mr. Brovotski met him and they shook hands and slapped each other's backs.

The ceremonies that Pop dreaded began at half time. The team came back out for the introduction of the fathers. The head cheerleader acted as master of ceremonies. He introduced each of the fathers, then called on the man's son to stand up. Pop grew more and more uneasy. He should never have given in to Broward, Franklin and Jensen.

Finally he was the only one left. The cheerleader brought his microphone over to him. He said, "Last and best of all, here's Pop Anders." The applause had been getting pretty perfunctory toward the end, but now it rolled down out of the stands in a great wave. "Pop Anders has wet-nursed Maplewood students for forty-seven years. He's kept them out of trouble and listened to their gripes. He's patched up squabbles, made like Cupid and gone to the weddings afterward. He's lent us money over and over, and stuck up for us.

"The card on his back," the cheerleader went on, "reads, *All of Us.* For four years he's taken the place of our parents; he's been sympathetic, and understanding, and tolerant." He paused again, and still there was no sound. "And so you grads, young and old, to whom he's been a Dad, I call on you to stand up and be counted."

And then there was a vast scraping noise, and seventy per cent of the people in the home stands stood up as one man. The guys on the bench yelled. The place was full of noise. Then Johnny Brovotski was there and the cheerleader. And before Pop knew what they were doing they had lifted him up on their shoulders.

People yelled and whistled and stamped. But atmospheric conditions must have been pretty bad because, to Pop Anders, darned if that whole stand didn't look blurred.

On the way back to the field house he managed to pick up three returnable bottles for the Fund. It had been an unexpectedly fine day. THE END

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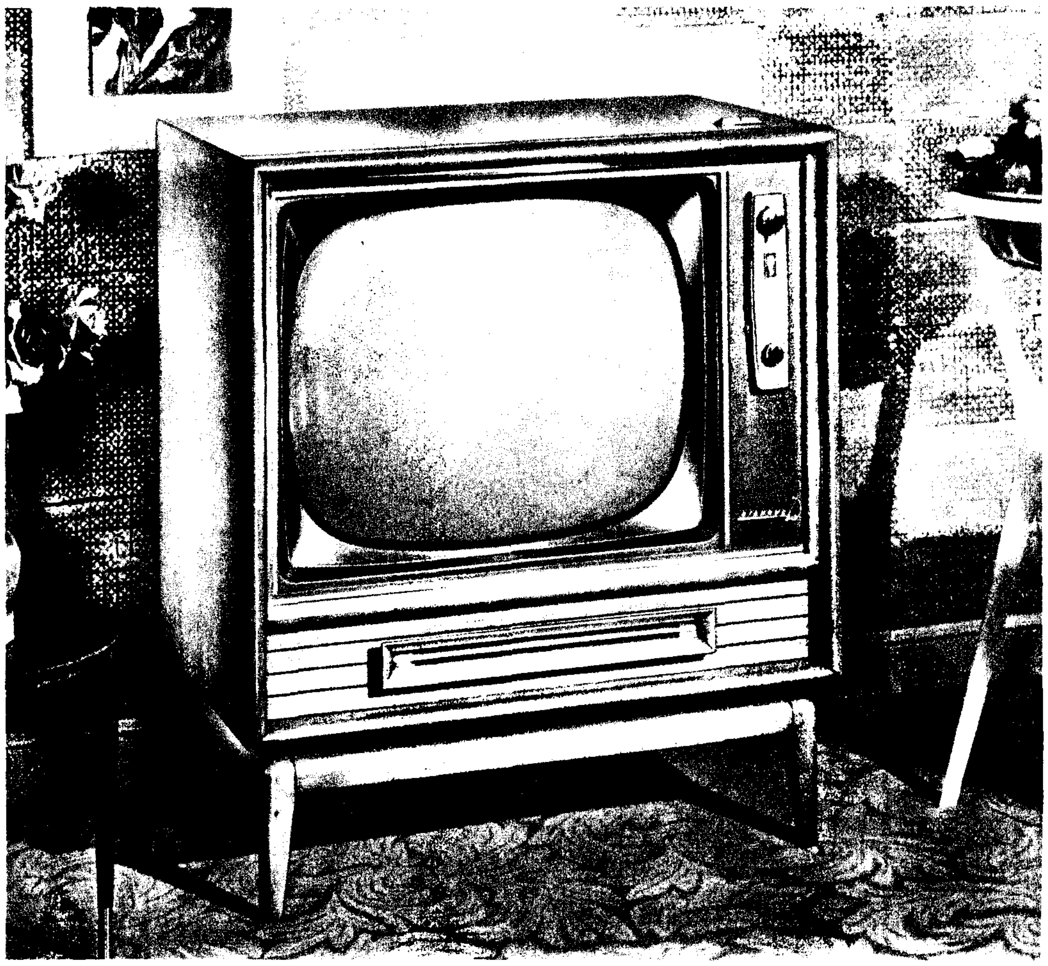

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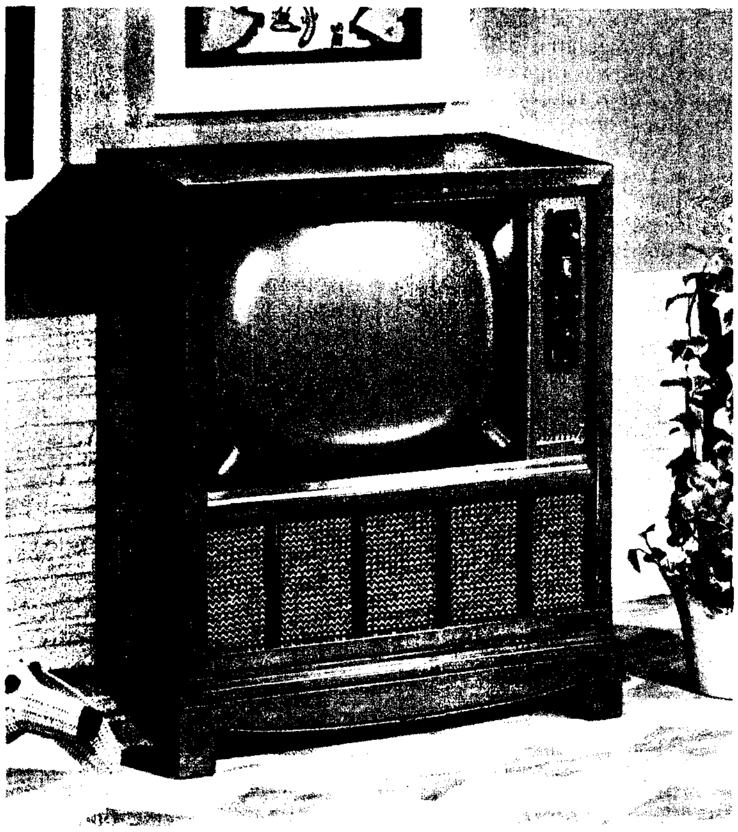

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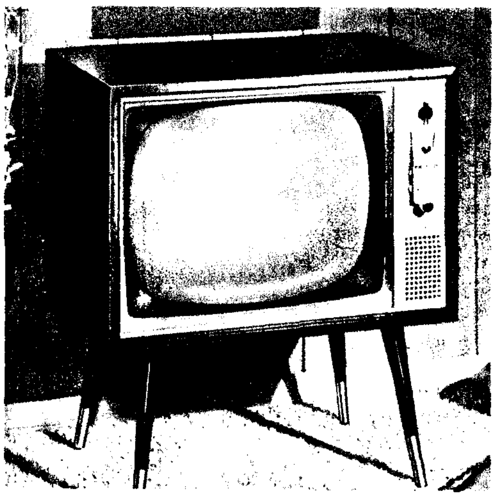

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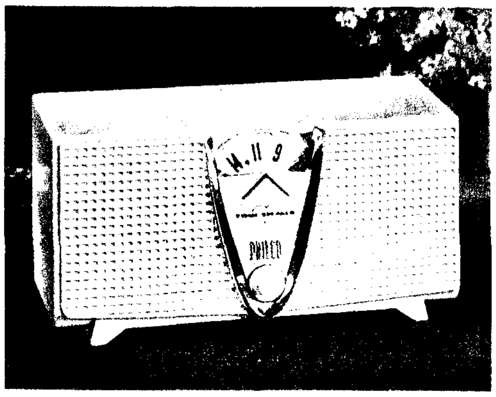

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PETER KALISCHER, our Far Eastern man, shares a by-line this time (page 48) with his wife Gloria, for good reasons which we'll let him explain:

"As you know, I don't speak more than a smattering of Japanese because of (1) laziness and (2) Gloria, who, as an Anglo-Japanese born in Tokyo, makes a perfect interpreter.

"On the Maidens story she accompanied photographer Dennis Stock and me aboard the Air Force DC-6 that took them from Tokyo to Hiroshima, and she stayed with the story from start to finish—ostensibly as an interpreter but actually as chief contact and reporter.

PETER KALISCHER

Pete Kalischer's interpreter (and wife)

"Stock and I had worried that the women might resent a woman go-between, but it turned out the other way round: they told her more than she sometimes thought she ought to repeat!

"Mrs. K's tact really paid off the day before our scheduled departure from Hiroshima. Yoshie Harada, one of the Maidens, had turned down all pleas for a picture of her fiancé. We were packing when Gloria got a telephone call from Yoshie: the wedding was the next day. We were invited. The results were Stock's exclusive color photos. Two weeks later, two of the Maidens visited Gloria at our home in Tokyo, and filled in with some last-minute developments that were included in the story.

"As usual, Gloria also typed up the final draft. Now if she could only spell worth a darn . . ."

★ ★ ★

LEO KATCHER, whose exciting Western, The Hard Man, is concluding in this issue with its third installment, started writing in 1920 at the age of eight, as special correspondent for the Bayonne (New Jersey) Evening News.

"I covered the News 'Newsies,' the baseball team made up of the boys who sold the paper on the Bayonne streets," he recalls. "We had only one rival, the Bayonne Times newsboys, whom we played every week. For the record, I played second base or left field."

Leo Katcher, who wrote The Hard Man

He's been writing ever since, as newspaper correspondent, reporter or editor. After a hitch in the Army, Katcher decided to try free-lance fiction, and was so good at it that he eventually had Hollywood demanding his services. In the last few years he has spent most of his time writing original motion-picture stories. The two most recent were The Eddy Duchin Story and The Naked Street.

"This is the first Western novel I've written," Katcher tells us, "although I did two Western motion-picture originals, Laramie and Woodhawk.

"This photograph of me was taken in Tonopah, Nevada, where I lived for a year. The packages I am holding are not all rejected manuscripts!"

★ ★ ★

"BOB MATHIAS is still very active," understates Mel Durslag, who collaborated with the two-time Olympic decathlon winner (page 96). "When we were working on the story, I followed him to the driving range where he talked me into driving a couple of buckets of golf balls. Then he got me into the swimming pool. When he led me to the track for a few high hurdles, I balked."

Mathias, now that he's out of the Marines, is thinking of going into a television series. He has already starred in a movie, The Bob Mathias Story. His wife, Melba, was his campus sweetheart at Stanford, and they have a seventeen-month-old daughter, Romel—a contraction of Robert and Melba. We think Melba (see photo) should be in pictures, too.

GENE TRINDL

The other half of The Bob Mathias Story

★ ★ ★

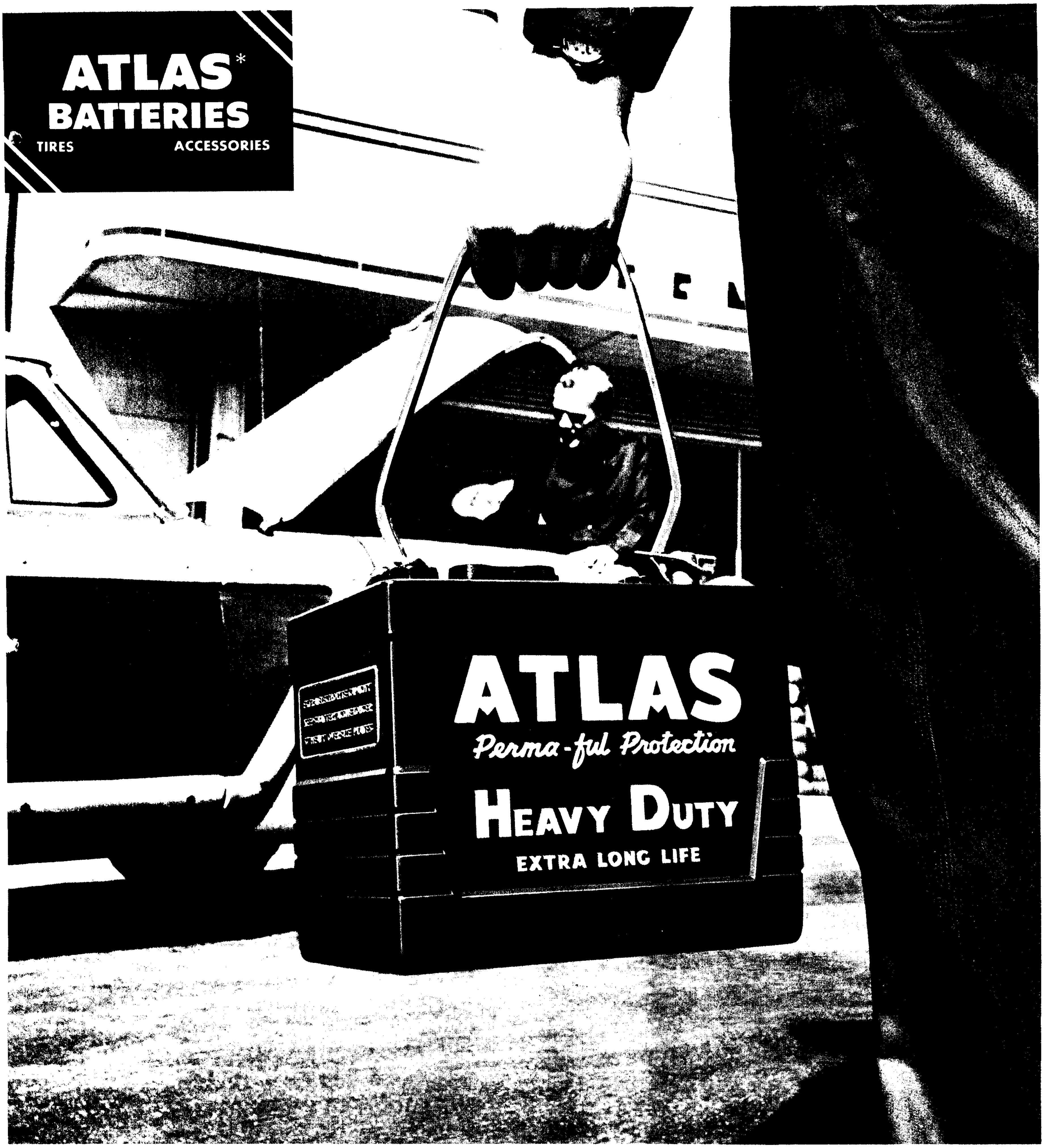
THE FELLOW who wrote our travel story on page 74, David Dodge, is the author of The Poor Man's Guide to Europe, a book which has had a lot of success with poor men (and who isn't?). Dodge had the good sense to divide the book not into countries but into things, like taxis, how to change your money, eating and drinking, crossing borders, speaking English.

The book is so interesting that it's almost as much fun as the traveling itself. Dodge is good at that. He has also written four other travel books and 10 mystery and adventure stories.

"I write so I can gather funds to travel," he says, "and I travel so I can get material to write about."

It's a wonderful, endless cycle.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.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BY TELEPHONE CABLES

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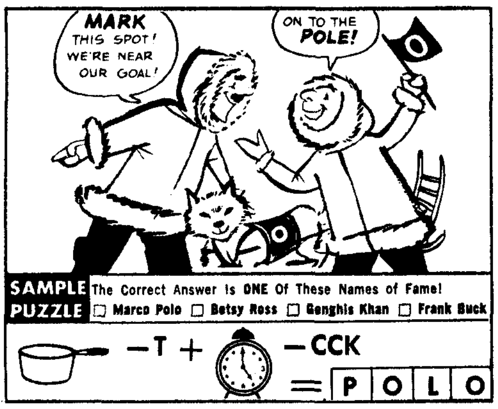
MARK THIS SPOT! WE'RE NEAR OUR GOAL!
ON TO THE POLE!
SAMPLE PUZZLE
The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!
☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck
−T +
−CCK
= P O L O

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. Among them is MARCO POLO so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a POT. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letters C C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

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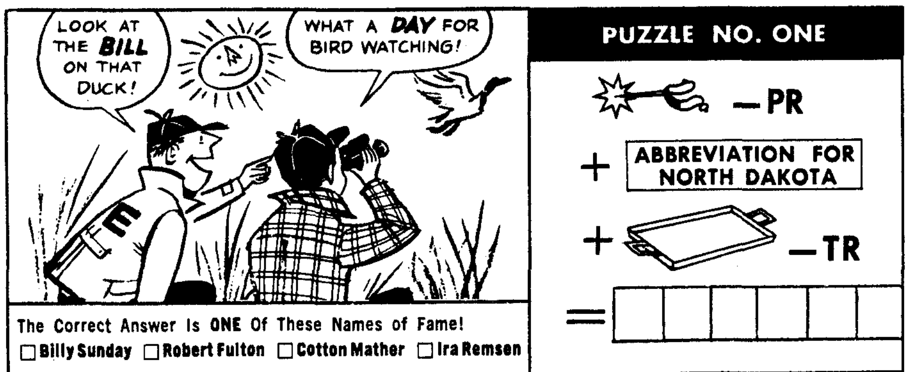
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LETTERS

Welcome Back, Pelham

EDITOR: It is good to see "Pelham Grenville" (Wodehouse) back in Collier's (Something Fishy, Aug. 31st, Sept. 14th).

Matter of fact, I read him some fifty years ago, when he wrote schoolboy serials for an English boys' magazine called The Captain. In what I laughingly call my "library" I still have several of those serials in book form: The Gold Bat, The White Feather, Tales of Wrykyn, Psmith, and others. Dug them out not long ago for my grandsons to read—and found myself reading them again with relish. With all due regard to the many "adult" novels P.G. has written since and which made him world-famous, I think he did his best work in those early books—although the chances are, even he has forgotten them long since.... RON TUCKWELL, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

... I read your account of P. G. Wodehouse (Collier's Credits, Aug. 31st) with great interest—until the end.

I can't believe that I am not a selling writer to Collier's—or any other magazine—because when I sit at a typewriter I pray a bit.

LULU STEININGER, Holland, Mich.

Mr. Wodehouse once described the secret of his success thus: "I'll tell you, I just sit at the typewriter and curse a bit."

Blue Eyes or Brown?

EDITOR: Much to my surprise I noticed the cover picture of Ed Sullivan (Sept. 14th) has blue eyes and on page 16 he has brown eyes. Don't tell me a man's eyes change at that age.

MRS. ALVIN BENDER, Westfield, N.J.

The seeming change in the color of Mr. Sullivan's eyes is due to light reflection. His eyes are blue.

Oh, Those Europeans

EDITOR: I read in your August 31st issue the article by Robert Bendiner about the European telephone experiences (Those Efficient Europeans).

One item Mr. Bendiner didn't tell is that the phone company will give you a ring in the morning, at the time you like to get up. You can order it for a long period or one day only, it doesn't matter.... MRS. GERTRUDE ALVES, Kansas City, Kans.

... I love Europe because of its charm, but like a charming woman you cannot expect practicality. I should like to purchase a pair of those rose-colored glasses.... DALE VANDEN BURG, Munich, Germany

The Magic Fog

EDITOR: The Magic Fog (Aug. 31st) is magic writing. Both it and the pictures are beautiful. If I weren't living here right now, I'd be moaning with homesickness—and me not even a native daughter. MARGARET SAKOVICH, San Francisco, Cal.

... The only thing I didn't like about the O'Brien word painting was that it gave me an acute attack of nostalgia, as I once, as a newspaperman, breathed those mists that so pleasantly shroud the Golden Gate. If any San Franciscan ever wearies of those watery vapors, he can come to semi-arid McAllen, Texas, which has less than 12 hours fog a year.

PAUL T. VICKERS, Manager,
Chamber of Commerce,
McAllen, Texas (The City of Palms)

... It looks like the youngsters in the full-page photo were breaking a San Francisco law—feeding pigeons.

Might be more humane to do away with them rather than to let them starve to death. But there are lots of "lawbreakers" here, of whom I am one.

WILLIAM A. LOWELL,
San Francisco, Cal.

... May I ask Mr. O'Brien if he lives here? Or did he just pass through? What is magic about it? I would like to know. Have lived here in San Francisco for two and a half years and I say it's horrible.... REUBEN EIDENBERG, San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. O'Brien was a resident of the bay area until he moved to New York recently to join Collier's staff. He considers himself a San Franciscan.

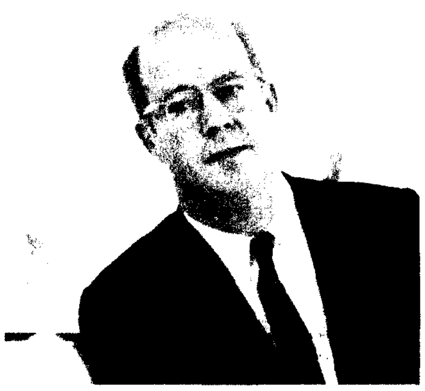
Just Like Silvers

EDITOR: Just a few words to tell you that Just Lunning (The Big Change in Silver, Aug. 17th) could just double for Phil Silvers. Now—who is in the picture?

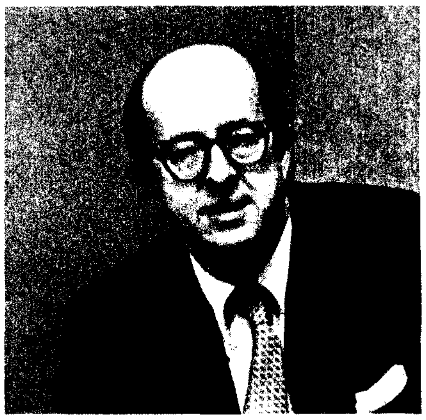
LEE CHESTNUT, Gadsden, Ala.

... Looks like Phil Silvers to me. Add a pair of horn-rimmed glasses....

MIKE CONTE, Harrisburg, Pa.



Just Lunning . . .



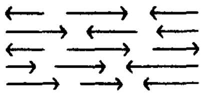
. . . and friend

Russia's Edge

EDITOR: Regarding the article Russia's Edge in Jetliners (Aug. 31st) . . . Mr. Haggerty states that on the Tupo-

Has *your* face felt the difference of Norelco's *Rotary Blades?*

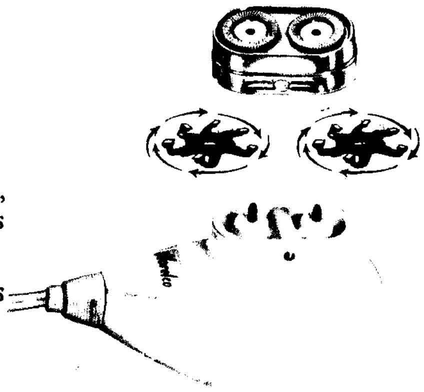
Up to now, electric shavers have used a straight back-and-forth action – the blades changing direction thousands of times a minute. This often pinched and pulled, made irritation the price of a clean shave.



Only *Rotary Blades* shave closely without skin irritation, and only Norelco has tested Rotary Blades. Norelco's blades never stop, never change direction, shave with the smooth, *continuous* stroke of a barber's razor.

Today, more men than ever are using electric shavers. Tomorrow, there'll be twice as many! And more and more of these men are turning to Norelco. Why? Because they've found that only Norelco's Rotary Blades give a clean, close, comfortable shave . . . without razor burn, without a break-in period, without soap-and-water fuss.

Here's how Norelco's Rotary Blades work:



Precision silver-steel alloy blades rotate beneath stationary skin-guards, shaving off whiskers in one continuous sweep of power.

Exclusive with Norelco, Rotary Blades are electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years.

Discover for yourself why this remarkable precision shaving instrument is the largest-selling electric shaver in the world, the fastest-growing shaver in the U.S. today . . . the best investment you can make in shaving comfort.

8 MORE REASONS WHY YOU'LL LOVE A NORELCO

1. **You need not bear down hard. Shave as close as you like without hurting your face. Blades are self-adjusting to your shaving touch.**
2. **Blades sharpen themselves every time you shave.**
3. **Genuine brush motor never heats up in hand.**
4. **Lubricated for life – never needs oiling.**
5. **Startlingly quiet – quietest of all 4 leading shavers.**
6. **Modern design – made to fit comfortably in the hand.**
7. **Easiest shaver to clean – no fumbling with parts.**
8. **Norelco's exclusive skin stretcher upends whiskers no matter which way they grow . . . sets them up for skin-close shaves.**

Ask about 15 day FREE home trial. Offered by most drug, jewelry, appliance and department stores.

Norelco®

$24.95 AC/DC.
Model SC7759
with leather
travel case

PRECISION ROTARY ELECTRIC SHAVERS

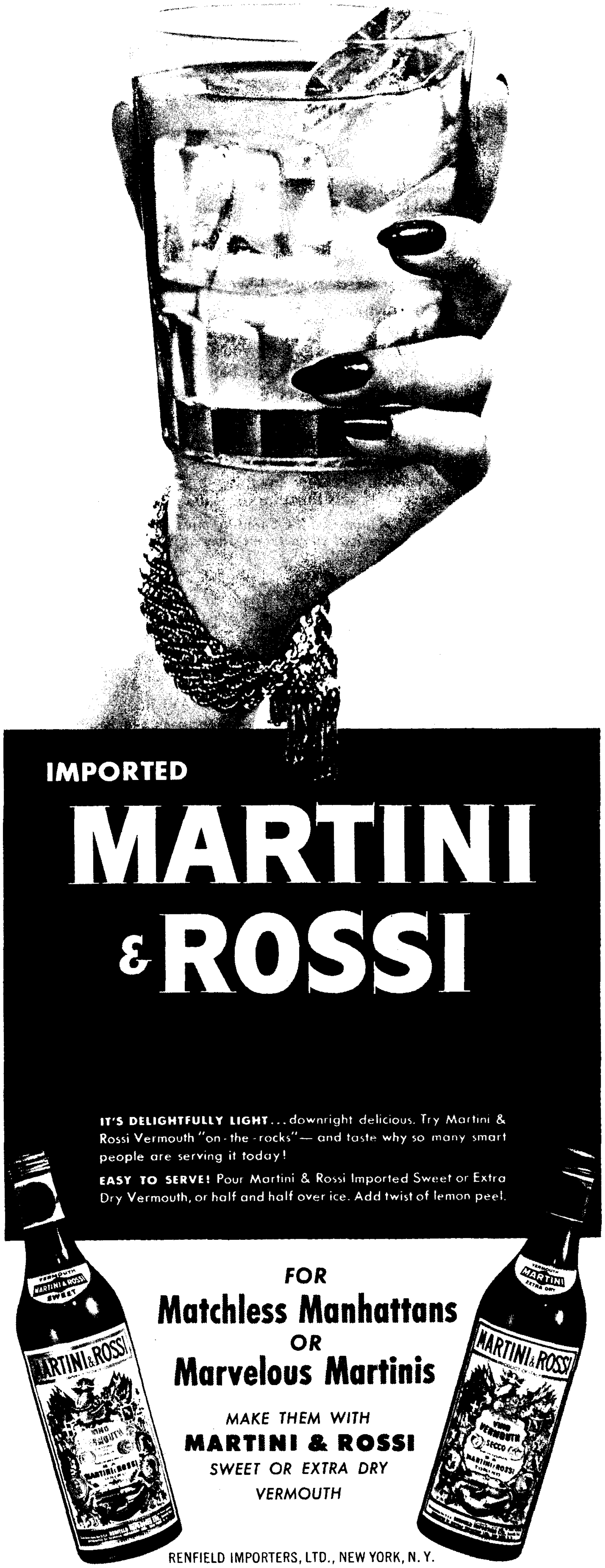
For gentle, feminine grooming– Lady Norelco Electric Razor. Model SC7767 AC/DC. . $24.95

Norelco Sportsman. Runs on flashlight batteries or car lighter. Model SC7750. $29.95

The shaver that feels as different as it looks!

NORELCO is known as **PHILISHAVE** in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. **NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.,** *100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.* Other Products: High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs, Research and Control Instruments, Electron Microscopes, Medical X-Ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

See Norelco's New TV Spectacular "THE GREAT WAR" – The Epic of World War I, Tuesday Evening, October 16, NBC-TV Network.


IMPORTED
MARTINI
& ROSSI

IT'S DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT...downright delicious. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks"— and taste why so many smart people are serving it today!

EASY TO SERVE! Pour Martini & Rossi Imported Sweet or Extra Dry Vermouth, or half and half over ice. Add twist of lemon peel.

FOR
Matchless Manhattans
OR
Marvelous Martinis

MAKE THEM WITH
MARTINI & ROSSI
SWEET OR EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

LETTERS continued

lov 104 each seat is provided with a mask and oxygen outlet for emergencies, a practice not yet followed by American airlines.

Mr. Haggerty is in error. As a former UAI stewardess, I am certain United will be happy to inform Mr. Haggerty that all of its aircraft are equipped with oxygen outlets at each seat and the stewardess has access to the masks. . . .

MRS. JUNE STOKES, Denver, Colo.

United Airlines reports that its most up-to-date planes (DC-7s) have oxygen masks, but that they are not at each seat. The stewardess has access to one or two for an entire load of passengers. There is an oxygen outlet located at each row, but not at each seat.

Our Crowded Sky

EDITOR: Remembering Collier's past history in the development of aviation, especially the Collier Trophy, I am absolutely amazed at the article Our Crowded Sky (Aug. 31st).

. . . Theodore H. White . . . says: "To be exact, you have to look back 30 years to the sultry, pregnant summer of 1926 when commercial aviation first tried its wings."

What he should have said was: "Look back 36 years."

If Mr. White had gone to any library or to the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences he would have had access to the aircraft yearbooks of 1920 to 1924 which give a chronological history of aviation developments during those years.

He also could have read my book Wings Over America. One chapter . . . Aeromarine . . . tells the story of the first passenger and airmail operations between Key West, Fla., and Havana, Cuba . . . in 1920, '21 and '22. . . .

HARRY BRUNO, President,
H. A. Bruno and Associates,
New York, N.Y.

Collier's meant no disrespect to all the brave pioneers of commercial aviation who tried, and failed, to make the grade before 1926. The idea of flying passengers for profit is almost as old as wings themselves—indeed, the Germans had made the first regular commercial runs before World War I. But in our country, the roots of regularly scheduled airlines did not strike down permanently until after the Kelly Act of 1925 made regular scheduled flight possible, a development which cannot but be dated from the summer of 1926.

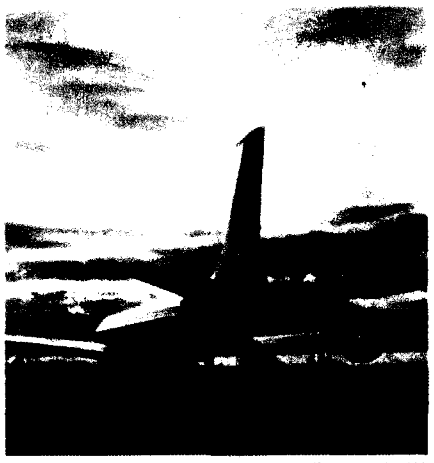
. . . The tube extending past the tail section indicates to me that it is a refueling boom, used for air-to-air operations. If this is true then the plane is a KC-135. . . .

ROBERT L. BURCH, T/Sgt., USAF,
Shaw AFB, S. Car.

. . . A correction is in order. . . .

ROBERT E. MYERS, Dayton, Ohio

Boeing's representatives report that the picture (see below) is of the 707 jet prototype—the only one flying. The "aerial refueling boom" was installed on this plane for military tests and can be removed. The first jet tanker was not yet airborne when this picture was taken.


KOSTI RUOHOMAA

Slur on a Great American

EDITOR: Re the editorial on Justice Earl Warren (Collier's Comment, Aug. 31st):

. . . When Collier's can feel safe enough to regard the "tactics and insinuations of the McCarthys and Eastlands" as "desperate effort by the frantic fringe" . . . I can no longer feel great anxiety over America's political sanity. . . .

WALTER GERSTEL, Berkeley, Cal.

. . . I am of the opinion that the mud which you sling is vicious, filthy mud; that your interpretation of Americanism would well please Moscow. . . .

CHARLES L. HATCHER, D.D.S.
Dallas, Tex.

. . . I was completely thrilled and excited . . . Not a paragraph but was exactly what I think. . . .

MRS. E. A. MATTHEW, Dallas, Tex.

. . . I quit. . . .

BYRON D. ALLBAUGH, Homeland, Cal.

Sailing, Sailing—

EDITOR: The Texoma picture story (Sailing, Sailing—Over the Bounding Prairie, Aug. 17th) was more than just sensational.

In giving Texas and Oklahoma an equal break, your writer and photographer deserve the Nobel peace prize.

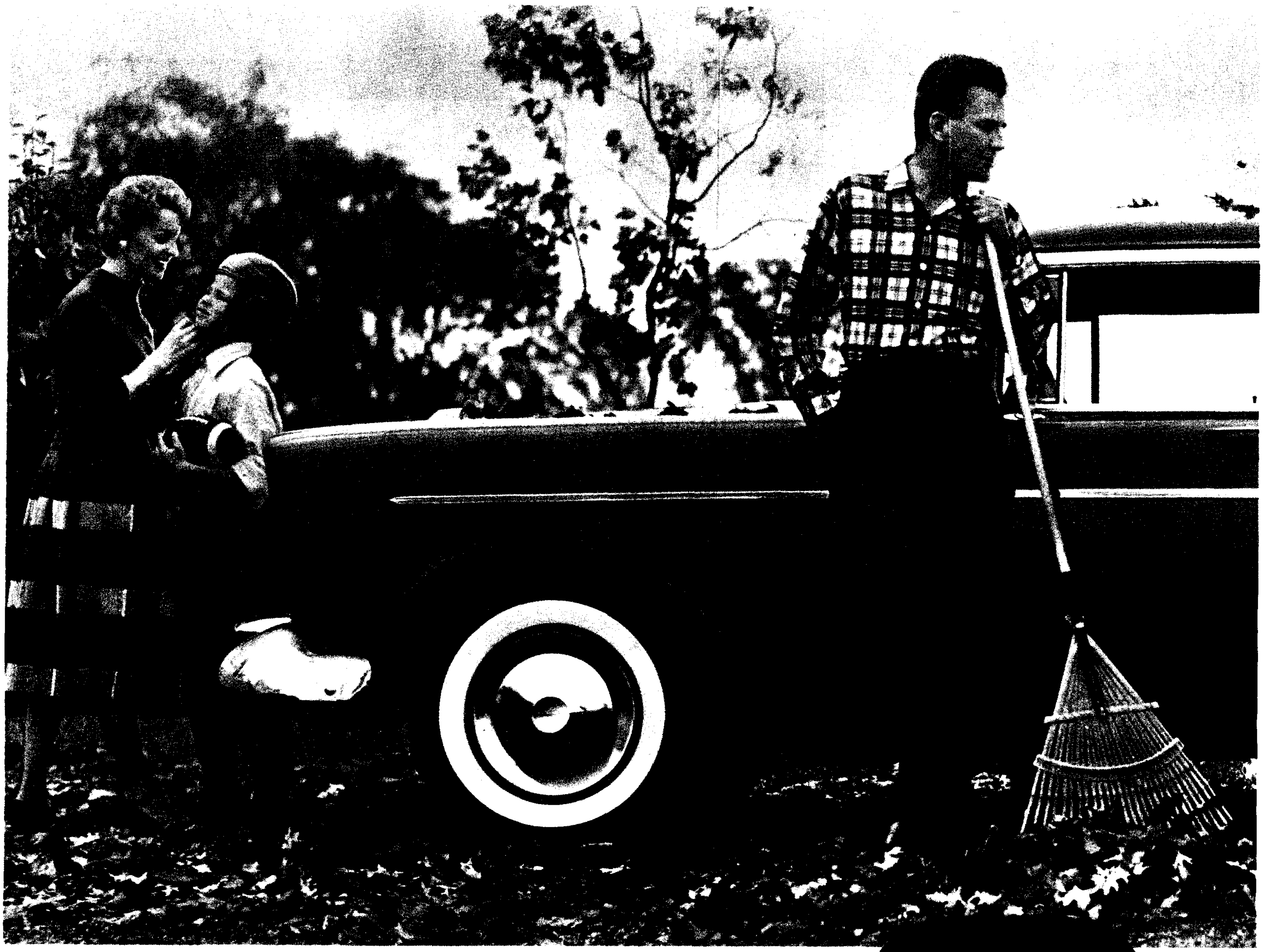
JOHN CLIFT, Denison, Tex.

The Cover **Bob Landry**

A castle is a castle in most countries, or so thought Ingrid Bergman when she spied one while on location in England for Anastasia, her first U.S. movie in seven years. "How like the British," she told photographer Landry, "to build a film studio around such a relic of the past rather than destroy it. Please photograph me against it." Landry obliged and the result was our cover. Later, Miss Bergman learned that her "medieval" castle was a set built in 1951 for another film. For Miss Bergman's own story of her life, see page 35

ANNOUNCING
two great new tires
by Firestone
WITH BUILT-IN PEACE OF MIND

*turn
the
page...*



TUBELESS
Firestone
DELUXE CHAMPION

The New

Firestone

De Luxe Champion

With greater mileage, increased comfort, quieter operation, tomorrow's styling and built-in peace of mind!

"*More of everything*" wraps up in one phrase the many new developments incorporated in Firestone's new De Luxe Champion Tire.

First, you get Firestone's priceless *built-in peace of mind* through the exclusive Safety-Liner feature that takes the *blow* out of blowouts . . . your car is under control at all times. And with De Luxe Champion tubeless tires, you can wait for a convenient opportunity to make puncture repairs.

The new De Luxe Champion is a huskier tire with more quality rubber in its make-up. A wider tread puts increased tread area on the road for even wear, better traction and more luxurious ride. Its Silent-Ride, Safety-Grip design puts more non-skid edges on the road than any tire in its class.

Have your present car equipped with extra-mileage Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires, tubeless or for use with tube, at your nearby Firestone dealer or store. And be sure your next car is equipped with Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires, too!

Only the New

Firestone

Town & Country Gives You

triple-action traction!

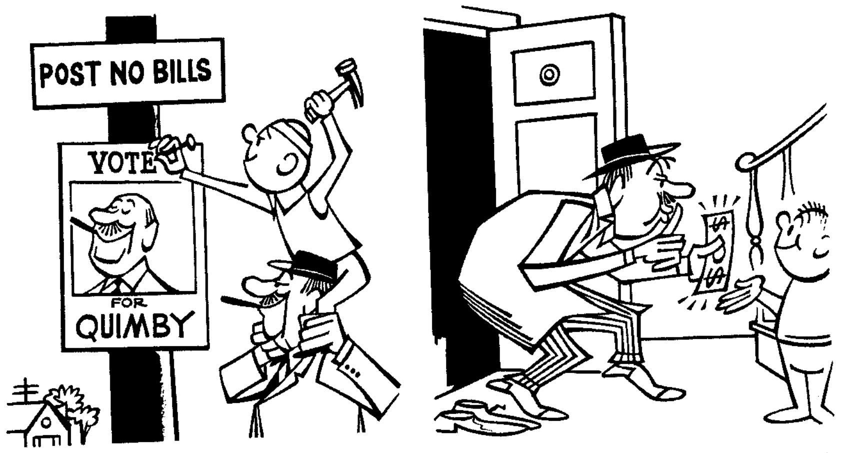
Just in time for the winter driving ahead, Firestone introduces the new, improved Town & Country winter tire with exclusive Triple-Action Traction!

Firestone's new Triple-Action Traction tread gives you (1) sharp-angled cleats and thousands of built-in skid resisters for greatest protection against skidding, (2) deep-biting traction bars for terrific pulling power, (3) self-cleaning action that prevents traction loss due to snow or mud packing up in the tread.

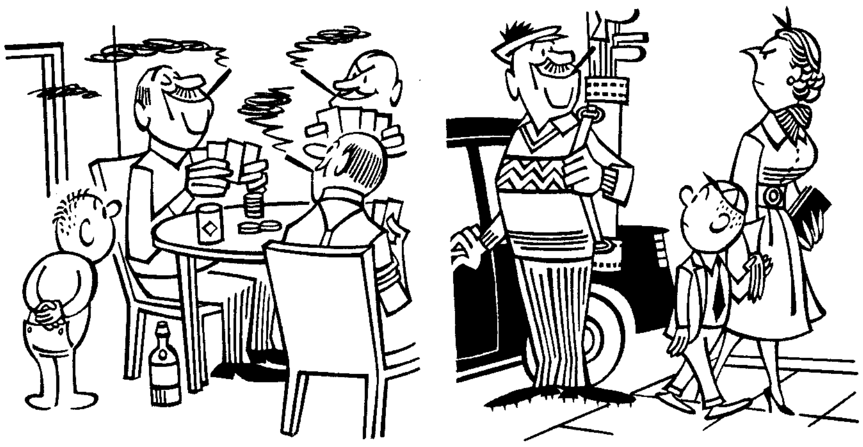
In many localities roads and streets are dry most of the winter . . . and this tire is specially designed to give long wear on dry highways. And here's good news—it is smooth-riding, whine-free and hum-free. Available now with nylon or rayon cord bodies, black or white sidewalls, tubeless or for use with tube. Have them mounted when you winterize your car at any Firestone dealer or store. Don't wait till the weather breaks—you can have them *now* on convenient payment terms and enjoy *built-in peace of mind!*

Firestone
Town & Country

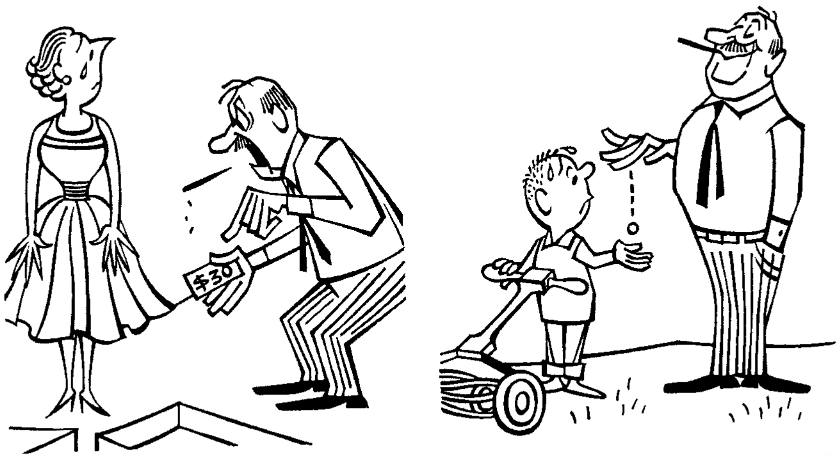
Baby Ruth
Butterfinger
TRICKS OR TREATS
no tricks with
CURTiSS
treats
You'll need plenty
Buy 'em by the Box!
Each piece individually wrapped
CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY
Otto Schnering, Founder
makers of Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars Sof-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints


POST NO BILLS
VOTE
FOR
QUIMBY
$

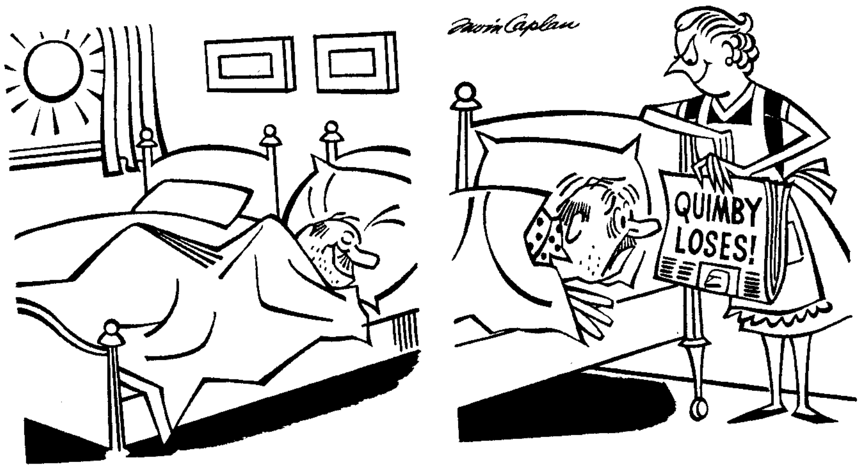
"I am opposed to juvenile delinquency . . . . bribery and corruption"



"We must fight these in the home . . . . and through the church"



"My friends, I am for both capital . . . . and labor"


Mort Caplan
QUIMBY LOSES!

"I urge you to get out early and vote . . . . and may the best man win"

an **American** *feature*

Why don't they?

MAKE the slots on home toasters wider so you can toast frankfurter rolls, hamburger buns and English muffins without any difficulty?—*Martha Zofchak, Cleveland, Ohio.*

DESIGN snap-in lenses for ordinary eyeglass frames so people with several frames can transfer lenses from one set to another?—*Mrs. C. Robert White, Kansas City, Mo.*

PUBLISH textbooks that have removable chapters so students with considerable homework do not have to carry excess weight?—*Phillip Woodward, San Diego, Calif.*

CONSTRUCT wheel chairs with lifts like those in barber chairs so that the seat can be raised to bed level and patients can be put in and taken out of bed more easily?—*Alice C. Newland, Richmond, Va.*

PUT stamp-vending machines by outdoor mailboxes so stamps can be obtained conveniently at any time of day or night?—*Beverly Stoner, Flint, Mich.*

PLACE bathtub drains and faucets at opposite ends of the tub so soapy water can be flushed out instead of being washed back into the clean tub?—*Mrs. Charles E. Chitty, San Luis Obispo, Calif.*

EQUIP typewriters with a key that, when depressed, automatically underscores as you type? This would save the typist the time and energy it takes to backspace and underscore.—*Shirley Shupe, Ogden, Utah.*

MANUFACTURE a ladder for home use with a collapsible hand rail for support and safety?—*Mrs. Allan D. McFarland, West Palm Beach, Fla.*

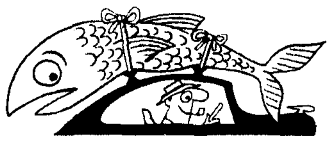
DIVIDE vacuum bottles into two sections so you can carry two kinds of beverages with you at once?—*Susan Crane, Charlotte, N.C.*

PRODUCE a fluorescent bracelet for the hoofs of livestock to make it easier for drivers to spot animals that wander onto highways at night?—*Mrs. John E. Mathes, Jr., New Orleans, La.*

IF YOU'VE A NEED no one seems to have filled, address a post card to Why Don't They?, Collier's, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Each published idea is worth $5. No contributions are returned or acknowledged. If ideas are duplicated, earliest postmarks get precedence.

Now they've done it!

Want to protect valuables in home, office, and even your car? A small and inexpensive new safe anchors to, and becomes part of, any floor. Once you screw a separate metal plate in place and slide the safe into channels on the plate, covering the screws, the whole affair can't be moved until the combination lock is opened. The safe is also completely insulated against fire.



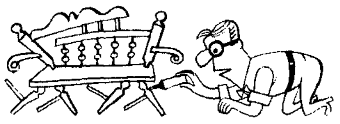
Going fishing—or skiing? A magnetic car-top carrier eliminates fussing with suction cups or clamps. Two strong permanent magnets molded into a neoprene sponge-rubber block hold it in place even at high speed. The sponge block resists skidding and is arched in the middle to cushion the load on bad bounces.

Cold feet at night? An electric blanket with a built-in foot warmer should solve the problem. Because feet are about seven degrees colder than the rest of the body, the blanket supplies additional heat at foot level for sleeping comfort.

A "crumb vacuum" is available. The little machine (4½" high, 10½" long) that works like a regular vacuum cleaner, using two flashlight batteries, disposes of crumbs left on the table, also spilled sugar or salt. It's useful, too, in regular house cleaning to get into out-of-the-way places, hats, drawers, jewelry boxes.

Oil spots on your garage floor? A new heavy gray paper treated to absorb oil and grease eliminates the spot-removing job. It comes in a 4′ x 8′ sheet you can position neatly under the car.

If your floors keep "talking," one solution may be a new steel channel bridging you can slip between joints and lock in place without nailing, sawing or hammering. It provides lateral support that often stops squeaks and creaks.



Tired furniture coming apart at the joints? For quick repair without disassembly, a pocket-size injector forces glue in under pressure and has a tiny drill for use if you have to open a hole into the heart of the joint.

A child's chair that doubles as a nighttime dressing console has been introduced. Made for two- to seven-year-olds, it has a seat that raises to form a pants or skirt holder, a back rest designed to hold jacket, blouse, shirt or coat. With the seat up, a compartment for knickknacks is also revealed. —LAWRENCE GALTON

NAMES AND ADDRESSES of manufacturers or distributors of the items mentioned above will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiry, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It!, Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

New! Sweet!

VIRGINIA DARE PINK WINE

GARRETT
Virginia Dare
Pink Wine
NATURALLY SWEETENED
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY GARRETT &

America's First After-Dinner Wine

New sweet Virginia Dare Pink Wine has been developed especially for today's after-dinner get-togethers and informal entertaining. You'll find it adds the extra sparkle and elegance that makes the difference between just another evening and a good party.

When sudden company comes—Settle them down comfortably, then spring your surprise—Virginia Dare Pink Wine. It's sweet and delicious...festive and fun.

Goes well with any snack—The fresh bright taste of Virginia Dare Pink Wine helps change ordinary snacks into compliment-winning buffets. Serve it yourself and see.

"Say it again"

Virginia Dare

Wines

America's famous family of fine wines for over 121 years. Red, White, and new Pink Wine

Garrett & Company, Inc., New York

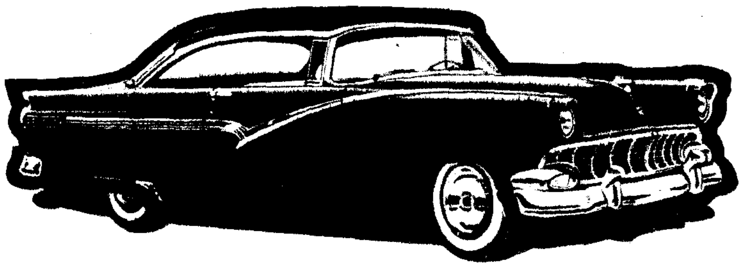
Will your car sit outside this winter?

Protect its finish against the ravages of rust and corrosion.
Put new J-Wax between your car and winter—now!

New short cut to all-weather paste wax protection! Johnson's new J-Wax has a built-in cleaner—cleans as it waxes. Saves you hours of work!

You start right in waxing! J-Wax does the cleaning work for you. Cleans *while* it waxes to save you hours of waxing time. For J-Wax has just what paste wax needed—a *built-in* cleaner. Dirt and grime disappear as you rub J-Wax on, even dirt that won't wash off. Then watch how J-Wax sets smooth and hard as you buff!

See how water "beads" on J-Wax? That's real paste wax protection—the kind your car needs for the months ahead. Colors are brighter, too. Even chrome glistens again with J-Wax. But J-Wax does far more than add high brilliant luster. J-Wax keeps out winter weather with a tough, crystal-clear coating of wax!



Under this long-lasting wax-tight seal, your car's finish is protected from the ravages of winter—rust and corrosion from snow, salt splashed from streets, rain and continued dampness. J-Wax gives *all-over* wax protection, *all-weather* wax protection to the finish and chrome.

Snug, dry, safe! You *know* your car is protected under J-Wax—even out in winter's worst weather. And what a wonderful feeling! Nothing else protects like paste wax—nothing else leaves *you* so confident that the job's done right. Get your car ready now with J-Wax. It's time to winterize!

Paste wax with a built-in cleaner does the cleaning work for you!

New from Johnson's Wax

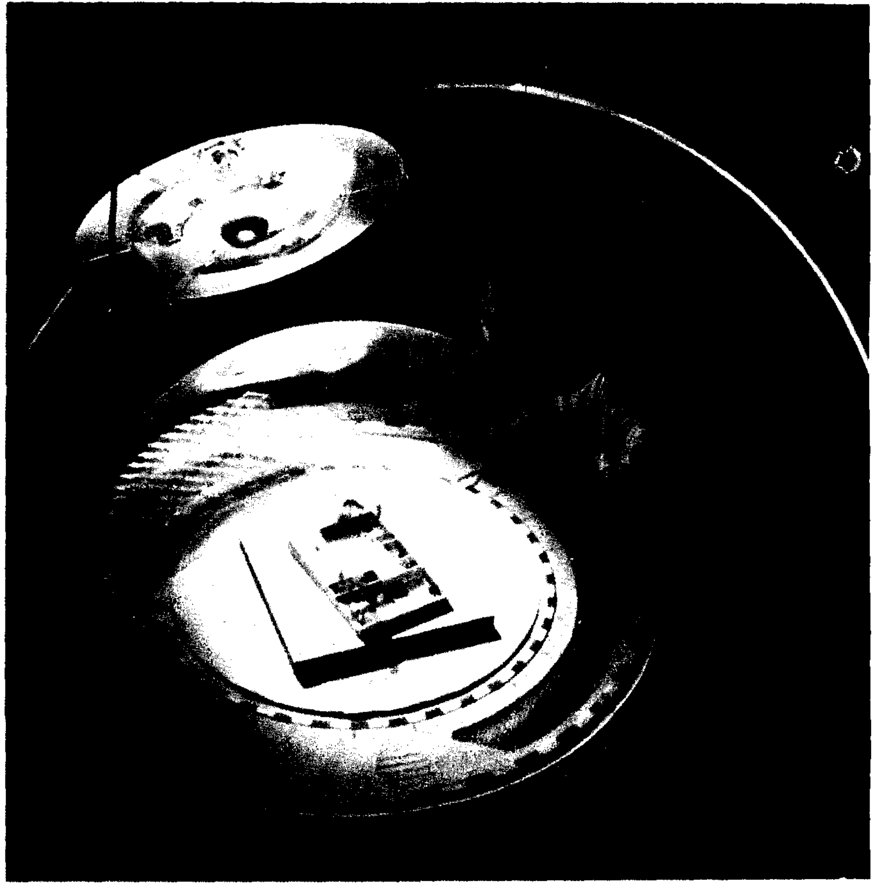
J-wax
NEW! from Johnson's Wax
J-wax

Designing your house to fit the climate

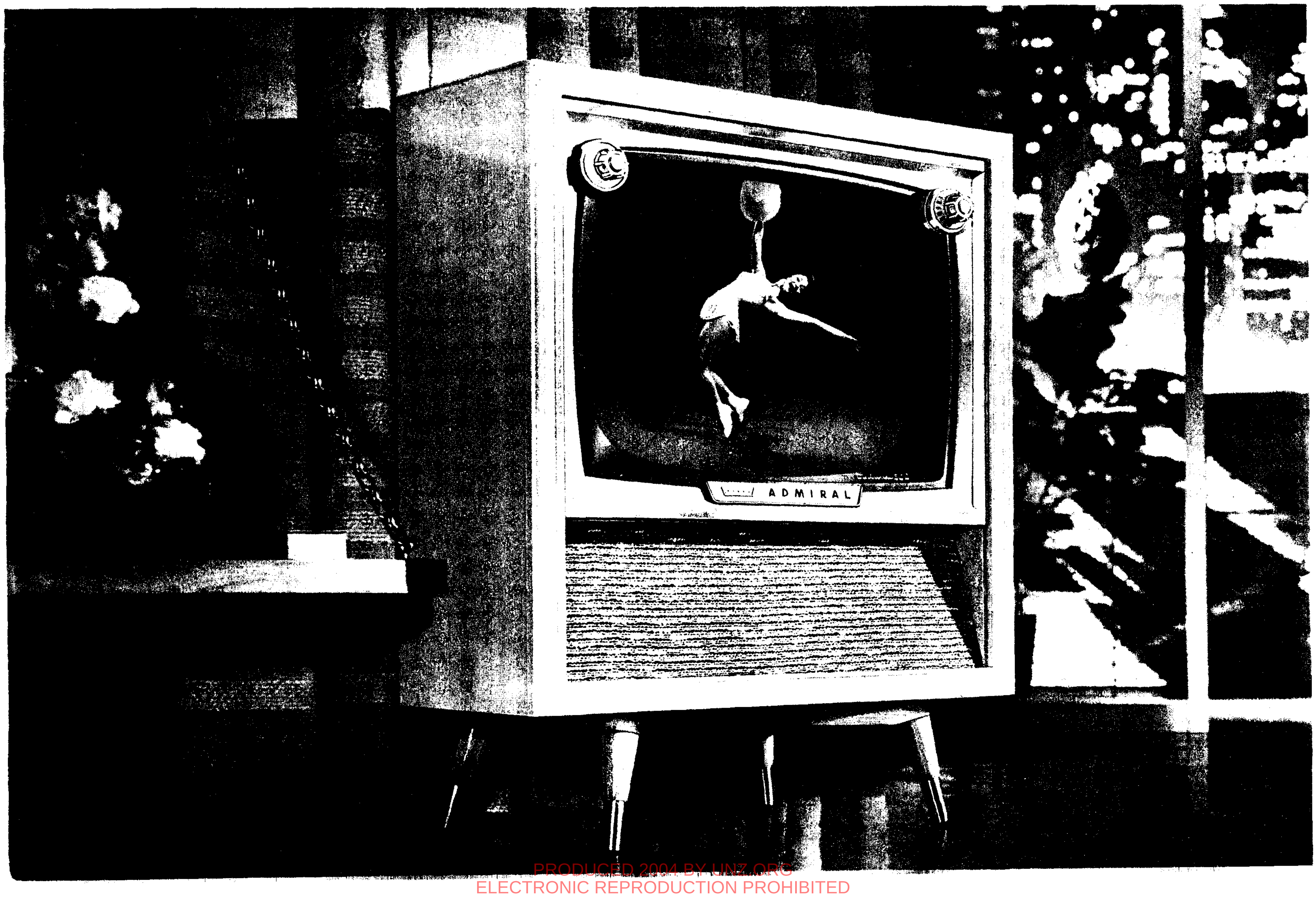
By CHRISTOPHER CARTER

A unique machine may make tomorrow's dwellings more comfortable and less expensive to operate

GUY GILLI



Testing a house model: the Thermoheliodon and inventors, Aladar (l.) and Victor Olgy



IN RECENT years architects have tended more and more to the theory that houses should be designed and built with their geographic location in mind. But figuring out the shapes and positions best suited to our various climates has, until now, involved an expenditure of time and money which the average homeowner has not been able to afford.

Now a unique machine is expected to provide the necessary data at a minimum of time and cost. Called the Thermoheliodon (from the Greek words *therme,* heat, and *helios,* sun) by its inventors, Victor and Aladar Olgyay, this new machine can test scale models of houses and predict their relative comfort and operating expense anywhere in the United States.

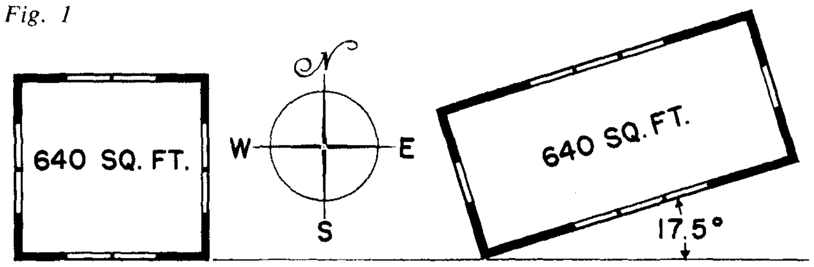
Developed and housed in Princeton University's Architectural Laboratory, the Thermoheliodon culminates years of research by the forty-six-year-old, Hungarian-born twins, who settled in this country in 1947 and today are associate professors in Princeton's School of Architecture.

Their experimental machine, built under a grant from the National Science Foundation and in collaboration with Professor Alfred Sorenson of the university's School of Engineering, makes it possible to test in practice house-building ideas which, up to now, have been expressed only in theories and mathematical formulas. The resulting test data will form the basis of a list of house-building recommendations which they hope to make available to architects everywhere within the next two years. The School of Architecture has not yet decided whether individual home builders will be permitted to submit models of their own design for testing. That will depend partly on the success of the initial experimentation.

Here's how the Thermoheliodon works. A 5,000-watt bulb centered in an aluminum reflector moves along an adjustable ring outside and above the machine's six-foot-wide Plexiglas dome. This bulb duplicates the sun's positions at all times of the year for any latitude called for by the specific location and season of the experiment. Inside the dome, and atop eight inches of dirt, is a four-foot-wide disk that can be rotated. On this, a precisely scaled model of an actual house is placed (ratio: 1 to 16). As the "sun" passes overhead, fans and heaters create and control winds and temperature inside the dome. Meanwhile, an electric recorder automatically notes on a graph their effect on the model by measuring the temperature along its walls, both inside and outside, and in the middle of its rooms. From the recorded figures, the Olgyays can calculate how well that particular model reacts to the climatic conditions which have been set up. By changing these conditions in combination with various models they ultimately will set up suitable thermal requirements for a house anywhere in the U.S.

The brothers have divided the country climatically into four regions—cool, temperate, hot and dry, and hot and humid—and have concluded that each requires a different basic building shape and, also, orientation—that is, position in respect to the sun. "You can reduce heating and cooling costs if you find the suitable shape and orientation for the area in which you live," they explain. Because their research is centered at Princeton, their most detailed findings on savings possible from a "climate-balanced" house cover the New Jersey–New York area.

Fig. 1



Suppose you're going to build a house in this section and you have a choice of the two plans shown in Figure 1. Both houses, equal in floor and window areas, will have the same construction costs. Yet if you select the

Now... a "LUXURY" TV that's a smart investment too!

For this big 21-inch* console set by Admiral is so advanced—it will be new years from now!

New electronic circuit gives you the extra power you need to "pull in" hard-to-tune programs . . . sharp detail even in far-off "fringe" areas. Cabinet swivels in any direction on liquid-smooth "Lazy Susan". Control dials are up high for easy tuning.

**Overall diagonal*

The lighted channel numbers are visible across the room at night. Aluminized picture tube. Two 8-inch speakers. Golden picture frame adds final luxury touch.

It's the 1957 ADMIRAL Chateau. In Blonde Oak or Mahogany Grained finish; Sierra Veneer. See it at your dealer's today.

The 1957 **Admiral**®

Automatic Power Tuning on many models with exclusive Admiral Remote Control that turns set on-and-off, changes stations, adjusts volume and fine tuning.

1866 · FOR 90 YEARS · 1956
THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Longines

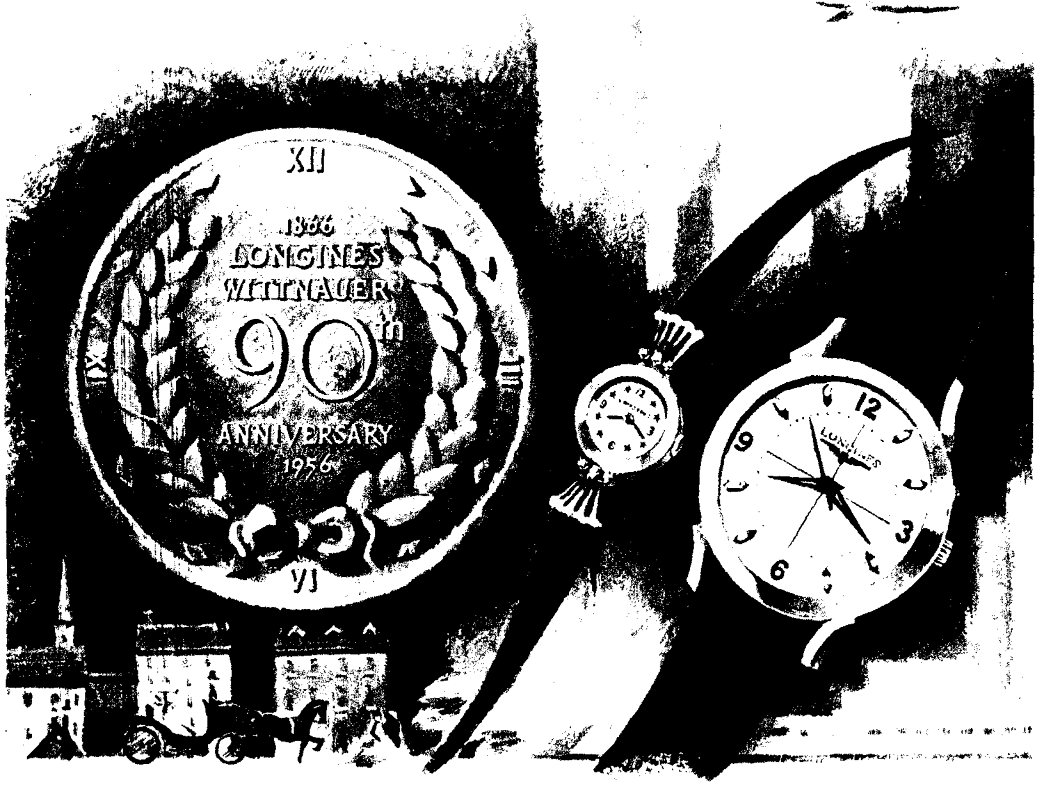
THE WORLD'S *Most Honored* WATCH

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes
28 Gold Medals

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY
FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING
CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS THE WORLD OVER

THE FIRST WATCH
OF AVIATION AND EXPLORATION



A LONGINES WATCH IS *Traditionally* FINE

Throughout all the 90 years of Longines, there has been complete continuity of purpose—to make the finest watch, to present it beautifully—for the enjoyment and service of discriminating men and women. The 90th Anniversary Longines watches, now at your jeweler, demonstrate in the highest degree the traditional perfection which made *Longines the world's most honored watch.* The fact is that *every* Longines watch, whatever the type, is made to be the best of its kind. And that is true though you pay as little as $71.50. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Illustrated—Longines Nocturne "C", 14K gold case set with six diamonds in coronets, with three interchangeable straps, $225; Longines Centaur, 14K gold self-winding watch, fully protected against all common watch hazards, $195.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company
SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

plan on the right you will spend less money in the long run—according to the calculated estimate, fully 30 per cent less in heating and cooling costs a year.

Why? Because a house built according to the plan on the right will get the utmost advantage from the sun's rays throughout the year. Its shape and position enable it to receive more efficiently the sun's heat on winter mornings, to avoid it on hot summer afternoons. Compared to the square house on the left, it will absorb only one fourth as much of the sun's summer heat and lose only half as much heat in winter. Obviously, this would mean a considerable saving in operating expenses.

What if you're planning to build somewhere else in the United States?

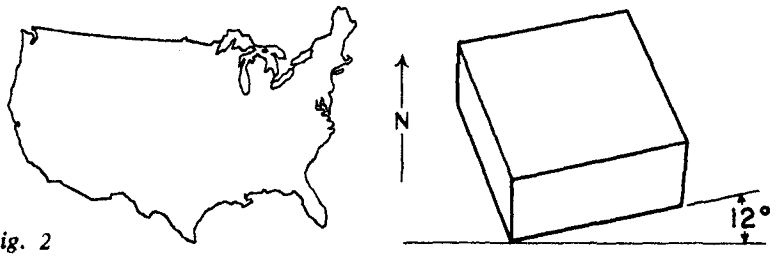


Fig. 2

Will the same rules apply? Basically, yes, although the shapes and positions will vary.

In these other areas the Olgyays have not yet completed their estimate of cost savings, but the diagrams on these pages show their present judgment of the houses which, because of their shapes and orientations, are cheapest to heat and cool in each of the four climatic regions. Note that in all regions the preferred house is somewhat elongated in shape, with the long exposures to the north and south.

In the cool region—as Minneapolis, for example—the best shape has a short-to-long side ratio of 1 to 1.1 (see Figure 2). Such a house is 1.4 per cent cheaper to heat and 1.6 per cent cheaper to cool than a square one. On the other hand, this design is 13.9 per cent cheaper to heat and 6.8 per cent cheaper to cool than a rectangular house whose short-to-long side ratio is 1 to 3. Preferable orientation in this region is 12 degrees to the east of a true southern exposure.

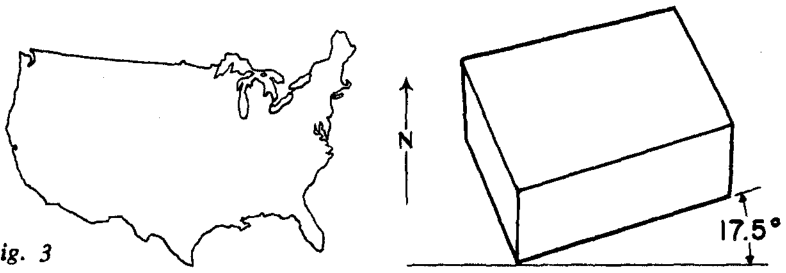


Fig. 3

In the temperate region—say Cincinnati—the best shape has a short-to-long side ratio of 1 to 1.6, though in some areas it can be as much as 1 to 2.4. A house of this shape (see Figure 3) is 4.6 per cent cheaper to heat and 4.2 per cent cheaper to cool than a square one; but when it is properly orientated the saving is greatly increased. The best orientation is normally 17.5 degrees to the east of south.

In the hot and dry region—Phoenix, for instance—the ideal shape has a short-to-long side ratio of 1 to 1.3. This shape of house (see Figure 4) is 26.7 per cent cheaper to heat and 2.5 per cent cheaper to cool than the square shape. Best orientation: 25 degrees to the east of south.

In the hot and humid region—say Miami—the ideal shape has a short-to-long side ratio of 1 to 1.7, though it can go as high as 1 to 3. This shape of

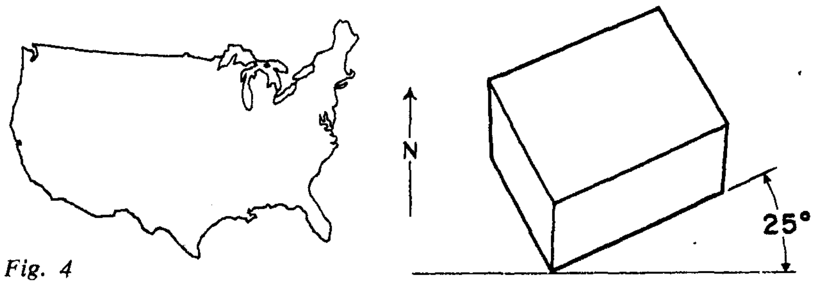
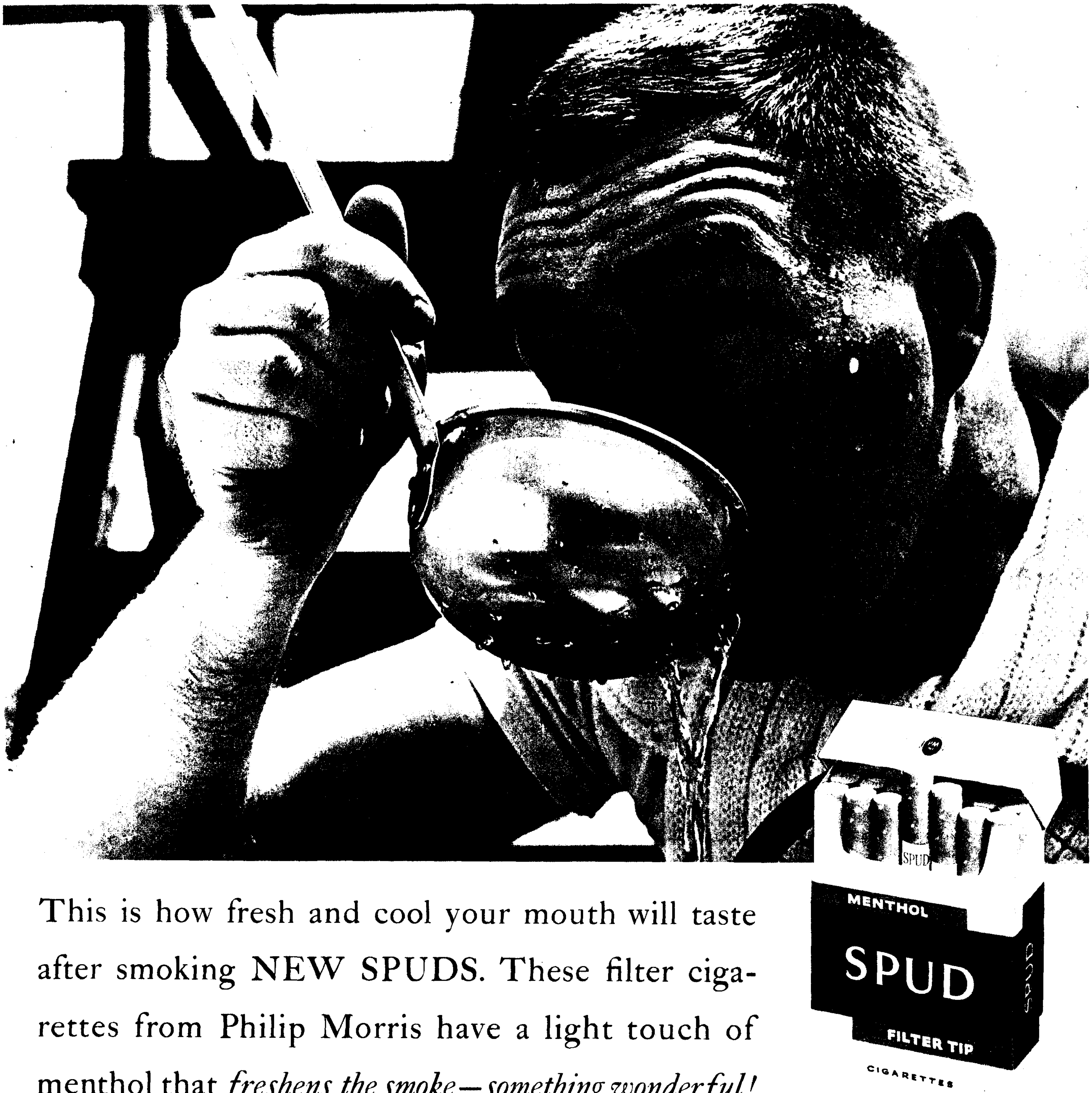


Fig. 4

At last: a mentholated cigarette ***everyone*** *can enjoy*

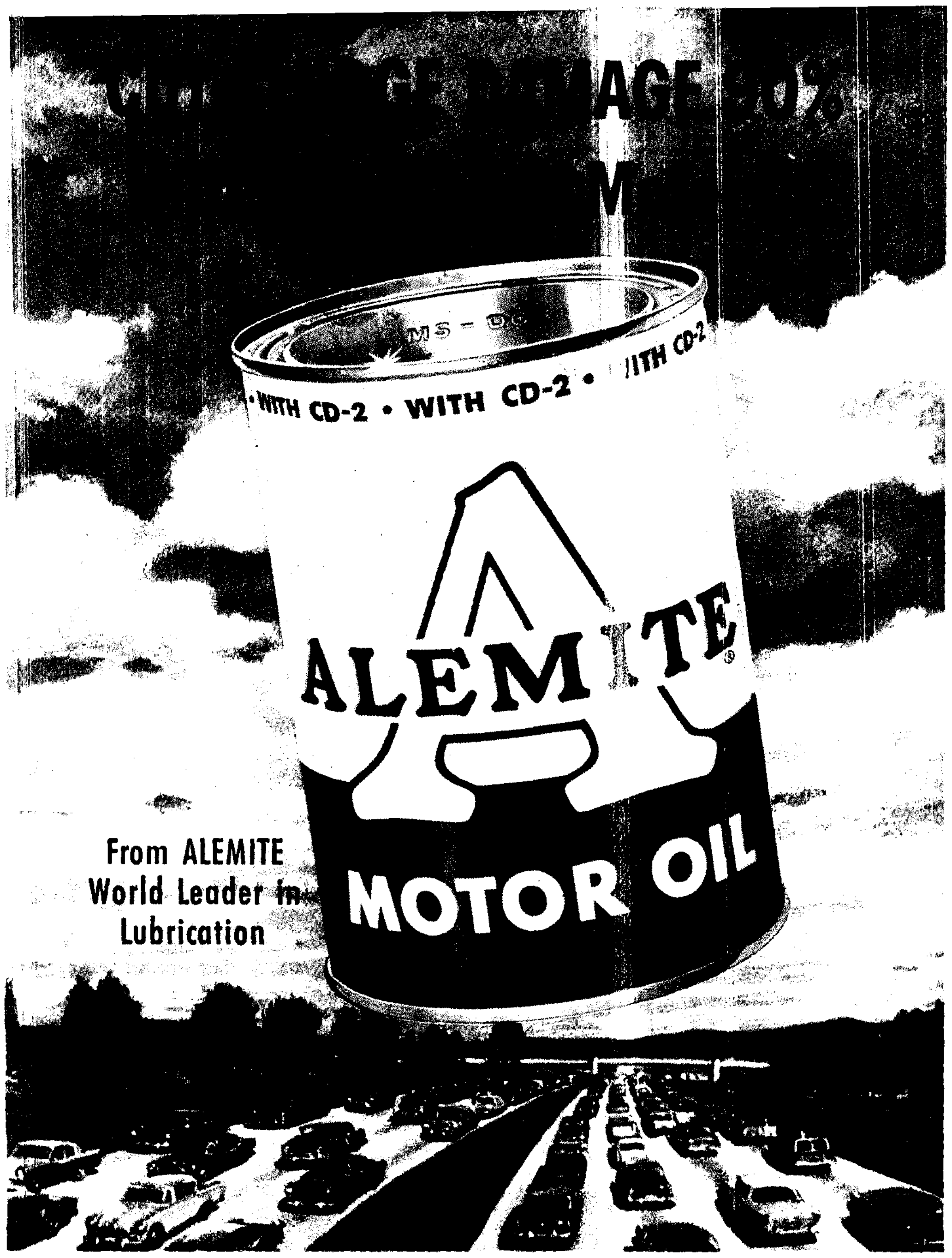
NEW SPUD *WITH A FILTER*


SPUD
MENTHOL
SPUD
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES
SPUD

This is how fresh and cool your mouth will taste after smoking NEW SPUDS. These filter cigarettes from Philip Morris have a light touch of menthol that *freshens the smoke—something wonderful!*

© 1956, PHILIP MORRIS INC.

CRUSH PROOF BOX · POPULAR FILTER PRICE



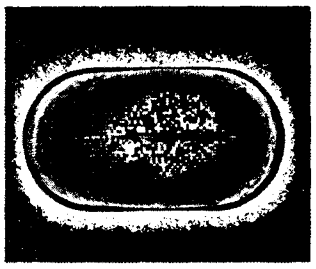
See pictures below for proof!

Guaranteed to do all we claim
...or your money back!

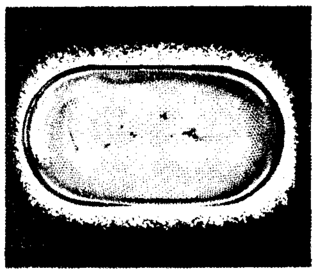
Sludge is a costly guest to entertain in your car's engine! Every day, destructive sludge is forming in your crankcase—robbing your fine engine of its original built-in power and efficiency, clogging filter screens, increasing wear . . . *shortening your car's life!*

Now there's a motor oil made to *meet* this hazard . . . and it bears the famous name of Alemite. This revolutionary new kind of oil stops motor troubles before they start. It curbs formation of the sludge and "varnish" that plague modern engines. Keeps them clean-running and powerful! Reduces all sludge-caused damages by 90%!

See how this great new oil improves your car's *performance,* too—at hot highway speeds or in cool stop-and-go driving—the year 'round. Ask your car dealer about new sludge-fighting *Alemite Motor Oil.* Try it on our unconditional money-back guarantee!



BEFORE. Photograph of car's oil screen after service test using conventional motor oil. Note filter-clogging deposits of sludge.



AFTER. Clean, sludge-free oil screen after identical service test made with new Alemite Motor Oil. (Unretouched photo.)

ALEMITE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
MOTOR OIL
A Product of STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION
Chicago 14, Illinois

STEWART SW WARNER

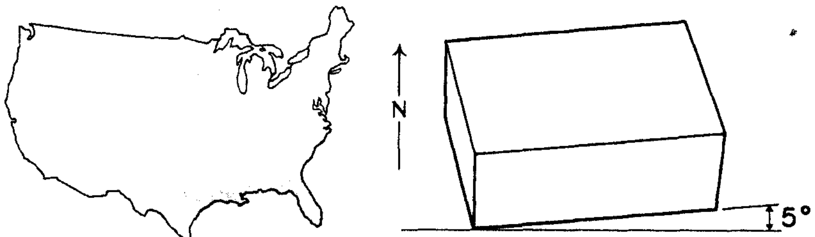


Fig. 5

house (see Figure 5) is 16.3 per cent cheaper to heat and 8.1 per cent cheaper to cool than the square shape. Orientation should be only five degrees to the east of south.

Though they have figured out a suitable house for each region, the Olgyays assert there is no need for all houses in each area to look the same. For example, building materials—which are themselves significant factors in measuring the climatic efficiency of a house—serve to individualize dwellings.

"We've attempted to set down basic principles which we are going to test with the Thermoheliodon," the brothers say. "But they are just a starter. Creative expression on the part of the individual architect comes next and is just as important in satisfying the eventual owner. We're looking after his environmental and physical needs. The architect on the job will have to fulfill his client's psychological and aesthetic desires.

"It's a situation very similar to men's suits. In the North, men wear flannel suits in the winter, but they're not all the same color and style. They wear tropicals in the South, but these also vary. Men have learned what material offers them the most comfort, but they choose the color and style they want.

"Houses should be comfortable too. But often they are built according to convention instead of need. We hope from our experiments to make clear the thermal requirements for tomorrow's houses so that people can live more cheaply and more comfortably." THE END

GUY GILLETTE

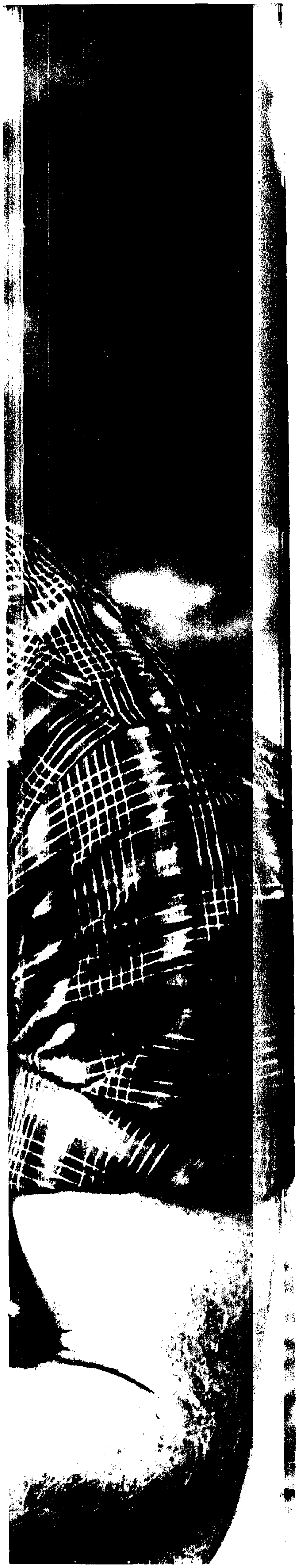
Outside Princeton's Architectural Laboratory, the Olgyay brothers demonstrate one of the scale house models they will try out in the new experimental machine

HAIG & HAIG
PINCH
100% SCOTCH
PRODUCT

"Half empty," says the pessimist... "Half full," says the optimist...

"Time to order more Haig & Haig Pinch," says the thoughtful host.

Don't be Vague...say Haig & Haig ☆ BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF ☆ RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



THE ANSWER

for men who need (but think they can't afford) at least $10,000 more life insurance!

New York Life's popular Whole Life policy protects your family at a low premium cost—builds high cash values fast!

Here's a policy that offers permanent life insurance in an "economy size package." Because the minimum amount is $10,000, savings are possible which are passed along to you and make the premiums much lower than they would otherwise be. For a man of 35, for example, the annual premium for standard life insurance is only $23.59 per $1,000. And rates are correspondingly low for all ages.

Low as the premiums are, Whole Life builds up *high cash values* quickly—equal, in fact, to the full reserve after only seven years! These values are a source of ready cash available for emergencies.

Dividends payable on Whole Life can be used to reduce the premium payments. Or, you can allow dividends to accumulate, increasing the policy's cash value. Or, you can apply them under other available options. The low premiums, high cash values and dividends combine to make Whole Life unusually attractive.

If you have been telling yourself that you ought to have more life insurance to protect your family or your business—but have been putting it off because you think you can't afford it—ask your New York Life agent for all the facts about Whole Life, or mail the coupon below, today!

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Please furnish me, without obligation, your booklet, "Measuring Your Family Security."

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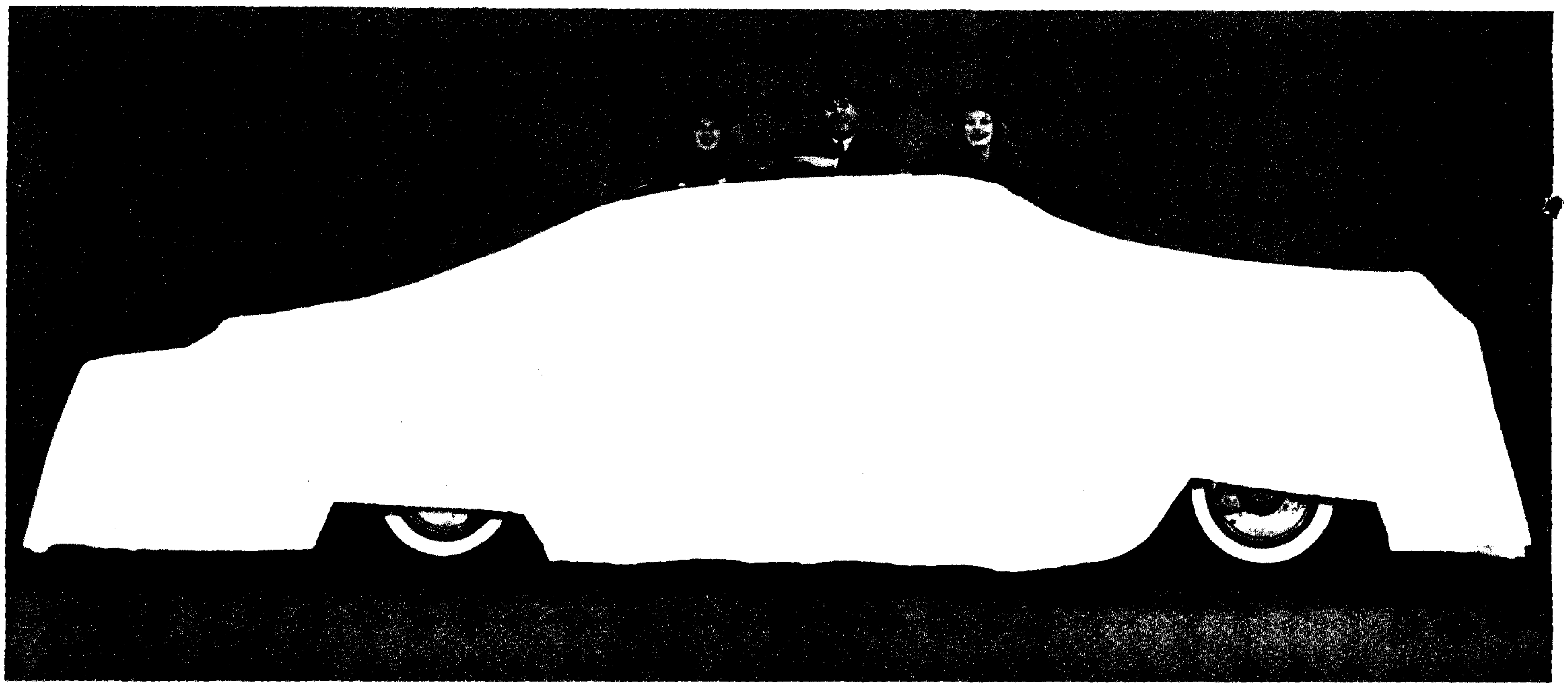
ADDRESS____________________

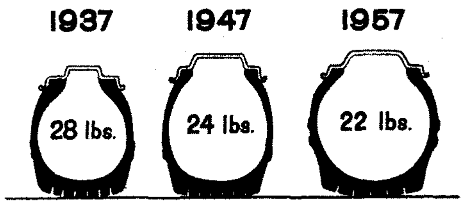
CITY________________ZONE______STATE________



Now you can really look the '57's . . . over! A lower, 14-inch rim gives the new cars a lower, lovelier silhouette. A lower center of gravity, too, for new stability on turns. And next to the road where safety begins—the new Custom Tubeless Super-Soft-Cushions by Goodyear. Their new Twin-Grip tread design, with 8640 biting edges—grips road surfaces with new sureness . . . even in wet weather . . . makes the Custom Ride a safer ride!

NEW TIRES LOSE AN INCH...AND NEW CARS GAIN A NEW KIND OF RIDE!

Not a murmur in a mile! There's no whine on the straightaway, and squeal on turns has been reduced almost to the vanishing point. Every restful mile you drive tells you *the Custom Ride is a silent ride.*



You never had it so soft! This new tire has a wider cross-section, larger air volume. This means you ride on *more* air, at *less* pressure. Result: *a new, softer ride.*

Soft . . . safe . . . silent—that's the new Custom Ride by Goodyear.

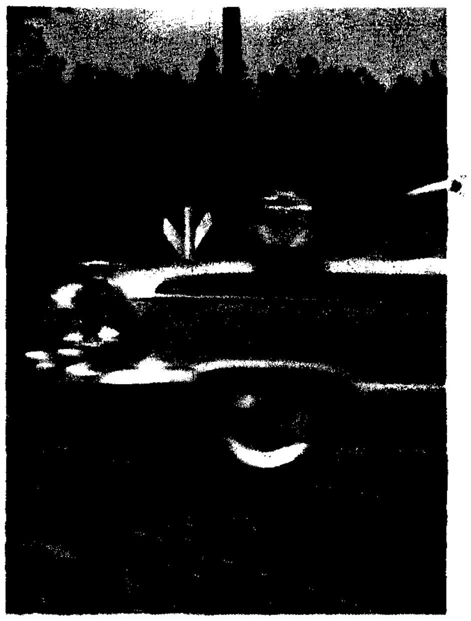
It's made possible by the Custom Super-Soft-Cushion—the new Goodyear tire that's mated to a lower rim on many of America's newest cars to float you along with *more* air volume at *less* air pressure.

A lower 14-inch rim gives the new cars a low-to-the-ground look that's sure to catch your fancy—and the soft, soothingly comfortable ride you get from the new Custom Tubeless Super-Soft-Cushion is sure to hold it.

There's never been a tire like it—and you don't have to go farther than here to see why.

And here's more good news from Goodyear! Motorists who won't buy a new car this year can get the same durable triple-tempered 3-T Cord body, surefooted tread and smart design in a Custom Tubeless Super-Cushion that will fit the 15-inch rims on the wheels of their present cars—and it costs no more than a standard tubeless tire. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



Take a tip from this goldfish! We put him in a fishbowl fastened to a fender, and took him for a ride over a stretch of highway that included several railroad crossings. When we stopped, he still had plenty of water to swim in, proving the Custom Ride is a soft ride!

This new tire's beauty complements the style of today's fine cars. And it's a lasting kind of beauty—for in the Goodyear tradition, you'll get long, long miles of extra wear.

NEW CUSTOM TUBELESS SUPER-Soft-CUSHION

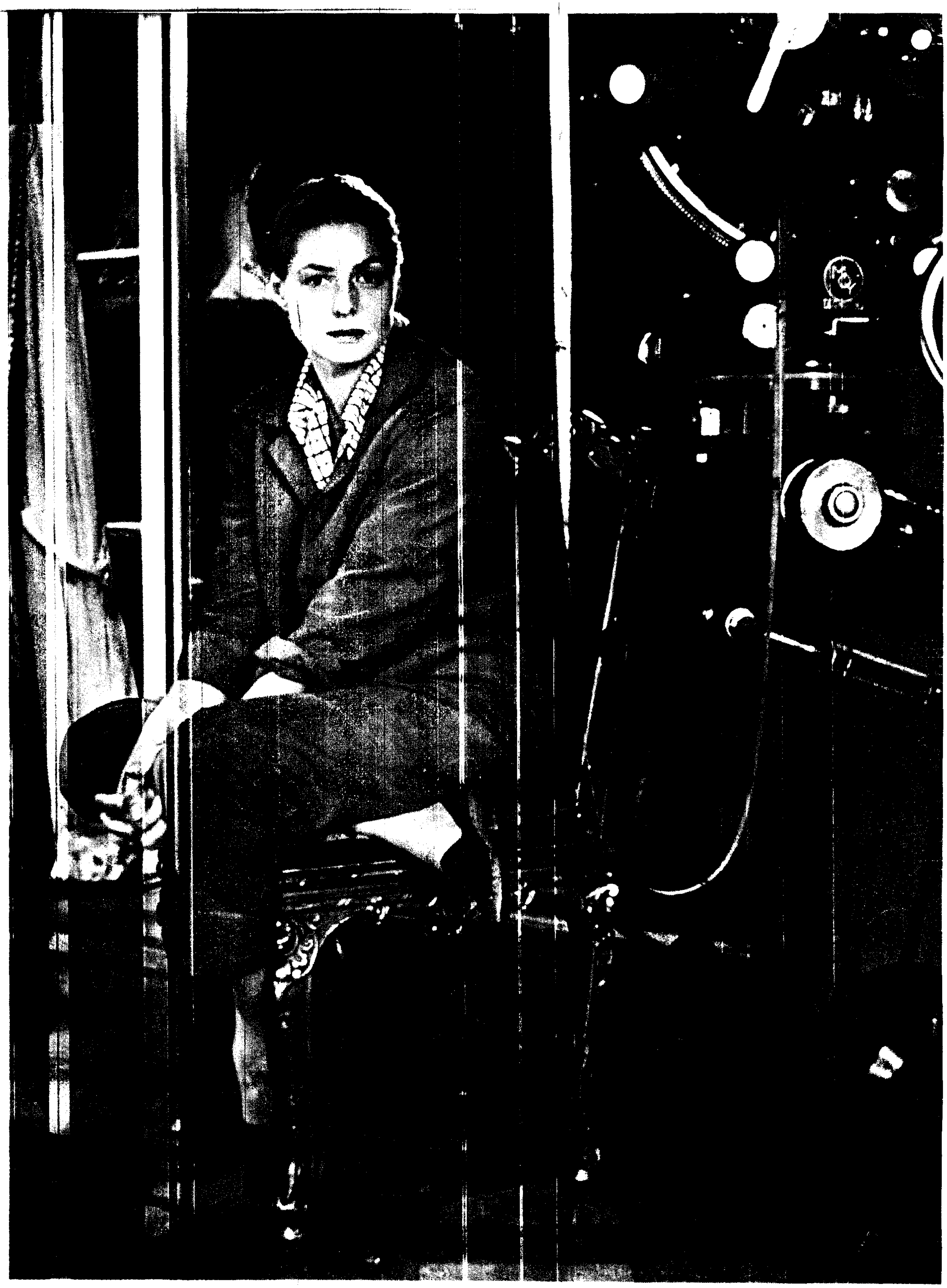
GOODYEAR

GOOD YEAR TIRES

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms.

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

COLLIER'S
OCTOBER 26, 1956



YUL BRYNNER

"I am not doing penance for anything"

By INGRID BERGMAN

with BILL DAVIDSON

For seven years, while the world picked over her private life, Ingrid Bergman kept silent. Now she has broken that silence. Here, for the first time in her own words, Miss Bergman tells her side of the story

WHY INGRID BERGMAN BROKE HER LONG SILENCE

In the following pages, Ingrid Bergman tells her own story in her own direct, heartfelt words. Never before has she written a signed article for a national magazine. Why did she finally do it? I was with her in England for more than a month during the preparation of the article, and I think I know the answer. Nearly every day Miss Bergman was visibly shaken by stories about her that were printed and broadcast in countries all over the world. There were distorted interviews, fake interviews, cruel attempts to commercialize her innermost feelings. Many times she wept in her dressing room and only her professional brilliance enabled her to continue work in Anastasia, the film she then was making. When we sat down to work on her story, this proud, sensitive woman began to pour forth what was in her heart, but with all the great dignity she has always possessed. She was, in her own words, "fighting back against those who won't let me live in peace." The wonder of all this is that there should be such continuing interest in Miss Bergman. She has not been seen by the American people in almost seven years, and yet 20th Century-Fox paid $400,000 for the stage play, Anastasia, as a vehicle for her and induced her to accept a quarter of a million dollars to play the part. Moreover, Fox executive-producer Buddy Adler took on the picture as his personal project. "Bergman's secret," director Anatole Litvak told me, "is that she possesses a certain magic—a regal presence which gets through to the American people. Only one other woman, Greta Garbo, has had that indefinable quality—and only Garbo could return as triumphantly after such a protracted absence." In reading Miss Bergman's story, remember the background of those seven years against which it is set. She was at the peak of her career in 1949 when she met the Italian movie director, Roberto Rossellini. She had been married when she was very young to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, a Swedish dentist-turned-brain-surgeon, and they had one daughter, Pia, then ten years old. The marriage was not a happy one. She says she asked Lindstrom for a divorce in 1946, three years before she met Rossellini, but he refused. Then Rossellini came into what was a lonely life. They fell in love. She tried unsuccessfully to get a divorce in five different countries. One reason she couldn't obtain a decree was because Hollywood columnist Louella Parsons broke the news that Miss Bergman was pregnant—though living apart from her husband. While Miss Bergman bore a son, Robertino, in Villa Margherita Clinic in Italy, an army of photographers and reporters tried to scale the walls, fought it out with police and nuns in the corridors, and tried to bribe priests to get exclusive stories. Miss Bergman's divorce decree finally was granted in Mexico on February 9, 1950, seven days after the birth of the child. Dr. Lindstrom obtained a California divorce and won custody of Pia. World opinion has been sharply divided ever since. In the U.S., the then Senator Ed Johnson of Colorado said, "Out of the ashes of Ingrid Bergman will arise a better Hollywood." In France, Italy and England, the attitude was that such things happen to thousands of other women who are not unfortunate enough to be subjected to the cruel glare of publicity, and that if they lead impeccable lives after remarrying, they should not be blamed for one earlier mistake. Miss Bergman, a European, shares this point of view. Her only regret is about her daughter, Pia. She says, "I never thought I would lose her completely. Then I was told it was best for the child to let her live her own life, but now people think I've abandoned her and don't care. It gives me a constant heartache. I don't know what to do about it." But let Miss Bergman tell her own story. —BILL DAVIDSON

RECENTLY I received a letter from a woman in Los Angeles urging me to "come home." She didn't realize that America is not my home—that I was just a visitor there for 10 years. This letter—and others like it—has surprised me. So much has been written that I thought everything about me was known. That's why I never wanted to talk about myself.

But the press apparently still think I'm news.

And much has happened to me in the last seven years.

For one thing, I lead a good life with my husband, Roberto Rossellini, and I'm content in a way that I never was content in Hollywood.

Hollywood can be a terribly lonely place. I once made a remark that caused much laughter in Italy: "I've kissed Humphrey Bogart, but I don't know him." I literally meant that. When I lived in Hollywood I had a wonderful association with Humphrey Bogart, Gregory Peck, Cary Grant and all the others, while working with them in various films. But after we left the studio, they all retired to their own circle of friends. Bing Crosby, for example, was one of the most charming, most relaxed persons I have ever worked with, but I never knew him or his wife or his children. Perhaps it was my fault because of my shyness; I didn't seek out other people. Perhaps, too, I didn't like the fact that the movie industry is the only interest there. In any event, Rome is just the opposite and that's what makes it so exciting for me now. I know artists, writers, monks, police officials, racing-car drivers, beggars. They are all friends of Roberto's. Those are the people who appear in his films (he'll never use an actor when he can find an authentic type in real life) and they make my home in Italy gay and stimulating.

Secondly, I have three wonderful children—six-year-old Robertino and the four-year-old twin girls, Isabella and Ingrid. No mother could be bitter or frustrated—as some newspapers say I am—with a family like that. Little blue-eyed, fair-skinned Robertino looks like a Swede, but has all the mannerisms of my husband. He uses the fiery gestures of the Italians and has the typical Latin temperament. As my husband once put it, "He is learning Love and Violence." The little girls have dark hair like mine and their personalities are completely different. They are an interesting oddity of nature. Ingrid is curly-haired and brown-eyed and resembles Roberto, but she is calm, affectionate and Nordic in her outlook. Isabella, on the other hand, has blue eyes and straight hair and looks like me, but she is a Latin—a typical extrovert and a tomboy. If I never worked again, I could happily spend all my time at home playing with them.

But I *have* been working, and that's the third area in which some of the press have been misleading. I have done an opera and made seven films in six countries since I left the United States. I have just finished my first American picture in seven years—20th Century-Fox's Anastasia—but I have never regarded the U.S. movie industry as the only outlet for my career. I enjoy acting and making pictures in Italy, France and Germany, as well as in Hollywood, and that's what I've been doing. To me, the story has always been the important thing, and Anastasia is the first Hollywood screenplay I have liked of the many that have been offered to me since I left the United States. I turned down an opportunity to play Anastasia on the stage in London because I felt it was merely a shallow portrait of a brooding woman (supposedly the only daughter of the last czar of Russia to survive the massacre of the entire imperial family) trying to establish her identity. In the movie version, however, writer Arthur Laurents and director Anatole Litvak have made Anastasia a more many-faceted character; and equally so, they have built up the leading male role, Bounine, instead of letting him remain just a villainous conspirator. This movie Anastasia is gay, she gets into comic situations, she falls in love with Bounine.

This fall, moreover, I will do the play Tea and Sympathy on the Paris stage. In other words, I'll go *anywhere*, if a role and story appeal to me.

And that leads me to another distortion of some of the press—my reaction to the so-called ordeal I have been through. They imply that I'm a bitter, beaten woman. That is not true. I'm fortunate in having a very bad memory. I easily forget and forgive. For me, it's the present and the future that counts. But I fight back against those who won't let me live in peace.

True, the first two years after I met Roberto were far from pleasant—because of people's concern with my private life. If others had to live in glass houses as we do and have their dirty laundry hung out for everyone to see, they might stop snooping into the lives of actors and actresses.

Both in America and Sweden, some sections of the press tried to kill me, but I am hard to kill. It was worst in my native Sweden. The Swedish people themselves were very kind. They waited until 3:00 A.M. all along my route to throw flowers at us when I arrived in Stockholm in my husband's car last February to play in his opera, Joan of Arc at the Stake, and they stood in line in the snow for two days and two nights to get tickets to see me.

But the Swedish press tried to ruin me as a woman and then they tried to ruin me as an actress. They were upset because they hadn't destroyed me when I dared to appear in Stockholm again. If any bitterness does remain in me, it is against the newspapers of my own country. They are like sheep.

The Swedish press are envious of anyone who departs from the general mold. They constantly attacked Greta Garbo and the great sculptor, Carl Milles, and even today they are attacking their own Dag Hammarskjold, the universally respected Secretary-General of the United Nations, as being an ineffectual show-off.

Their attitude toward me has always been vindictive. When I won the Academy Award in 1945 for Gaslight, they wrote, "The Americans will soon find out she's no actress." They always criticize me for my clothes, for my low-heeled shoes, for the fact that I like to wear gold bracelets. That's all right. As critics they are entitled to have low opinions of my acting and my appearance, but when they attack me through my family, that's a different matter.

When I first arrived in Sweden last February, they badgered me for photographs of my children. I refused and they said, "Joan Crawford and other actresses let us photograph their children, so why can't you?" I finally agreed, reluctantly, but then, the very next day, they accused me of using my children to get publicity for myself.

After that, they wrote, "Ingrid Bergman cannot find work because of the scandal in her life. Therefore, she is traveling from country to country like a gypsy, so her husband can make money out of her." The worst outrage occurred when a newspaperwoman and a photographer tried to break into my hotel suite early one morning to take pictures of Roberto and me in the bedroom. After the hotel porter would not let them come up to our suite, they went from door to door listening for the sound of children's voices. When they heard Robertino playing with little Isabella and Ingrid, they forced their way in and began snapping pictures of the children. It was only because the nurse threw herself in front of our door and refused to be budged that they did not burst into our bedroom.

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, I was asked to appear at a benefit show which a Stockholm newspaper was running for the Swedish Polio Fund. The benefit took place in the Concert Hall, which seats 3,000 people, and the building was jammed. I summoned all the courage I could, and decided to take advantage of the occasion to speak directly to the people of Sweden, in addition to speaking for the fund, as I was asked to do.

My knees were shaking as I got up on the stage. The microphone was handed to me and I was still trembling as I began to pour out what was in my heart. I said: "I have been asked, 'How do I like returning to Sweden after 16 years?' The answer to that is that it is a two-faced coin. I am a Swede and I have always loved my country. I am standing here tonight because I want to raise money for this fund to help your children. But the very newspaper that invited me here attacked me shamefully just this very morning."

I then told of the attempt to break into my hotel suite. I told them how I was accused of using my children for publicity. I said, "The entire Swedish press emphasize lies and insults. What you read about me in the newspapers is false. They distort and invent rumors without even trying to see me. This is my only chance to talk to you directly."

As I spoke, I could feel the audience get into a fury against their newspapers. Each time I told a story about what the press had done, they stamped their feet. I finished by saying, "It is not only I who am a victim of the Swedish press. Others suffer and take it because of fear of bad notices on their next picture. Before this everyone always took it lying down. I think you should fight back, and that's why I'm doing it because they can't say anything worse about me than they have done."

The lights went on now, and I could see men and women crying in the audience. They kept calling me back to the stage again and again. When I finally left, I was weeping, too.

That was the end of my persecution in the Swedish press—for the time being, at least. The next day two papers ran the full text of my speech and suddenly I was called "courageous for not taking it lying down." Since then I haven't spoken to a single Swede, except to say good-by to the Swedish people over the radio the night before I left. Swedish radio officials told me I probably had the widest audience in their broadcasting history for that performance, because, as they explained, water consumption dropped to almost nothing during the hour in which I spoke. And yet not long afterward the press were at it again. A Stockholm magazine writer wrote a story in which he said he had interviewed me in London and that I had told him I was about to get a divorce from Roberto Rossellini. I never saw the man and I know he hasn't been within five hundred miles of London. That's the quality of newspaper coverage in my country—and sometimes in the United States.

But apart from the scandalmongering section of the press, the truth of the matter is that I enjoy being among the people of all countries. In Italy, particularly, the people have been very kind. They are open, friendly and warmhearted. They love children, and suddenly, when I had so many, I became one of them. They often stop me on the street—not to ask for autographs as they do in America, but to inquire after the health of the

CULVER SERVICE

Ingrid Bergman began U.S. film career in 1939. Her first role was in Intermezzo (at top) with Leslie Howard. As a nun, she co-starred with Bing Crosby (above) in her most successful movie, The Bells of St. Mary's, while at upper right is scene from famed 10-minute-long kissing sequence with Cary Grant in Notorious. In 1948, following a stage triumph in Joan of Lorraine, she again played Joan (right) in an original screenplay, eagerly awaited and financially disastrous. Below, with Mel Ferrer, she is shown in a scene from Jean Renoir's yet to be released movie titled to date: Elena and the Men, Red Carnation, Black Satin, Strange Night, and, now, The Night Does Strange Things

". . . Roberto Rossellini came into my life. He was warm and outgoing. With him, I didn't feel shy or awkward or lonely, for the first time"

children. They ask questions like, "How is Robertino after cutting his first tooth?" and ordinary Italians are constantly giving the children religious medals to protect them.

One thing, I'll never forget how wonderful the nuns and the priests were at the time of the birth of Robertino in Villa Margherita Clinic in Italy. They protected me and helped me. It was a wonderful consolation for me to know that the truly religious people were understanding and sympathetic when the storm of public opinion was mostly against me.

IN THE UNITED STATES, too, I found that I had many friends. When I appeared in the Broadway play, Joan of Lorraine, for example, I noticed a group of teen-agers waiting for me night after night outside the stage door. I finally asked them to walk with me two at a time from my hotel to the theater every evening. I got to know them quite well. My heart went out to them. Their parents either were out or playing cards. They were lonely and needed an outlet for their emotions which they didn't get at home. So they turned to me in their loneliness.

In any event, those teen-agers are grownups now but they still correspond with me regularly. They have asked to become godparents to my children and they write advice like, "Organize your life so you can be a good mother and still be a great actress." They—and hundreds of ordinary Americans like them—have sent so many gifts to my children that for years I've scarcely had to buy them any clothing or toys.

These old friends still think of me mostly in my Joan of Arc role, and so do I. Not that I presume to identify myself with such a heroic, saintly woman, but from the time I was a little girl, she always has been my greatest heroine. That's why I played her four times on the stage and screen.

Like the young Joan, I have always been timid. Even today, when I go into a restaurant, my greatest torment is walking through the room until I reach my table in the farthest corner. I only feel secure when I'm playing the part of another person. I even like to be mistaken for other people. In Rome, recently, a strange man came up to me in a shop and said, "Excuse me, but you remind me of someone." I said to myself, "Oh, there it goes again," but I asked him, "Who?"

"Grace Kelly," he said.

I'm sure other actresses would have bridled at that, but I couldn't have been more delighted—because she is so beautiful.

My shyness was worse when I was young. My mother died when I was two years old and I was brought up alone. There were no other children in the family. To amuse myself I began inventing characters—the witch, the villain, the son, the donkey. I played them all and they all became my friends. I didn't have to be afraid of them. My father was a wonderful man. He was an artist and a singer who organized a choir and brought them on tour to the United States in 1925. They were known simply as "The Swedes." When I was eleven, he took me to the theater for the first time. I remember everything. It was a play by Hjalmar Bergman (no relation) called Patrasket. I remember my exact seat in a box in the first balcony, and even the dress I was wearing. It was a grown-up dress lent to me by my aunt. It was red, my father's favorite color. He always used red in his paintings, saying, "Red is the color of life," and I still favor red—in gowns, shoes, sweaters, even in blankets. What I remember most about that first trip to the theater, however, was my amazement at seeing grown-up people pretending to be other people, the same as I did at home.

Soon after that my father died and I went to live with an uncle. He had five children. It was the first time I had moved in with a family with children. It was almost impossible to bear. They were gay and teased me constantly. In that kind of atmosphere the only way to protect yourself is to pretend to be someone else, as I had seen the grownups do on the stage. I was very tall as a child and the boys were small. I was awkward and knocked things over when I came into a room. They would say, "How can you be an actress when you're so clumsy?" I would answer, "Because then I'm not myself." It was my only defense. That's why I became an actress. I have since learned that any number of actors are very timid people who took to the profession the same as I did. I can do everything with ease on the stage whereas in real life I feel too big and clumsy. So I didn't choose acting. It chose me.

I learned poems and acted them out, and the other boys and girls didn't laugh at me—as they did when I was myself and I didn't know what to say. Then I found out about Joan of Arc in school and, though I am not a Catholic, she became my favorite saint. I developed a tremendous love and

Ingrid as a little girl (above) poses with her father, Justus, who first introduced her to the theater; her mother died when she was two. At the right, she is with husband Roberto Rossellini outside their villa in the Italian seaside town of Santa Marinella. Miss Bergman (right, below) is kept busy corresponding with hundreds of well-wishers who offered encouragement during her most trying years

Miss Bergman demonstrates tennis grip to (l. to r.) son Robertino and the twins, Isabella and Ingrid

A beflowered Ingrid exits triumphantly after her Neopolitan opera debut in Joan of Arc at the Stake

Her first husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, with daughter Pia

DAVID SEYMOUR

admiration for her. She, too, was a timid child, but with great dignity and courage. She became the character I liked to play most. I learned everything I could about her. I found out that she was warm and human. She was all woman and she wanted to get married and have children. I especially loved her sense of humor. I read and reread the record of her trial because I admired her for never being trapped by the questions of her inquisitors. For instance, when a priest who spoke very badly asked her, "In what language did you and Saint Michael speak?" she replied, "In better French than yours." When she was asked, "How did Saint Michael appear—dressed or undressed?" she answered, "Don't you think God could afford to have him dressed?"

I continued my impromptu acting through high school. Then I went to the School of the Royal Dramatic Theater, and, not long afterward, into several pictures, including the Swedish film Intermezzo. In 1939, when David Selznick wanted to make an American version of Intermezzo he hired me for the part and I came to Hollywood to play the leading role opposite the late Leslie Howard. I was in the United States for 10 years after that.

Hollywood was the same as my childhood all over again. When I was acting, I was fine. When I had to be myself in bond drives and charity shows, it was torture. All the actresses of that day were tiny—in the Mary Pickford tradition. Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Jean Arthur and Margaret Sullavan were all petite, and I was a gangling, awkward five feet nine inches. Now, of course, it is different. Actresses have grown taller and I'm just average size. I was never more delighted than when I met Esther Williams. She came in towering over me in great high heels. She looked at the low heels I habitually wear and said, "Why *do* you wear those things?" I could only say, "I'm so glad to meet *you*."

I grew very fond of my American acting colleagues. The first one I had any real contact with was Burgess Meredith in the play, Liliom. He came into the room when I met him for the first time and immediately I relaxed. He was so free and easy. In Sweden you always should say the right thing, do the right thing, only associate with people of the right education. Everyone is cooped up inside himself, afraid to be what he is. But Burgess always made me feel comfortable. He used to call me "you big Swede," and I loved it. Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Cary Grant, Humphrey Bogart—they were all the same. They called me "Honey" and "Darling" when I scarcely knew them, and it took me years to get used to that after coming from Sweden where you're generally greeted with a cold "How do you do."

So in my work I was very happy. I got good roles in fine pictures like For Whom the Bell Tolls, Gaslight and The Bells of St. Mary's. Then one day I received one of the most pleasant surprises of my life. The playwright, Maxwell Anderson, came to see me in California. He said, "Do you know anything about Joan of Arc?"

I said, "Do I! Why?"

He replied, "Because I've just written a play about her and I was wondering if you'd be interested."

I had difficulty in controlling myself. I said, "If you've got a piece of paper I'll sign the contract right now."

So at last I was playing Joan—in a real theater for real people. The play was the prize-winning Joan of Lorraine, and it was followed by Walter Wanger's film Joan of Arc. Again I lost myself in the role and forgot my basic loneliness in America. For while my professional life was full and exciting, my life at home was secluded and empty.

THEN, IN 1949, Roberto Rossellini came into my life. He was warm and outgoing. With him, I didn't feel shy or awkward or lonely, for the first time. Everyone knows what happened after that.

Since Roberto and I were married in 1950, our work together has been both rewarding and exciting. I starred in four of his films—Trip to Italy, We Women and The Greatest Love (all made in Italy) and Fear, a Stefan Zweig story made in Germany. Then, in 1952, Roberto was asked to direct the opera Otello in the San Carlo Opera House in Naples. I was watching a rehearsal from the stage and I said to the manager, "I've never seen such a beautiful theater in my life. What a joy for an actor to look out into this house."

He said, "Why don't you play here?"

I answered, "But I can't sing."

"Then why don't you do an opera with a speaking part?" he asked.

"Are there any?"

"Sure," he said. "There's Joan of Arc at the Stake."

There she was again, my favorite saint, once again coming to my aid, this time to give me the opportunity to appear in an opera—which is so much more exciting than a movie or a stage play. It was written by Paul Claudel and Arthur Honegger in the 1930s.

So I signed to do the opera and learned the part in a year. Roberto directed it. I sang a little, but mostly spoke. It was another wonderful

"It is most exciting to go back to work on a movie set. I feel the old stimulation every time"

YUL BRYNNER

Climactic moment in Anastasia film comes in recognition sequence, when Miss Bergman, in title role, convinces the Dowager Empress (Helen Hayes) of her true identity

experience. We opened at the San Carlo Opera House, doing the work in Italian. Then we moved into the famous La Scala Opera in Milan. In Paris and Barcelona we did the opera in French. In London, we did it in English; in Stockholm, in Swedish. The tour was full of interesting occurrences. In Stockholm, I forgot to step on an elevator that was to carry my soul to heaven. A spotlight was to play on my face and it began looking for me. I rushed up a flight of stairs and clambered onto the elevator at the very last moment before it moved out of reach. But I was so flustered that when I began to speak, the words came out in English instead of Swedish.

In Barcelona, everything went wrong in rehearsals. The actors, the musicians and the technicians just could not learn their cues. So during the performance, Roberto donned a monk's costume and rushed about on the stage shouting directions to the cast and technicians. He was everywhere—in the wings, on stage and backstage. It was one of the funniest sights I've ever seen—but it worked.

After the opera tour was over, I did the film The Night Does Strange Things in both French and English, for director Jean Renoir in Paris. This picture soon will be released in the United States by Warner Brothers. Then, I went to London to make Anastasia, in English, for 20th Century-Fox.

This schedule will give you some idea of the difficulties I have faced since I left the United States. First of all, the language problems became enormous. Originally, I spoke Swedish and German. My mother was German and I learned the language while visiting her family in Germany during vacations. Before I came to Hollywood, I studied English with a private teacher for about six months. Unfortunately, my first director in

America was Gregory Ratoff, who has a thick, almost unintelligible Russian accent. There were some funny scenes between us as he shouted to me on the set, "Speak English! Say it like I do!" Despite such handicaps I finally mastered English fairly well.

But then, just before I met Roberto, I decided to leave Hollywood to make French films in Paris. So once again I went through the drudgery of learning a new language—French—from a private teacher. It was fortunate that I did. Roberto didn't speak a word of English and I knew no Italian. For a year and a half we conversed in French. When Roberto directed me in Stromboli, he used French. That's how I learned the language, simply because I *had* to.

With Italian, it was a different matter. By this time I was so tired of learning languages that I couldn't face opening a book and studying again. But soon I began to understand what the Italians were talking about. When you live in a country you can't help but pick up the language, even without trying.

MY CHILDREN were brought up on Italian. That helped me considerably. They speak it perfectly, and they tease me when I make mistakes. Little Robertino, for example, came to a matinee when he was only four years old to see me play Joan in Italian. He sat in the audience at the San Carlo Opera House with his Aunt Marcella. At one point I said *mane* instead of *mani* for the word "hands," and he shouted to Marcella, "Oh, she's made a mistake again." He was very angry and couldn't wait to bawl me out after the performance. The same thing happens when I read fairy tales to all three children at bedtime every night. If I say *"oso"* instead of *"orso"* for "bear," they descend on me in a fury. It is great fun and it really is teaching me the language.

I had problems, too, in getting used to the Italian temperament. Italians shout and scream and you think they're going to kill one another. But they are really all warm and helpful to one another and have strong family feelings. In Sweden, everyone talks softly and they get angry and they carry their anger with them for 20 years. In Italy they get angry and get it over with. Roberto can be very violent, but I'm getting used to it.

I have changed a lot myself, though I still have the placid Swedish temperament. I guess I'm strange to the Italians. I still hate scenes and yelling and screaming, but I can put on violent scenes just to show them I'm able to. Also, occasionally I like to be alone; Greta Garbo is not the only Swede who likes her solitude. The Italians like to be together—the more the merrier. So sometimes I'm abrupt and cut people off because I'm tired or have something on my mind. They can't understand those sudden changes when all at once I become a piece of ice. But I like to think out my own problems; I can't discuss them like the Italians do. The Italian way is better. There are no secrets in Italy, no beating about the bush. Life is much simpler—with no hypocrisy. But I'm changing, and the Italians are getting used to me, too.

In the same way, my general pattern of life has changed. Unlike my big empty house in Hollywood, my apartment in Rome is always swarming with people from all walks of life. Roberto loves to talk to them and he has thousands of friends. That's what makes him such an unusual director. Most of the time he uses these people in his films to get a quality of complete realism. It is a style that he invented after the war—the so-called neorealism. Actors are not important to the story he wants to tell. He never uses a script prepared by anyone else. He invents his story out of a situation in real life or out of his own problems and thoughts and lets real people play out the scenes before his cameras. So every day I see true-to-life movie scenes taking form in my apartment.

In Rome, I love to go to the theater. I see everything that is presented in Rome. I like old movies and frequent the art theaters wherever we happen to be. That is my principal diversion—next to talking into the wee hours of the morning with the fascinating people Roberto brings home with him.

We like to work out our problems together. After we had done four films which he directed and in which I starred, we sat down and discussed the situation. We decided to use the same criteria that we used for film offers from Hollywood, Paris or anywhere. In other words, we will make movies together *only* if the right stories come along.

It was the same thing with our handling of the children. Roberto adores the youngsters and could spend all his time crawling around on the floor playing with them. So we took them with us wherever we went. Robertino, particularly, loved it. He operated an elevator in our Stockholm hotel and played hide and seek with the chambermaids in Paris. But when they returned to Rome, the children seemed happier with their own toys and surroundings.

Roberto and I then decided that it was good for the children to see me at work—to accustom them to the public life that an actress must lead—and that their security rested in being with *us* rather than in a particular place. We felt that they could better learn to adjust to life by seeing and doing all the things we did. But we also decided that we should not subject them to a situation in which we could not spend enough time with them. When I signed to come to London to make Anastasia, I knew I'd be working at the studio all day and not return to my hotel until after the children had gone to bed, so we left them in Italy for the summer—with the sun and the sea and Roberto's relatives, whom they love. It was the first time I had been separated from the children and it was hard to bear. I wrote to them and spoke with them on the telephone as often as I could.

When I do the stage play Tea and Sympathy in France this fall, I will have more time to spend with them, and we will all live together in an apartment Roberto and I have rented in Paris. I know how difficult it is to be separated from a child. Jenny (her name has been changed from Pia), the only daughter of my first marriage, is seventeen years old now. I never see her any more although we write to each other. I used to telephone her, but it was too painful to hear her voice and never be able to be near her.

Our Rome apartment and our house in the seaside Italian town of Santa Marinella are both decorated with modern Swedish functional furniture which I had made in Italy. I did the decorating myself. Roberto likes it because he mostly lived in hotels before we got married. I have few antiques. I always felt that houses jammed with them are like museums. You can't sit on anything and I believe a house is to be lived in and not to be worried about. Occasionally I indulge myself in something I see in an American magazine. Once, for example, I saw a plan for building an outdoor grill. I turned the plans over to an Italian stone mason. He misread the dimensions and now we have a grill that is as huge and permanent as the Albert Memorial built by Queen Victoria in London's Kensington Gardens.

At Santa Marinella, I spend most of my time playing with the children. I go swimming in the Mediterranean and play Ping-pong with my niece, Fiorella, and with little Robertino, though he can hardly get his head over the table. We have a tennis court and a court for *boccie* (the Italian bowling game) but neither I nor Roberto uses them much. He does, however, like to do underwater fishing. I serve only Italian food at home. Sometimes I cook Swedish food but only for myself. Roberto once said, "I guess they like this sort of thing in Sweden"—and that was the end of that.

So I have settled down to the life of a not-so-typical Italian housewife, with a fairly typical Italian husband. My homemaking duties are broken up only by my periods of going back to work.

It is most exciting to go back to work on a movie set. I feel the old stimulation every time. It reminds me of the one measure of security I had as a child and later in Hollywood.

WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED at the Elstree Studios outside of London for the filming of Anastasia, for example, that same wonderful atmosphere of the movie set gripped me immediately. The crew was English, but I recognized at once that they were the same as film crews all over the world. They all speak the same language—in Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, England and the United States. It somehow seems that all people working on movies come from the same stock. They're all like children playing a game. You must be childish to get into this kind of work, or else you become a clerk or a banker.

On a movie set, everyone seems to be happy—the stagehands, the carpenters, the electricians in the eaves. Any little joke is always enjoyed by all of them. It was even more so than usual on the Anastasia set. Everyone knew we had a good script and a good director in Anatole Litvak. There was the feeling that we were making a great picture. My co-star Yul Brynner played his guitar between scenes and sang Russian gypsy songs. It was a wonderful way of breaking the tension. Yul is also a good photographer. We teased him by placing signs outside his dressing room, such as: PHOTOGRAPHY—BLACK-AND-WHITE AND SEPIA, BY APPOINTMENT ONLY. ROLLS DEVELOPED IN TOTAL DARKNESS. LADIES ONLY.

And then we had a great woman with us on the set—Helen Hayes, our co-star who plays the Dowager Empress of Russia. Whenever Helen worked, the cast and crew stopped what they were doing and watched in admiration. I know I did. To me, Miss Hayes always symbolized that major quality which distinguishes a superb actor from an adequate one.

What is it that makes one person a great stage personality while another works like a dog and yet something is missing? No one knows. But it seems to be a God-given gift that allows the talent within you to come out and go across the footlights or the screen to the audience. Garbo has it, Katharine Hepburn has it, and now Audrey Hepburn has it.

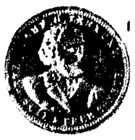
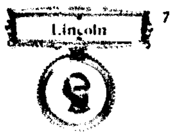
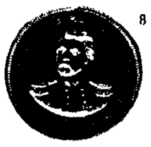
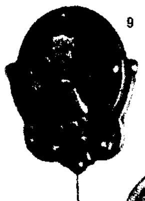
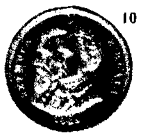
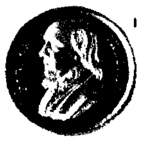
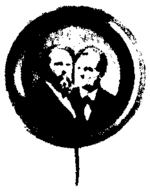
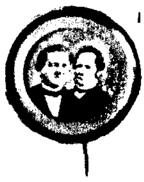
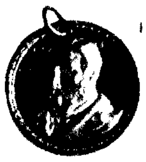
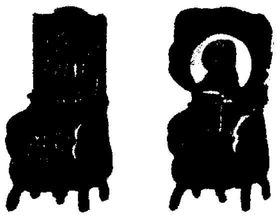
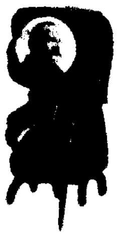
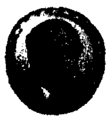
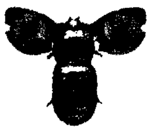
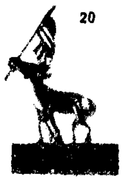
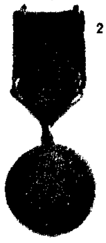
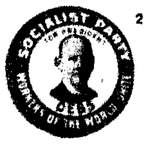
Helen Hayes certainly has it. She sat around the set of Anastasia—a little sweet woman unnoticed in her corner. But then she stepped on the stage and suddenly she was six feet tall. You couldn't look at anyone else. Working with her was one of the greatest experiences of my career.

And so I am happy at last, both in my professional life and in my personal life. I am not doing penance for anything.

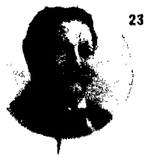
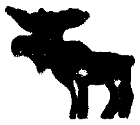
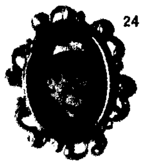
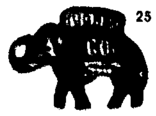
That is the crux of my story—no matter what you hear about me or read about me elsewhere. THE END

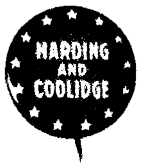
Campaign Buttons

write our political history

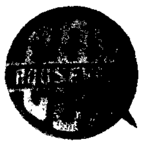
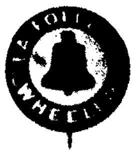
The Greeks used to paint their fingernails bright colors to attract followers to their side. Americans use campaign buttons. Republicans advertised their first Presidential candidate  1 just 100 years ago. Democrats were backing 2. In that same 1856 campaign the self-styled "Native Americans" backed 3 the first third-party candidate. Four years later, on the eve of the Civil War, there were two Democratic nominees, 4 from the Northern wing, 5 from the South. The "Constitutionalists" ran 6 but a gawky Republican from Illinois  7 nosed ahead of them all to win. He won again in the midst of the war although opposed by the Hero of Antietam  8. The conquering commander of the Union armies  9 began a 16-year Republican regime by sweeping the elections of 1868 and 1872, with victories over  10 and a publisher whose slogan was "Go West, Young Man"  11. The losing side cried "foul" in 1876 and demanded a recount when  12 won over  13. But the Democrats stayed out of office until 14 with the help of the "Mugwumps" defeated the Plumed Knight  15. A game of musical chairs ensued. First Republican  16 and then Democratic  17 the latter for a second term. The last election before the turn of the century pitted a three-party nominee, "the silver-tongued orator of the Platte,"  against the Republican  symbol of sound money—the gold bug. After McKinley's assassination, he was succeeded by his Rough Rider Vice-President  who ran and won again in 1904 against Democrat  and Socialist 

22
SOCIALIST PARTY
DEBS
WORKERS OF THE WORLD

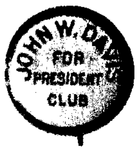
 . His own choice as his successor  no longer suited him by the time the 1912 election rolled around, and T. R. mounted his  as a third-party candidate. The Republican split put  in the White House. Four years later  went to bed thinking he had been elected, but California saved the Presidency for the Democrats.

In 1920 we went "Back to Normalcy" with Republicans 

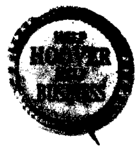
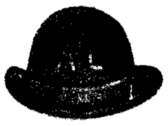
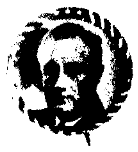
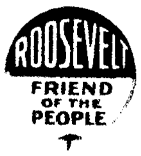
HARDING
AND
COOLIDGE

 who overwhelmed , beginning another long period of G.O.P. dominance. The 1924 campaign was enlivened by the third-party candidacy of 

LA FOLLETTE
WHEELER

 in addition to Democrat 

JOHN W. DAVIS
FOR
PRESIDENT
CLUB

 but both lost to Silent Cal.  won again for the Republicans against the man in the  in 1928, breaking into the supposedly Solid South. In 1932, however, began the Democratic era of  who kept winning again 

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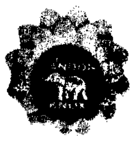
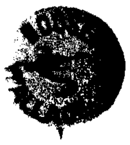
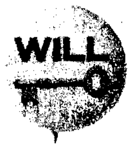
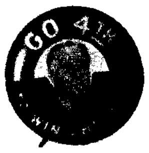
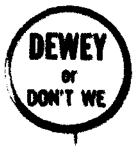
  and again   and again  

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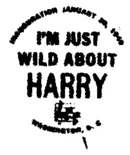
. The Man from Independence 

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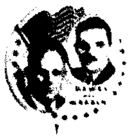
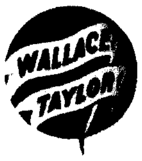
 upset the  applecart in 1948 despite breakaway Democrats 

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 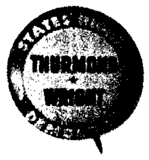

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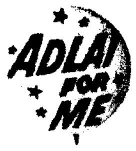
 who formed new parties. But in 1952, after a 20-year Republican drought, 

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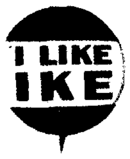
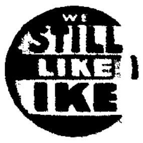
 and the Democrats went down to defeat in an  sweep.

Now the rematch 

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 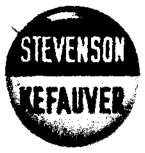

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL BAKAL

By PAUL G. HOFFMAN, at right with the President. Mr. Hoffman, a Republican, was formerly board chairman of Studebaker and 1948-'50 head of the Economic Co-operation Administration

How Eisenhower Saved the Republican Party

One who urged Ike to run in '52 tells at firsthand how history was reshaped. Why did Ike agree to lead the G.O.P.? Where did he wage his most crucial battle? What is the job he sees ahead?

AS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER closed his acceptance speech to the Republican Convention in the echoing spaces of the Cow Palace of San Francisco in August of 1956, and paused, listening to the thousands cheering the new philosophy of "the party of the future," I could not help but think back to an afternoon almost exactly six years before. On that afternoon, in September of 1950, at a time when the Republican party lacked both leadership and a clearly defined role in the America of tomorrow, I had stopped to pay a visit, in his modest cottage in Grand Rapids, to one of America's greatest statesmen—Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg.

Ostensibly, I was stopping by to pay my thanks, as administrator of the European Recovery Program, to the man whose untiring devotion and great skill had done most to win the Senate's support for the effort our country was making to help save Europe. Arthur Vandenberg and I were old friends—we had grown up in the same background of the isolationist Midwest, with much the same experience, had gradually changed our opinions as the world had changed until now we shared the same worries and same hopes for the future.

But as we faced each other now across his small living room, we were both acutely aware of something far more pressing than the simple thanks that were the excuse for my visit. It had to do not only with the survival of the Republican party, and of the two-party system in America—but of the peace of the great world itself.

The trouble was that we could not very easily discuss the matter openly. Vandenberg was a dying man. I wanted to speak the truth to him, to say what was uppermost in my thoughts, namely: Who, once you are gone, Senator, will take over leadership of the Republican party? Where was the man who mustered enough respect and good will to seal the breaches in our party? Who could lead it—and our country—into the modern world? Obviously, I could say none of these things.

But he must have guessed my thoughts. Suddenly, for no reason I can recall, he began to speak of General Eisenhower—in glowing, almost exalted terms. "Eisenhower," he said at one point, almost wistfully, "is a great general. But I sometimes think he is an even greater statesman."

I came out of that conversation with the sure knowledge that Vandenberg regarded Dwight D. Eisenhower as the best hope of the party—a thought swelling simultaneously, it seemed, in the minds of many Republicans across the country.

At the time of my visit with the senator, both of our country's great parties were split down the middle by deep cleavages of philosophy and opinion. As a Republican, I thought then and think now the Democrats have far graver problems than we do. But our Republican differences in 1950 had reached the point of desperate crisis.

Half the Republican leadership, many of them utterly sincere men, could not, it seemed, grasp the overriding fact that we lived in a very dangerous world, on the point of explosion, which could be led to peace only by the most brilliant American participation in its affairs. This half of our party—the isolationist, fortress-America half—seemed equally unable to grasp the fact that America had changed at home, too: that labor unions were here to stay; that government had a partner's role to play in preserving free enterprise; that ordinary people needed some insurance against the dangers that go with our free system of economic abundance.

There was another half of our Republican party, too, a modern-liberal half, whose work and philosophy was demonstrated in the achievements of such great state governors as Sherman Adams, Tom Dewey and Earl Warren. This half had come to grips with the problems of twentieth-century life and had worked out a program, both at home and abroad, that seemed to me better than anything the Democrats could offer. But now, in the fall of 1950, the isolationist half of our leadership seemed about to smother the modern half of our party.

To make matters worse, Senator McCarthy had started on the rampage which was to split the country and the party asunder over an issue on which there was never any fundamental division, namely, Communism. In fact, I have never known an issue on which Americans were more united—they knew the score, intuitively recognized its menace to every liberty they held most dear. Americans did not need McCarthy to "alert" them. He was simply a man making large political profit, like a war profiteer, out of a struggle which had absorbed all the emotion and energy of the nation.

BARBARA HOFFMAN

The McCarthyites were a totally new element in the old cleavage of the party. They had nothing in common with rigid but honest conservatives such as Senator Robert A. Taft, an able statesman with the best interests of the nation at heart. Yet in the public mind and by the force of events a strange association seemed to be forming between these decent conservatives and the wild men about McCarthy; and this association was creating the illusion both at home and abroad that the Republican party was anti-Communist and nothing else, that it had lost its interest in the quest for peace abroad and human welfare at home. Such a negative image of the Republican party could prove disastrous; if the Republican party were to win, it had to be *for* something.

It was obvious that we would have to find a man of great national prestige and total integrity in order to save our party's future—and we would have to find him quickly.

THERE HAD BEEN, of course, vague talk of Eisenhower as a possible Presidential candidate for years before the spring of 1951. But that spring saw a number of Americans—I among them—take off for Paris to discuss the problem of his candidacy with him. They were not all Republicans—several highly placed Democrats flew over to invite him to head their ticket. To all, he showed the same attitude—he refused to permit visitors, no matter how important, to raise the subject at his severely military office in the white, gridiron headquarters of SHAPE, outside Paris.

By late 1951, however, affairs had begun to change. As the old guard strengthened its grip on the party and Senator Taft began his campaign, it seemed that the nomination might go to Taft by default. And while many of us admired the senator greatly as a man and statesman, we felt at the same time that our survival as a nation and a party depended on being led by someone who understood the dramatically dangerous outer world in which we lived. And meanwhile, Eisenhower had become passionately absorbed in the complex civilian problems that underlay his effort to unite Europe and guard the free world. Without firm American leadership for the free world, he realized, all that he was laboring to accomplish might come to nought.

I returned to Paris again in November of 1951. That week we spoke several times—away from his office at SHAPE where he would not let politics enter, but at the little red-tiled villa in the village of Marnes La Coquette, where he was living. Many men, far more important, had been urging him to run. But I tried to focus our discussion on world peace. He knew and I knew the need of the free

Ike's mood has toughened toward two groups of party recalcitrants in the Senate

DWORSHAK SCHOEPPEL GOLDWATER MCCARTHY JENNER MALONE

"'THE FAINT HOPES' claim the Republican label but embrace very little of the Eisenhower program and philosophy." Hoffman says the President hopes to bring these men over. Much of this hope rests on Senate minority leader William F. Knowland whose differences with the White House are now in process of resolution

"'THE UNAPPEASABLES' are a splinter group of dangerous thinking and reckless conduct." In Hoffman's opinion they have little place in the Republican party as it has been recast by an Eisenhower "ready to say, as he does, 'There are some people you cannot afford to have as friends'"

INTERNATIONAL

Ike's influence on his party, the author says, shows in the fresh blood rising through its structure as well as in the way Republican leaders on Capitol Hill have gone down the line for his philosophy, whatever their earlier feelings. Sitting alongside President Eisenhower are Congressman Joseph W. Martin, Jr., and Senator William F. Knowland. Standing behind: National Chairman Hall, Congressman Halleck, Vice-President Richard M. Nixon

Hoffman reports directly the deep personal feelings behind Ike's political views

nations of Europe and America clinging together. To whom else did both Europe and the United States look with the same affection? I asked. Maybe it's an accident of history, I said, but you were the man who liberated Europe; millions of soldiers came back to America who loved you. Who else has better leverage on peace, who else can take the world farther along the road to peace than you? What about his grandchild David—did he want little David to grow up and see war, and how about *my* grandchildren? If you know of someone else, who is he?

Usually he was quick to say no to all talk of the Presidency. This time he sat there in his straight chair, and said nothing. When I returned to New York, I felt I could confidentially but confidently spread the word: "We have a candidate."

Much else had meanwhile been happening. The operating political leaders of the liberal wing of the Republican party had been consulting and conferring. About the time I flew home, they had begun to organize their efforts. A weekend meeting in New York brought together leaders of the independent and divergent Eisenhower groups. Together they decided on Senator Henry Cabot Lodge to be the full-time practical director of the organized effort.

I had been in constant contact with Cabot Lodge for almost a year at this point but I had nothing to do with his selection. Nor did I intend to participate actively in the preconvention campaign. In March, however, Eisenhower cabled me from Paris saying he wanted to see me with a view to my taking a more active part in the movement. Consequently, I took off for Paris, for the third time in a single year, accompanied this time by Walter Williams, then chairman of the Republican Central Committee of Washington State. The upshot of this meeting was the reorganization of the Citizens for Eisenhower movement with Walter as the chairman and myself on a four-month leave of absence from the Ford Foundation to devote full time to the campaign.

Though the Citizens for Eisenhower movement seems to many like a great amateur uprising in politics, it was—and remains—vitally important, both in the strategy of the campaign and in Eisenhower's political education. Strategically, it was the brain child of Cabot Lodge, who saw it as an instrument to bring pressure to bear on the old guard regulars who controlled the party machinery, a leverage to exercise the power of millions of unorganized independent and Democratic votes where this power could count. In Ike's philosophy it was a way of bringing his message across to people, individual people, who had hitherto stood aloof from politics, whom Ike wanted to associate in what he saw as a great crusade.

There were many hurdles yet to be overcome, chief of which was Eisenhower's nonrecognition that to win the Republican nomination called for active campaigning. He remembered that Senator Paul H. Douglas had suggested he run as candidate for President on *both* tickets. Now that he had made known his availability as a Republican, he felt it was enough; the appalling burdens and responsibilities of his post as commander in chief at NATO weighed heavily on him.

Only with the utmost difficulty could the leaders of his campaign persuade him that in all fairness a Presidential candidate *must* make known his views on issues to the people before he runs. Even when Ike did grasp this point, it was not until the end of May that he felt he could lay his NATO burdens down. But then, with characteristic certainty, he did return home; did campaign; and his victory is history.

* * *

EISENHOWER'S VICTORY was the beginning of a new chapter in his education in American politics.

The Democrats have tried for several years to give the impression of Eisenhower as a kindly, well-meaning man sitting deep in the White House while a coterie of tough, hard-faced men really do the work and thinking of the administration. This is because so few Democrats realize that Eisenhower's unparalleled political strength is not an accident, but the result of deep political convictions which he hammers away at constantly, learning the political mechanics and tactics to implement them as he goes. And because these few basic convictions are those to which the American people hold fast.

A number of these convictions stand out in my mind in the years of my friendship and association with Eisenhower since the war—convictions which have helped reshape the Republican party in the past four years to the point where it is hardly recognizable as the Republican party of 1951.

The first of these is his concentration on peace and world affairs. His only interest in war is avoiding the next one. I have never in all these years been able to lure him into talking of his war experiences. Almost no one close to him has heard him talk about the great battles. In some strange inner way he seems to have pushed it out of his mind; I have even tried to lure him into talking about it by having him show me his war trophies, but I failed.

Peace, and America's deep responsibility for other nations' freedoms, are uppermost in his mind. I remember one day when he was president of Columbia and I was administrator of the European Recovery Program that I visited him in his office overlooking the great plaza of that university. I was depressed. Congress had just cut $200,000,000 from our request for vitally needed civilian aid, the same day it had given the military $900,000,000 which it had never requested. Ike said somberly: "When will people learn that if you want peace, you have to fight for peace, you have to spend for peace, you can't have it any other way?" Peace in Ike's mind rests upon mutual understanding of many peoples in many diverse ways. After he became President, I reported to him on one visit of the great impression our Symphony of the Air, Toscanini's former NBC orchestra, had made on its visit to Japan. The President was fascinated, then told me he was trying to persuade Congress to give him $5,000,000 simply to spend as he wished on spreading America's cultural image—art, music, drama—to give people abroad the true picture of America.

Out of this conviction of Eisenhower's flows, I think, the most important achievement of this administration—the changing of the world's picture of America. In four years, culminating in his trip to Geneva, Eisenhower has changed this image to one of a nation dedicated to peace and restored our opportunity to lead.

The next strongest conviction of Eisenhower is his feeling for the future. Over and over again, he will pace back and forth saying with a sense of wonder, "No one knows what the world will be like thirty years from now, what we can do if we only try." Out of this has come his intense personal interest in the atoms-for-peace program and especially its international implications; out of this came his decision to lay America's offer of a uranium pool before the United Nations. And the angriest I have ever seen him in the past ten years was when Congress turned down his request for the building of an atomic peace ship to circumnavigate the globe. "Why, they'll give me billions for bullets," he stormed, "and not a nickel for this ship."

A third general feeling that lies at the top of his philosophy I can only describe as his feeling for "people." He constantly uses the phrase "the wonder of America," as if he were talking of himself, a poor boy from a working-class family in Abilene, tapped in some mysterious way to be educated at West Point and go on to become President of his country. He has this deep feeling for the continuance of opportunity, yet with it something else that the old-guard Republicans have never understood. That something else he usually describes in the word "insurance."

A century ago when the Republican party was founded, half of all Americans worked for themselves in small businesses or on small farms. Today most of us are specialists, members of a team because our system of economic abundance requires a vast division of labor into many different types of jobs. This makes people as individuals much more vulnerable than they were 100 years ago. Therefore, in the President's thinking, despite his antagonism to paternalism, it is entirely logical that both farmer and worker should be insured and protected against unusual hazards of weather or market.

ANOTHER GREAT emotional conviction of Eisenhower's is his feeling for education—which goes, I may say, even further than I am prepared to go myself. He feels that every child in America is entitled to all the education he can absorb and that this country is rich enough to afford it. This was why he took the job as president of Columbia; this was what launched the new Federal Program of Grants in Aid; this was what originated the White House Conference on Education. And he took the decision to call this conference over the counsel of most of his key advisers who kept insisting that the President ought to stay out of it.

Then, lastly, but equally important, is his feeling about regionalism and centralization. He refers constantly to the need of getting government back to the grass roots, out of Washington, to let people make decisions about their own lives where they know best how to make them.

What success has Eisenhower had in pressing this new philosophy and program down over the Republican party in the past few years? By what measure has he succeeded in recasting the party in a new image?

It is here, in his relations with his own party, that, I think, the President has had the greatest problems of his administration and earned his hardest victories.

When, in 1952, Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected, it is safe to say that more than 80 per cent of the normal grass-roots Republican voters supported him in both his domestic and international programs. This was not true of the party leaders. It is a fair guess this did not hold for more than 30 per cent of the local and county leaders of the party—and less than 20 per cent of the congressmen and senators his party sent to Washington.

The first twelve months of his administration were a period of intense frustration.

Arriving in Washington, Eisenhower frankly did not fully understand the nature of Congressional and party politics. He supposed he was head of a team, that all his team would be working with him. His whole nature was such that he felt he had to win everybody over to his point of view, that once he had persuaded them they would wholeheartedly co-operate. One of his personal aides said to me early in 1953, "The boss thinks that if he can convince one of these characters that a measure is good for the country he can win him over—but he just doesn't know some of these blankety-blanks."

What Eisenhower did not grasp was the entrenched power of some of the greater figures on Capitol Hill and how deep and firm were the rusty, old-fashioned convictions in which they believed.

Some of them, to be sure, came with him from the very beginning. In the House of Representatives, Joe Martin and Charlie Halleck, whatever their own earlier feelings, went down the line for him. On one occasion Charlie Halleck, shaking his head, said to me, "I've had to swallow hard two or three times because the boss believes in things I don't, but he's the boss—and I assume he's right." By now, I should add, Charlie Halleck has turned out to be a tower of strength for the Eisenhower program; it was only fitting that he should have been chosen to nominate Eisenhower in San Francisco in August. In the Senate from the very beginning the President's program has had the unqualified and vigorous support of Vice-President Nixon. Some liberal Republicans are still unconvinced as to the Vice-President's attitude, holding that he has supported the program only out of personal loyalty to the President, that his original ultraconservative views are unchanged. Based on what Nixon has said both publicly and privately, it is my view that he genuinely and deeply believes that the full Eisenhower program is best for the country.

Yet there remained others on Capitol Hill, and especially in the Senate, whom the President could not understand and whose machinations and fulminations brought him more than once to the deepest gloom and exasperation. "I can tell you one thing," the President said to several intimates in 1953 and 1954, "if I ever do run again, it'll be as an independent." It was these recalcitrants on Capitol Hill who hit the President with a series of shocks starting with their onslaught on the Reciprocal Trade Agreements (so important for the vision of world peace the President has) to the controversy over the nomination of Ambassador Charles Bohlen to Russia. Ambassador Bohlen, one of the ablest ambassadors in our service today, is an old personal friend of Eisenhower's; in Paris, they were close working partners. To have Bohlen's patriotism questioned, and by Republicans, seemed infamous to the President.

It is very difficult to say when this period of exasperation and frustration on the part of the President began to fade. I do know that shortly before his heart attack he had not yet made up his mind to seek a second term. Since his heart attack, his mood has changed. He no longer loses his temper with quite the same flare as he did before; he is more patient, more relaxed. Yet, on the other hand, he is tougher, firmer, more inclined to say that those who are not with me are against me—which goes for Republicans as well as Democrats. And now he is more determined than ever to work on the structure and personalities of the party, as the only practical way of making sure his program and philosophy become the permanent program of the party. He is ready and willing to say, as he does, "There are some people you cannot afford to have as friends."

I think the President has good cause to be confident, too, for all the changes he has been laboring to bring about are slowly beginning to show.

At the grass-roots level, where in 1952 Eisenhower could count on support of his program from perhaps 80 per cent of the individual Republican voters, he can now probably count on 95 per cent. Their influence has begun to show in the structure of the party across the nation—42 new state chairmen of the Republican party are new, solid, Eisenhower men. Eighty-five of the 146 members of the National Committee of 1952 have been replaced by new faces. In state after state, the young men and women first brought into politics through Citizens for Eisenhower have begun to occupy commanding posts in the regular structure.

There are, to be sure, areas where the old guard still retains control—states like Indiana where the valiant Governor Craig has been unable to shake the grip of Senator William Jenner on the state machine, states like Wisconsin where Joe McCarthy, backed by the old guard, is still powerful. But by and large, the nature of the party in 1956 is almost totally different from what it was in 1952—either in personalities, or in the philosophy of Republican stalwarts who have come to accept Eisenhower's leadership wholeheartedly. More and more new personalities will begin to show in the next four years—for Eisenhower's overriding political directive to Leonard Hall, our national chairman, is to find young people, new people of the Citizens for Eisenhower stripe and bring them into the organization. This fall, in New York and Wisconsin, bitter intraparty fights for the Republican senatorial nominations in these great states have been won by two distinguished liberals, Jacob Javits and Alexander Wiley—both of them hundred per cent Eisenhower men—over opposition from the right wing.

This is not to say that the battle to remake the Republican party is entirely won. If we hold the loyalties of 95 per cent of the Republican rank and file, of 75 per cent of the state and local officials, of most of the congressmen, there still remains the Senate, where years of power have built up men whose entrenched positions still let them resist the philosophy of the twentieth century.

In the Senate, there are too many Republican senators claiming the label Republican who embrace none or very little of the Eisenhower program and philosophy.

This group can be divided into two splinters. One splinter contains men like Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, Senator William Jenner of Indiana, Senator Herman Welker of Idaho, Senator George Malone of Nevada, who can be called the unappeasables. I shall not try to stigmatize the dangerous thinking and reckless conduct of these men except to say that, in my opinion, they have little place in the new Republican party.

The other splinter within the dissident third consists of what I consider the "faint-hope" group: men like Senator Henry Dworshak of Idaho, Senator Andrew Schoeppel of Kansas, Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona. This splinter has been unable to demonstrate, conclusively and permanently, that it accepts the modern America with its needs of social security, or balanced labor-management relations, or government partnership and guardianship of our complex economy. Nor, being still wedded to the old-fashioned idea of fortress-America-isolated-in-space, can it accept America's role as the chief champion of peace and decency in active international relations.

THE PRESIDENT still hopes to bring these men over. And, much of this hope rests on the role of Senate Minority Leader William F. Knowland. Knowland's differences with the White House over the Bricker amendment, the McCarthy affair and our policy in China have obscured the fact that his roll-call record of support of the administration in Congress has been surpassed by no one. With Knowland's differences with the White House now in the process of resolution, and as his *rapprochement* to the Eisenhower philosophy grows, his influence, plus his tenacity and honesty, may be counted on to sway his friends among the "faint-hope" group substantially.

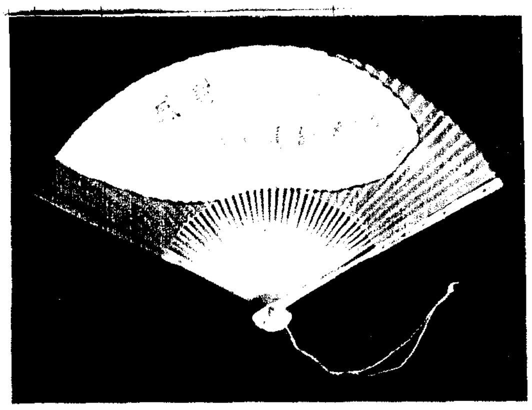
On balance, as the President and his team wait the results of our elections next month, they can wait confident in the knowledge that the Republican party they are offering to the electorate has moved farther in the past four years than in the previous fifty. They are acutely aware of how important the power and prestige of the Presidency are to this reshaping process.

Given four more years of Eisenhower, his labors may achieve something unique in American politics, a party that is fundamentally pressureproof; something profoundly superior to its great rival, the Democratic party, whose irreconcilable differences leave it permanently open to the pressure of contending narrow-interest groups.

Second only to his labors for peace, the creation of this new party may go down as Eisenhower's greatest achievement. THE END

Return of the Hiroshima Maidens

LOVE HELPED TO HEAL 'THE



Fans sent to U.S. families with whom Maidens lived read: "From the mothers of Hiroshima—gratitude"

DEVIL'S CLAW MARKS'

They were but children the day their lives were darkened by the first atom bomb. Here is the story of their remarkable journey back toward sunlight

By GLORIA and PETER KALISCHER

Hiroshima

A four-motored plane with U.S. Air Force markings circled low over the new roofs of Hiroshima. In streets and windows townspeople looked up, as many had 11 years before at that other U.S. plane. This time there were smiles instead of dread on their faces. The word spread all through the city: "The Maidens are back."

A waiting crowd at the Iwakuni Naval Air Station closed in with a rush as the plane touched down. A small boy's voice soared above the babble as nine young Japanese ladies in neat Western dress came down the ramp: "Look, *okasan;* she's cured." Other voices exclaimed: "They look so smart and peppy . . . Ah, there is no change—the skin is still dark . . . Keiko has gained weight." A woman put work-callused hands to a patch of discolored skin on her daughter's face and said, "It's better—it's truly much better." Tears and smiles, but even after a year of family separation, none of the embracing that marked the Maidens' farewell in New York. In Japan embracing is considered undignified.

When the 25 Hiroshima Maidens were being chosen last year to go to the United States for plastic surgery, one who wore long gloves to conceal the discolored flesh on her rigid arms had expressed doubts. "It is not the duty of Americans to give me expensive medical treatment," she had said. "I was brought up to believe that these people were our enemies. Why do they want to do this?"

Later, when the gloves had been discarded and she had regained both confidence and free use of her arms (showing a flair for fashion design at an American school), the twenty-six-year-old visitor exclaimed, "I have never before known real happiness."

Now nine of the Maidens were returning to Japan after an extraordinary experiment in international good neighborliness. This month the remaining girls in the volunteer-financed Hiroshima Maidens project followed them home to start life anew.

All 25 had been but children on that fateful August 6th morning, 1945, when the Bomb fell. Somehow they had lived through the blast which killed over 200,000 people, including close members of their families, and totally destroyed 80 per cent of their native city.

Nine of the 25 young women who went to America for plastic surgery. Building in the background has been preserved as a reminder of the Hiroshima atom blast

Little Keiko Kawasaki, twelve, was with six other schoolmates clearing debris from a city-made firebreak when she looked up at the Enola Gay. "All I remember was a bright flame like an electric-light bulb at the tail of the plane," recalled Keiko. Three days later her frantic mother came to an open-air emergency hospital looking for her. "Keiko Kawasaki?" said a harassed soldier-medic. "There was a girl by that name but she died last night. You'll find her body under a blanket." Keiko was not dead (although her six companions were), but the left side of her face and the underside of her arms which she had thrown up perhaps to shield her eyes were horribly burned.

Eight-year-old Sayoko Komatsu was caught in a flaming schoolhouse. When she rejoined her family she was a welter of burns; her elder sister was missing (and never found) and her home was a pile of rubble. For months her family nursed her in an open field. When Sayoko went back to school nearly a year later she was covered with keloids, an ugly, leathery scar tissue. There were none of Sayoko's former schoolmates at the new school (nearly all of them were dead). The new children with unthinking cruelty called her *"Kippo"*—a nickname for the disfigured.

TERUE TAKEDA, in the basement of a collapsing high school, fought her way up through the flames. Burn scars contracted the skin on the left side of her face until she could not close her eyelid. She slept with the left eye covered by a patch.

"I must search for the remains of my daughter," said Mr. Sumimura whose house somehow remained the only one standing in his neighborhood. But on the way to the schoolhouse half a mile away he met Hideko, ten years old, limping back—her face unmarked but her right leg, which was soon to stiffen at the knee, bloody and torn. "She never even cried," he remembers proudly.

Today less than a third of Hiroshima's bustling 360,000 population can remember the Bomb—the others were born or settled in the city after the war. The city has rebuilt until no ruin remains but the purposely preserved Industrial Promotion Hall and its world-famous skeleton dome. But of the 6,000 Hiroshimans who suffer lingering injury from fire or radiation, the most poignant cases have been these girls who reached the marrying age bearing the *akuma no tsume ato*—the Devil's claw marks—as the Japanese describe the Bomb scars.

With the passing years the scars not only disfigured, they crippled fingers, arms and legs where the skin contracted. Public stares hurt even more than looking in the mirror. Many of the girls withdrew almost totally from community life.

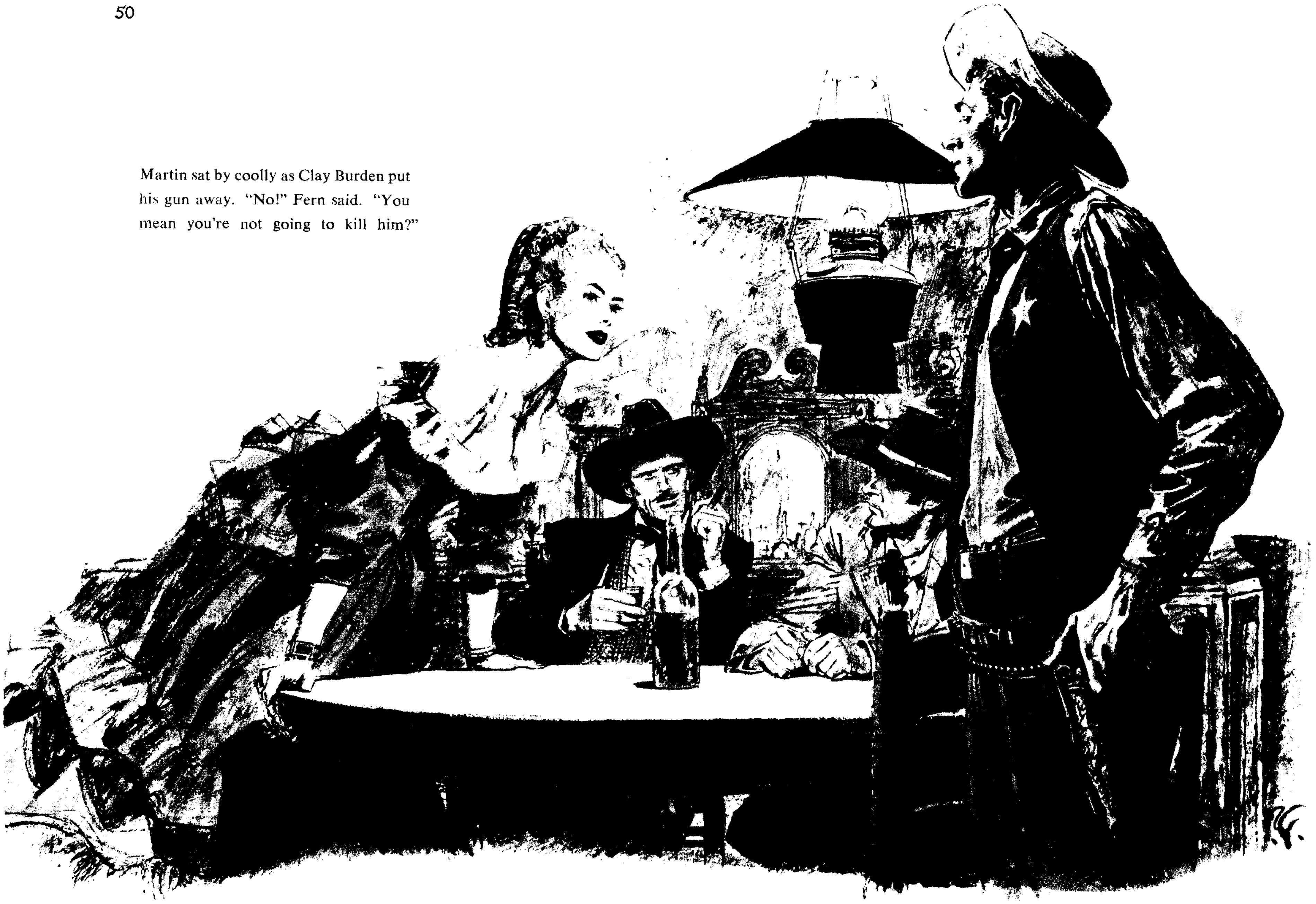
Atsuko Yamamoto was so ashamed of her scarred face and arms she refused to go back to high school, and finding work was almost impossible. "I was a Hiroshima *kojiki,"* she said simply. The literal translation is "Hiroshima beggar"—but its special, cruel meaning is an A-bomb victim too disfigured to get a job. Atsuko's once well-off family was destitute even by postwar Japanese standards. She tried to commit suicide. But when she regained consciousness and saw her mother's stricken face she resolved never to try that again.

Seeking consolation, Atsuko joined the church of the Reverend Kiyoshi Tanimoto, an American-educated Methodist minister who figured prominently in John Hersey's report, Hiroshima. Tanimoto had gathered a small group of bomb-scarred girls, giving them spiritual guidance and trying to find them work. A number of girls underwent plastic-surgery operations in Tokyo and Osaka, and the Atomic Bomb Patients Treatment Council arranged for others in Hiroshima.

But even the ceiling price of $2 for a skin graft was too expensive for some patients who could not afford to take the time off from work. Tanimoto had about reached a dead end in September, 1953, when he was visited by his old American friend Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review. Cousins, four years previously, had organized a group called the Hiroshima Peace Center Associates, which had arranged "adoptions" of Hiroshima orphans by Americans through monthly cash contributions.

"I met the girls at the Reverend Tanimoto's church," Cousins recalls. "By this time they had achieved a degree of confidence in themselves. Once a week they would go to the moving-picture theater to see American films. 'We like to see the pretty American girls and imagine that we are they,' one of the girls told me.

"I asked Mr. Tanimoto if he would welcome efforts in the United States to bring the Maidens to America for surgery and hospitalization—if it could be arranged. He replied that this had been his dream from the first moment. Apart from everything else, he felt that the project could become a powerful symbol of good will. I (*Continued on page* 92)



Martin sat by coolly as Clay Burden put his gun away. "No!" Fern said. "You mean you're not going to kill him?"

THE HARD MAN

By LEO KATCHER

Burden had never before had a personal reason for killing; now he did. It bothered him, though getting rid of Martin was his job

THE STORY: Since childhood, when his outlaw father had been publicly hanged, CLAY BURDEN had had a bitter hatred for lawbreakers. To him, the battle between right and wrong was a battle to the death, with no room for mercy. He was forced to resign from the Texas Rangers when his quick gun and uncompromising hardness got him the reputation for being a man who killed for pleasure. Burden then hired out as deputy to SIM BAKER, sheriff of the Pass—a border town controlled by a ruthless rancher, RICE MARTIN. Working with Martin to further his own ambitions was GEORGE DENNISON, a lawyer secretly in love with Martin's wife, FERN. Fern came to Burden and begged him to kill Martin—offering in exchange to report to him on Martin's plans. Burden agreed, but only because he knew a showdown with Martin was inevitable. Fern fell in love with Burden, but he was still half in love with LAURIE HENDRY, whom he had known for years. He knew, though, that she did not approve of him and could never forgive his having killed her brother, a Ranger turned outlaw. Meantime, Martin pitted two of his henchmen against Burden, and Burden killed them both. Then he saw a way to get at Martin directly; VINCE KANE, one of Martin's men in jail for rustling, could hang Martin with his testimony in court. But Martin had ideas of his own: he planned with Dennison to have Kane killed before he could testify, and he brought in a professional gun fighter to do away with Burden. Martin then went across the river into Mexico to wait until Burden was dead. On the appointed night SMITH, the hired gunman, lay in wait for Burden; but ADAM HOOKER, the local newspaper editor, threatened to warn Burden, and Smith killed him. Then Smith ambushed Burden; Burden was badly wounded and Smith was killed.

The Last of Three Parts

WHEN GEORGE DENNISON heard the news that Smith had made his play against Burden and failed, he reacted with mixed feelings. So Smith was dead—dead like every other gunman Martin had set against Burden. But there was one difference: this time Clay Burden was wounded. It could be bad. Dennison didn't know if he wanted it to be bad or not. Damn it, what *did* he want?

Fern, of course. And the place that Rice Martin held in the Pass.

The big obstacle to that was Martin; and the best means to remove Martin was Burden. He'd just have to wait now, and hope that Burden wasn't too badly hurt.

That had its irony too. He hated Burden as much as he did Martin, and for the same reason. Fern. Everything revolved about Fern.

There was a knock on his door and he got up and opened it. Luis, the proprietor of the Mosca Azul Café across the river was standing there.

"El Señor Martin wishes you to come—at once," Luis said.

Damn Martin, Dennison thought angrily, treat-

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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ing him like he treated Luis, like he treated everyone. Well, that would be over one of these days. "All right," he said. "Let's go."

On the ride to the Mosca Azul, Luis spoke unhappily of Martin. Señor Martin had a bad temper, truly a *mal genio.* "The Señor Martin is like all gringos," Luis said. "He does not understand that no matter where one takes his seat, sometime in the day the sun will strike his face. It needs only to wait."

That, Dennison knew, was what he had been telling himself for a long time. He had only to wait.

AT THE Mosca Azul, Dennison went directly to the back room, where Rice Martin and his two ranch hands, King and Hennessy, had been staying for nearly a week.

Martin was still sitting against the back wall, behind the poker table, with Hennessy on one side and King on the other. He glared at Dennison. "What happened?"

"Burden killed Smith." Martin swore violently, and Dennison added: "He shot up Burden, though. I didn't have a chance to find out how bad."

Martin drummed on the table with his thick fingers. "There's a bullet somewhere that'll finish him."

Hennessy said, "The whole lot of us ought to ride into town some night and lay for him. We'd finish him."

King nodded. "Sure. What are we waiting for, anyway?"

Martin said, "I'll work out a way. I don't need help."

King said suddenly, "I'm tired of this damned place, Rice. I'm going to take off."

Martin's fist lashed out and caught King on the side of the head and knocked him to the floor. "You'll do what I tell you and nothing else."

King rose slowly and backed to the door.

Martin said, "Where in hell do you think you're going?"

"Away." King's hand was on his gun butt. "And don't try to stop me."

Martin's gun sounded from beneath the table before King had his out of the holster. King slumped to the floor, clutching at his stomach. Martin brought his hand above the table, still aiming at King. He said to Hennessy, "Take his gun."

Dennison took a deep breath. It didn't pay to underestimate Martin. He'd learned that at King's expense. Martin was still shrewd enough to have the big edge running his way.

Martin looked from Dennison to Hennessy. "He had it coming. Any man takes my pay, takes my orders. Besides, he was going for his gun." He got to his feet. "Make sure Luis cleans up the place, Hennessy." He turned to Dennison. "Let's you and me go for a walk." He left the room and Dennison followed, carefully avoiding King's body.

As they walked down the street, Martin said, "Give it to me again. All of it."

Dennison told the story as he had heard it. When he had finished, Martin was silent for a moment. Then he said slowly, "Maybe I ought to go back to the Pass."

"There's that rustling charge," Dennison reminded him.

"Almost forgot about that. Do anything about Kane yet?"

"He's still in the lockup."

"Get him out. I'll put Hennessy to work."

"And later?"

"Hell, there's only one thing later. I still have to finish off Burden." He laughed. "It looks like no one else is going to do it for me."

BURDEN regained consciousness late in the afternoon. He opened his eyes and thought he was looking into a kaleidoscope. He tried to move and slivers of pain gouged at him.

A voice said, "Lie still, Clay."

That voice, he thought, was the only real thing surrounding him. "Hello, Laurie," he said.

Laurie said quickly, "Ian, go for your father. Tell him Mr. Burden is conscious."

Burden heard the Magoffin boy hurrying away. He opened his eyes again and gradually Laurie came into focus. "Where am I?" he asked.

"At Mrs. Kidder's."

Dr. Magoffin came into the room. "Laurie, I asked you not to come in here," he said hastily.

"Mrs. Kidder had work to do. Besides, David, I've seen wounded men before."

"That wasn't why I didn't want you in here," Magoffin said stiffly. "If you'll leave us alone, please, Laurie."

"Of course, David. I'll see you later, Clay." She walked from the room.

Burden said, "I don't have the plague, Magoffin."

MAGOFFIN turned back the covers and began to probe Burden's wound. "You were delirious," he said. "You said things a decent woman like Laurie Hendry should never hear."

A hot flush burned Burden's cheeks. "Like what?"

"They don't bear repeating. You were talking about a woman, Fern Martin."

"How long was I out?"

"About ten hours."

Yes, Burden thought, it had been long past midnight when Martin's hired gunman had ambushed him. "The man? He's dead?"

"He's dead," Magoffin said. "You killed him two or three times over. Did you find pleasure in it?"

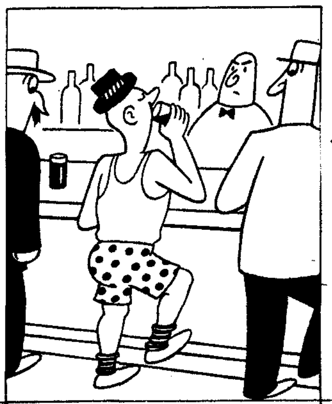
"He deserved to die. He killed Adam Hooker."

"And you passed judgment on him. How would you like others to pass judgment on you? Rice Martin, for instance?"

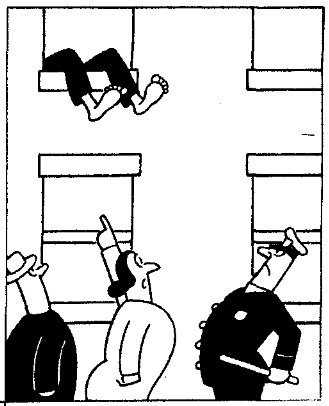
Burden raised himself and stared at Magoffin. "Why Rice Martin?" he asked.

It's the Law!

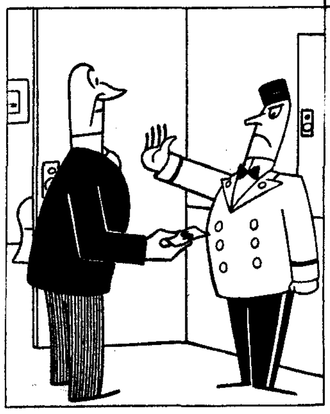
By Dick Hyman



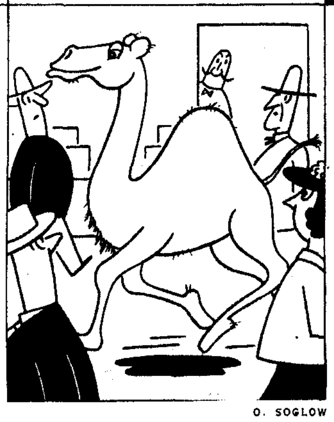
In Cushing, Oklahoma, it is against the law to drink beer in your underwear



In Massachusetts, a law forbids cooling one's feet by hanging them out the window



It is illegal for anyone to accept tips in Iowa

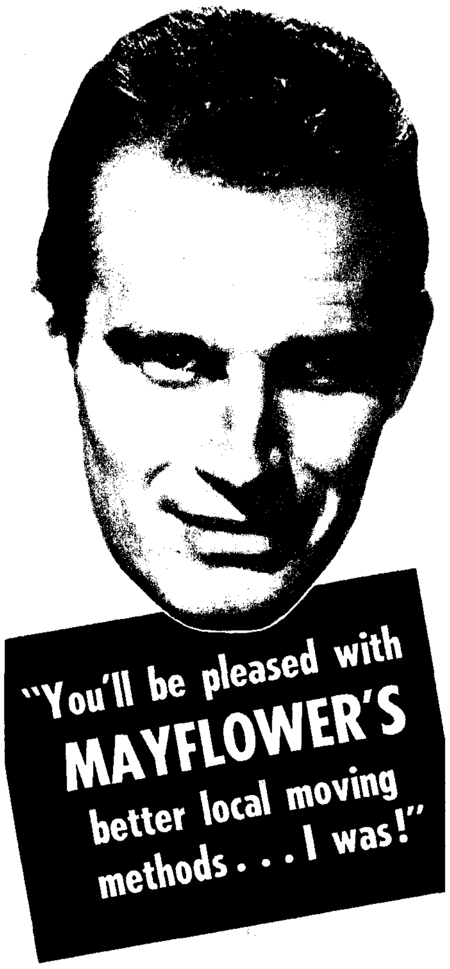


Galveston, Texas, law makes it illegal for camels to wander unattended in the streets

O. SOGLOW

an American feature

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it care of It's the Law! to Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York. For each contribution accepted and published, the editors will forward a payment of $5. No contribution can be returned.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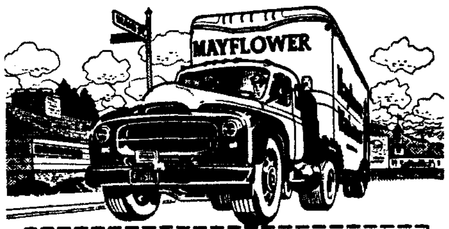

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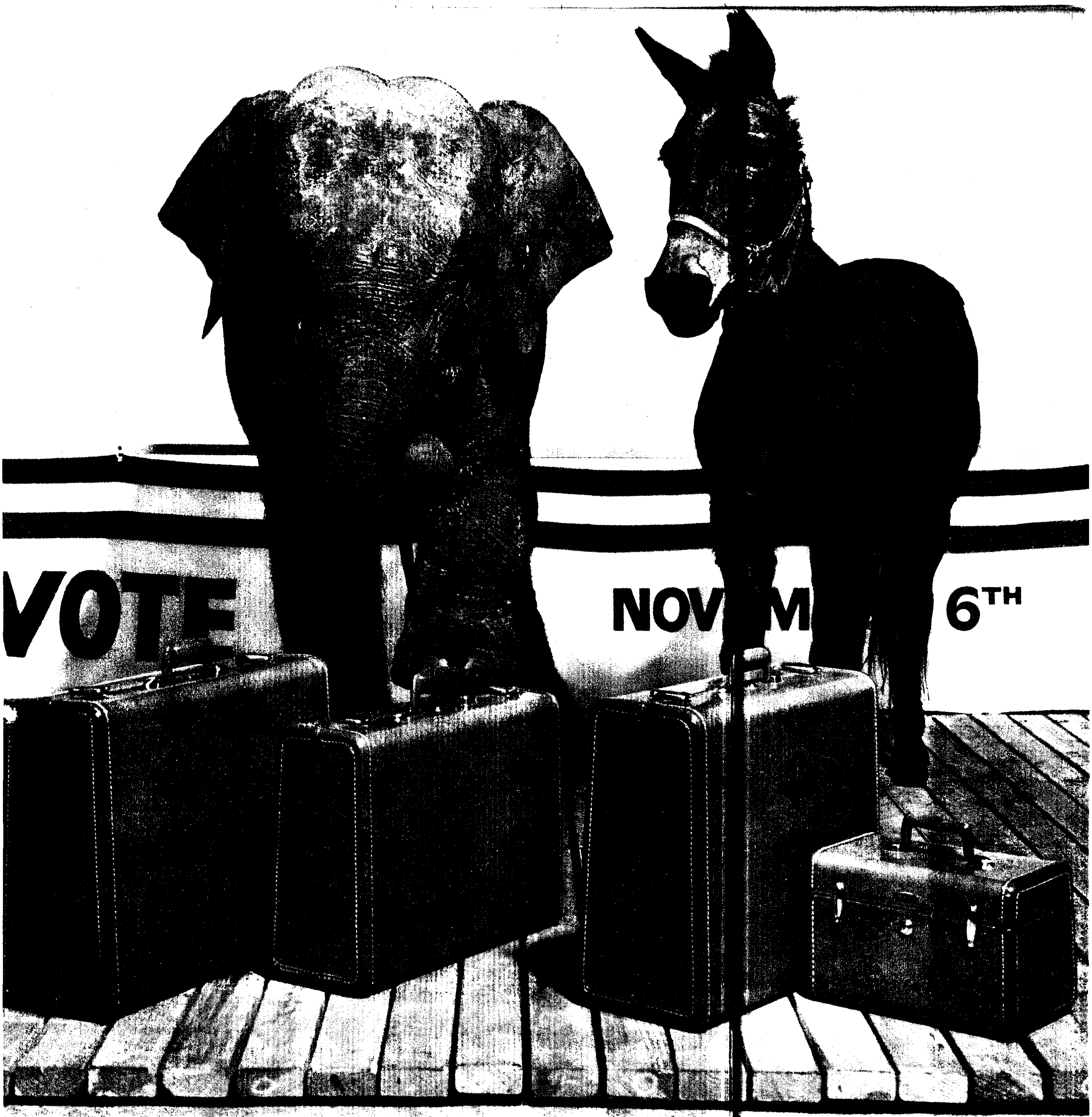

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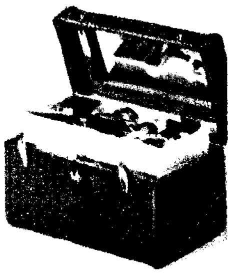

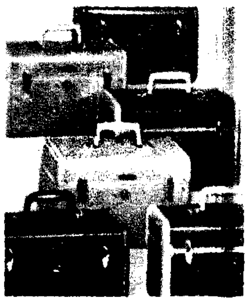

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A look of distaste came over the doctor's face. "You know why," he said.

When Magoffin had gone, Burden fell asleep again, and when he next awakened, it was night. A lamp filled the room with a gloomy light.

Laurie was standing beside his bed, holding a bowl of broth. "I wasn't sure you were awake," she said. "Sim Baker was here to see you a while ago. He said he'd come back tomorrow." She hesitated, and then said, "I'm sorry about what happened earlier. Is she really beautiful, Clay? I've never seen her."

He found the strength to pull himself up and stare at her. "I wish you didn't know," he said. The effort was too much for him and he slumped forward.

She helped him settle back. "I don't live in a cocoon, Clay. It would be a little difficult in the Pass."

"You're different, Laurie," he said.

"That's choice. Not nature." She touched him lightly. "Can you manage this soup by yourself?" At his nod she said softly, "Good night, Clay," and left the room.

He ate the broth slowly and then fell into a restless sleep. Once he jerked awake at the sound of distant shots, but he wasn't really aware of them.

DENNISON went into the Jewel Saloon and sought out Pete Johnson, the bartender. "Have any trouble?" Dennison asked.

"No," Johnson said. "First I saw Judge Lorrance, like you told me. He set Kane's bond at two hundred dollars. Then I took the papers to Baker. He turned Kane loose." He peered at Dennison. "Baker wanted to know how come *I* was putting up bond for Kane."

"What did you tell him?"

"Nothing."

"Where's Kane now?"

"Over at the barbershop, getting cleaned up." Johnson hesitated a moment and then said cautiously, "Vince ain't a bad guy. Why don't you just tell him to pack his trunk?"

"Because that way he can always come back, and Rice doesn't want him coming back. You just do as you're told!" Dennison fought to keep his anger in check. He knew he was taking out his own frustration on Johnson. "This isn't my doing. It's Rice's," he said, and went out of the saloon.

The barbershop was a short way down the street and he looked in. Kane was still there. Dennison went on to the corner, where Hennessy was waiting. "He's in the barbershop," Dennison said.

"I'll pick him up when he leaves."

Dennison walked back to the Jewel. He was there when the shots sounded—the same shots that jarred Burden out of his restless sleep. A few moments later a man came running into the saloon. "Vince Kane just got plugged," he announced.

Dennison ordered another drink. Now, with Kane no longer available to pin a rustling rap on him, Martin could come back to the Pass. But he wasn't sure Martin *would* come back. He wasn't sure what Martin would do. . . .

On the third day of Burden's convalescence, Magoffin told him he was well enough to be moved. "I wish you would go," the doctor said.

Burden pulled at his cigarette. "Why do you hate me so much?" he asked.

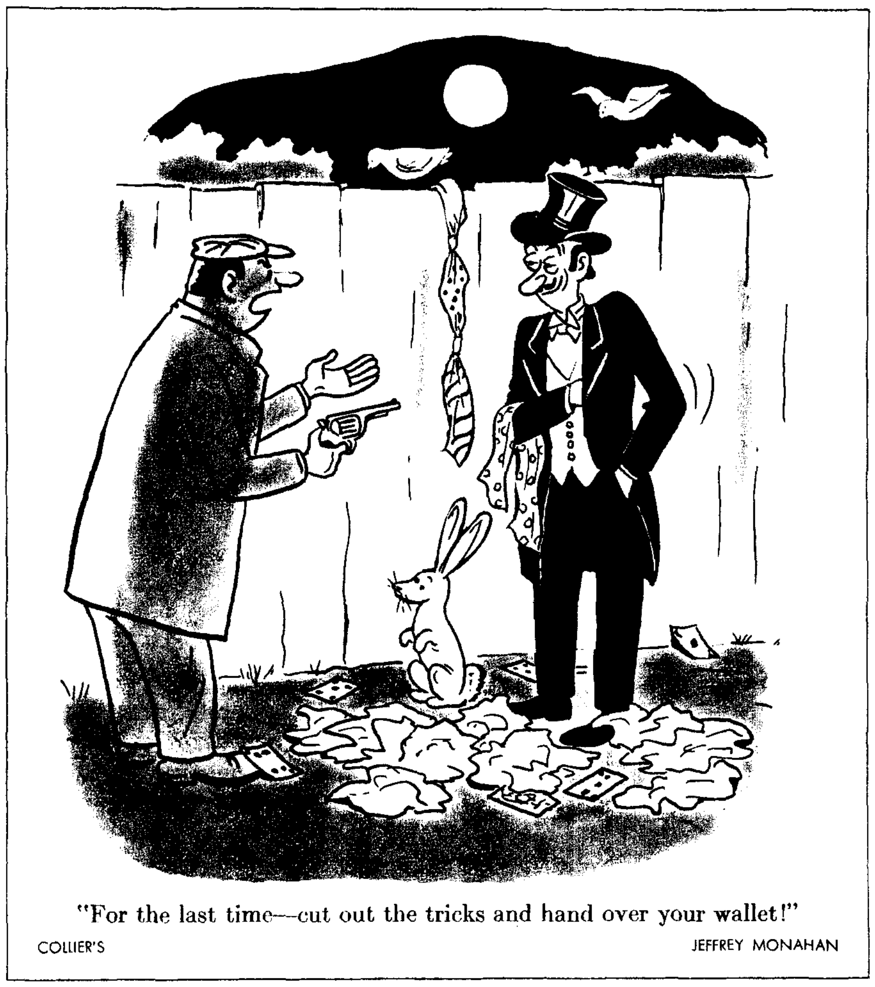
Magoffin's face reddened. "You are an evil man," he said.

Burden shook his head. "It's not the evil in me you hate—it's me," he said. "Why?"

"You have a fascination of evil," Magoffin said. "It should repel, but it attracts. My own son regards you as a hero. My landlady, Mrs. Kidder, admires you. And Laurie—" he stopped.

"And Laurie?" Burden said. "What about Laurie?"

"I love her and want her to marry me, but something makes her hesitate. I think it is you."



"For the last time—cut out the tricks and hand over your wallet!"

COLLIER'S JEFFREY MONAHAN

"I never had any part of her." All at once he felt sorry for Magoffin.

"I would be happy to believe that. But I know better. Damn you, Burden, let her go! I can give Laurie a home and I can give her love. But ever since you came to the Pass—"

"I'll be leaving soon," Burden said. "I have a job to do and when it's over, I'll go on."

"A job! Another piece of killing! Why don't you go now? Why don't you take Rice Martin's woman and go?"

"I have my job to do."

WHEN Magoffin was gone, Burden lay staring up at the ceiling. He did not like bringing hurt to Magoffin. It seemed that whatever he did, whatever he was, affected others. Others like Hooker, who was dead. Like Laurie. Like Magoffin.

He pulled himself to a sitting position and threw off the covers. He lowered his feet over the side of the bed and then, grown dizzy, closed his eyes until the vertigo passed. He stood up and his legs barely sustained his weight.

After an instant, he took a step and then another step. The blood began to run more freely and the numbness left his legs. Satisfied, he found his clothes and dressed. He was sitting, fully dressed, when Sim Baker came in to see him.

Baker gulped. "What the devil are you doing out of bed? Did Magoffin say you could go?"

"He's all in favor of it."

"Then I'll get a buggy," Baker said, and left the room.

Burden gathered his strength and got up and walked down the hallway to thank Mrs. Kidder for her kindness. As he went out to the porch to wait for Baker, he saw the Magoffin boy in the yard, trying desperately to twirl a rope. "Gee, Mr. Burden, you going already?" the boy said.

"About time, isn't it, Ian? Your father's a good doctor." He paused and then said, "How's the roping going?"

Ian's face fell. "Not very well, sir. I can't seem to get the hang of it."

"I'm going to have some time on my hands these next few days," Burden said. "Maybe I could show you a few tricks."

Ian smiled delightedly. "I'd like that very much, sir!" he said.

Burden grinned back at him. "See you on Saturday then, at the hotel."

Baker returned with the buggy and Burden got in. "Things been happening the last few days you ought to know," Baker said as they rode toward the hotel. "Kane's dead."

"I thought he was in jail!"

"He got out on bond. Same night, he was killed on Utah Street."

"There goes our case against Martin," Burden said.

Baker nodded. "I guess that's the way Martin figured it, too. He's still in Mexico."

"Probably waiting for someone else to finish me off. What do we do? Let him stay there?"

"I wired Austin for extradition papers. They'll be along soon."

"Papers won't mean anything to Martin, Sim. Bullets would, but not papers."

"I guess not," Baker said grudgingly. "But there's nothing else to do."

"Not for you, but for me. When the time comes to get Martin, I'll get him. I'm not going to wait here until he finds someone who kills me." He recalled that this was what Fern had warned him of: that eventually he would have

Smoked Salmon Canapés. Spread toast rounds with smoked trout purée or liver pâté, place a curl of smoked salmon on top and garnish with triangles of green pepper and small dabs of hard-cooked egg yolk mashed to a paste with butter.

Seagram's Golden Gin is satin-smooth

Cheese Olives. Remove pits from large black olives by cutting away the flesh in a spiral. Fill olives with softened cream cheese pressed through a small fluted pastry tube and place each olive on a small bread round spread with cream cheese.

Melon and Prosciutto. Cut long strips of thinly sliced prosciutto or ham and weave on wooden picks with a melon ball between each fold. Top with a sprig of mint.

Seagram's Golden Gin is extra-dry

Red Caviar Tartlets. Fill small flaky tart shells with red caviar, top with sour cream and garnish with wedges of lemon.

Salami Cornucopias. Roll thin slices of salami into cornucopias and fasten with toothpicks. Fill each cornucopia with liver pâté pressed through a large fluted pastry tube and garnish with a star of truffle or black olive.

Seagram's Golden Gin is naturally golden

Anchovy Squares. Cover thin slices of trimmed, buttered bread with slices of pimento, cover the pimento with lattice-work of anchovy fillets and cut into squares.

Lily-of-the-Valley Canapés. Place thin slices of cheese, white meat of chicken or cooked ham on thin buttered bread and cut into rectangles. Press a line of softened cream cheese around the edge of each canapé through a small round pastry tube. Garnish with strips of green pepper and cut-outs of hard-cooked egg white. Brush with liquid aspic and chill until aspic is set.

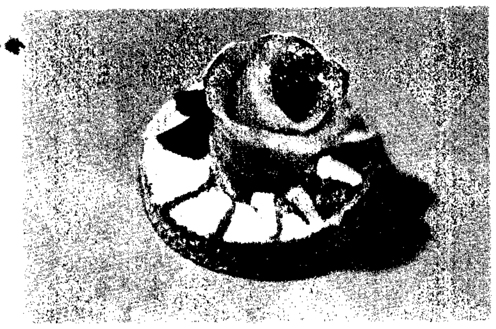
Seagram's Golden Gin makes better drinks

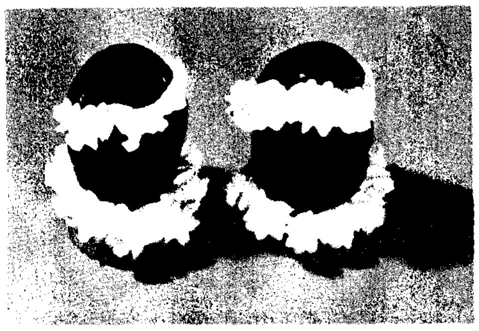
Ham Rolls. Spread thinly sliced ham with liver pâté or soft cheese and form into rolls. Garnish with parsley sprays and thin strips of pimento.

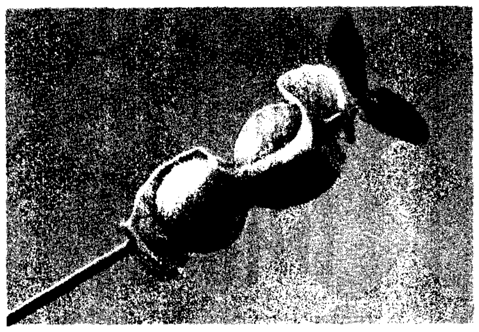
Shrimp Crescents. Spread bread crescents with chive cream cheese and top with tiny canned shrimp. Garnish with chive cheese pressed through a small fluted pastry tube.

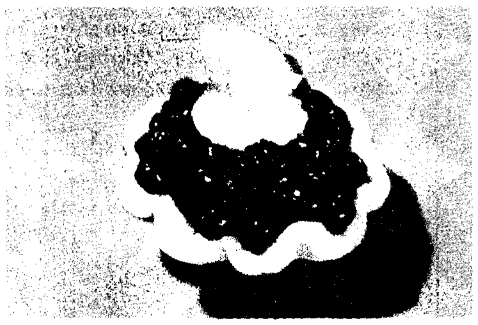
NOTE: Tear out the recipes on the opposite page and keep them handy—for the ultimate touch to your parties or gatherings.

Seagram's
Golden
Distilled Dry
Gin

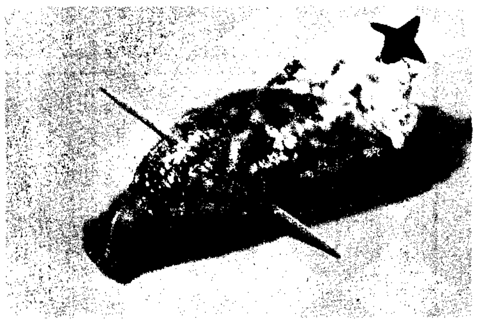

Smoked Salmon Canapés


Cheese Olives

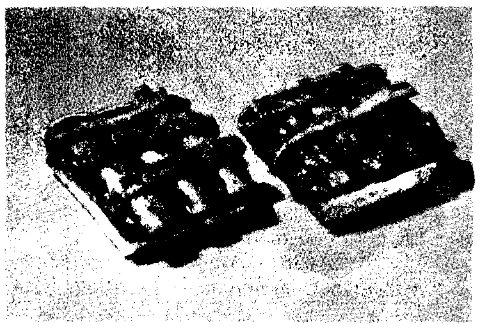

Melon and Prosciutto


Red Caviar Tartlets

Lily-of-the-Valley Canapés


Salami Cornucopias

Ham Rolls


Anchovy Squares

Shrimp Crescents

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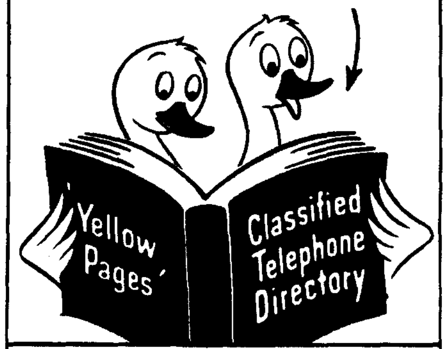

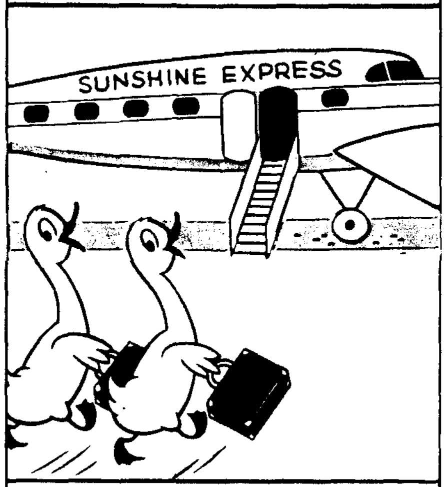

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no other choice than to go after Rice Martin.

Baker said, "Maybe, with Kane dead, Martin will be coming back."

"It still won't make any difference, Sim. You know that. Either he kills me or *I* kill him." . . .

Dennison was fighting a war within himself. Events were shaping themselves so that either Martin or Burden would be eliminated. The odds were that it would be Martin; Burden was the better gunman.

But Martin knew this too. He would try to stay out of Burden's way, prevent any face-to-face meeting. If he could delay long enough, he could win.

What Dennison really wanted, of course, was the elimination of both men. If he planned carefully enough, it might be accomplished. And then he would be left to take over both the Pass and Fern.

It was these thoughts, the day Burden came back to his hotel, that drove Dennison out to Martin's ranch, the Cross Bar, to see Fern again.

He was surprised by her appearance. Dark rings circled her eyes, and her cheeks were drawn and hollow. He said, "You look like the devil."

She laughed. "Is that what you came here to tell me?"

"No. I didn't come to tell you anything—just to see you."

"That's more gallant, George."

"Burden went back to the hotel today," he said. "That means he's all right." He saw some of the darkness leave her eyes.

She said, "I'm glad."

"Why?" he said sharply.

She tried to avoid his look. "It means he'll go after Rice."

Dennison said, "Why don't you say it? Why don't you say he's got you the way you have me?"

SHE placed her hands on his shoulders. "Would it do any good? Tell me the truth. Would it do any good?"

"I suppose not," he said.

She said, "It was only a little while ago, but it seems like so long, since everything looked simple. We worked it all out that night. I'd go to Burden and get him to kill Rice. Then you and I would be happy. Everything would be fine. We didn't think beyond getting rid of Rice."

"He's *still* alive, isn't he?" Dennison said. "All these things have happened, and yet nothing's happened. Tomorrow, Rice could come back here and it would be like it was before Burden came."

"Nothing will be like it was before Burden came," she said. "Something's happened to all of us."

She was expressing thoughts he hadn't allowed himself to think. "Do you still want Rice dead?" he asked.

"Yes. Nothing has changed my hating him." She bunched the handkerchief in her hand. "Do you know why I hate him, George? He's the only man who could have given me a chance to be better than I was, and all he did was make me worse." She laughed bitterly. "That's why, after all that's happened, I still want him dead more than I want anything else."

He understood what she was saying. She was telling him that this was even more important to her than Burden. She was saying that he hadn't lost his chance for her at all.

He said, "I'll work things out. There has to be a way."

"You can't think him out of existence, George. Don't make promises you can't keep."

"All right," he said, and turned away. "But I'll think of something," he added as he left the room.

She watched him ride out of sight. Funny how they had avoided all the things they had wanted to say, she thought. She supposed they were both afraid of the answers they might get.

THE next few days tried Burden. He hated this hotel room, with bed and chairs and streaky walls. He hated its limit of four steps forward, turn, and four steps back. Only his finding that the steps became easier to take each day made it bearable.

On Saturday afternoon Ian Magoffin arrived for the roping lesson Burden had promised him, and Burden welcomed the excuse to be outdoors again.

"Might do me some good to get out, Ian," he said. "What say we get us a buggy?"

They were walking down the street when they encountered Laurie. She looked up at Burden, surprised. "I thought you were still laid up."

"First day out," Burden said. "We're going for a ride in the country where Ian can get some roping practice. Care to come with us?"

She hesitated and then said, "Yes. I'd like to go."

In the buggy, there was a constraint of which even Ian was aware. He sat between the two grownups and looked first at one and then at the other.

After a time, Laurie said hesitantly: "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"It sure is," Burden said uncomfortably.

Ian suddenly pointed to a stretch of flat country just off the road. "This looks like a good place, sir," he said.

Burden brought the horses to a halt. By the time he reached the ground, the others were already out of the buggy. He said, "We'll start from the beginning, Ian. Build your loop."

"Yes, sir," Ian said. He began to work his rope.

Burden said to Laurie, "This won't be any fun for you."

"I like it," she said. "I don't get away often. I spend more hours cooped up in that schoolroom than my pupils do." She smiled.

"Never thought of it that way," Burden said. He felt less tense in her presence now.

"Is this all right, sir?" Ian said.

Burden looked about quickly. "Yes. That's real good. Now, here's how you start . . ."

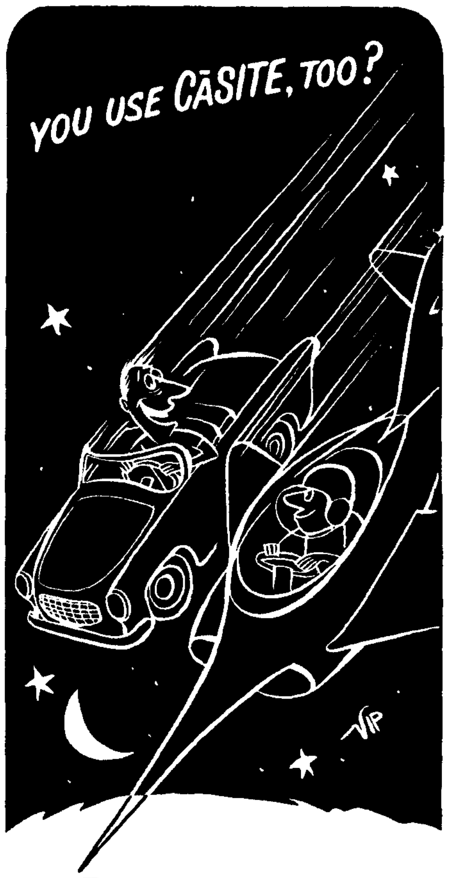
For nearly an hour he worked with the boy, acutely conscious of Laurie's eyes on him. Often he turned to talk with her, aware that the awkwardness between them was lessening, that she seemed to be enjoying herself.

Finally, when Ian had mastered rope spinning, Burden called a halt. This small exertion, he realized ruefully, had exhausted him; the weakness was back in his legs.

"That's all this time, Ian," he said. "But next Saturday we'll come out again."

Ian's face lighted up. "Thank you, sir! In the meantime, I'll practice. And thank *you* again, Miss Hendry, for giving me this good rope. It's a lot better than my old one!" He paused a moment and then asked curiously, "Where did you get it, anyway?"

"It was my brother's," Laurie said. Even as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears. She remembered, for the first time that day, that she was with the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man who had killed her brother. Until now, it had been as though she'd been with another Clay Burden, the Clay Burden of long ago.

Burden said abruptly, "We better start back." All the pleasure had gone from the day: Ian's question had done that. But the pleasure had been unreal all the time, he told himself; the boy had only recalled him and Laurie to reality.

They spoke only desultorily on the ride back into town. When Burden brought the team to a halt outside Mrs. Kidder's, Ian hopped down quickly. "Thank you very much, Mr. Burden. Next Saturday, sir?"

"Yes. Next Saturday," Burden answered.

Laurie said, "You go on, Ian. I'll be right in." She waited until the boy had walked through the gate, then turned to Burden. "Thank you very much, Clay."

"Thank you," he said. "I guess it had to end this way."

She said, "Nothing is ever simple, Clay. Maybe it's because the world's made up of people who aren't simple. Back there, I suddenly thought you were more than one person."

"No," he said. "I'm always the same one."

"I'm not," she said, "I'm a lot of people. Each of them wants different things."

"Sometimes," he said, "wants get all tangled up inside you and you want what you shouldn't have or what you can't have. That makes you lose sight of what you *can* have. Don't let that happen to you, Laurie."

Her eyes searched him for a moment. "Is that what you wish me?"

"That's what I wish you."

"Thank you, Clay," she said and turned and ran quickly up the flagstone path, tears blurring her eyes. She heard the buggy start off as she opened the door. . . .

Though Vince Kane had been dead for several days, Martin still had not returned to the Pass. Nor had Dennison had any further word from him. Late one afternoon restlessness and curiosity made Dennison ride across the river to the Mosca Azul.

When he walked into the back room, Martin and Hennessy were sitting at the table. Martin said, "Didn't expect you, George." His tone was almost cheerful.

"Things are happening," Dennison said. "I thought you ought to know about them." He sat down at the table and wondered what was wrong—or right—with Martin.

"You can go out for a while, Hennessy," Martin said genially. He flipped a gold piece across the table. "Have yourself a time."

WHEN Hennessy was gone, Martin said to Dennison, "What are these things that are happening?"

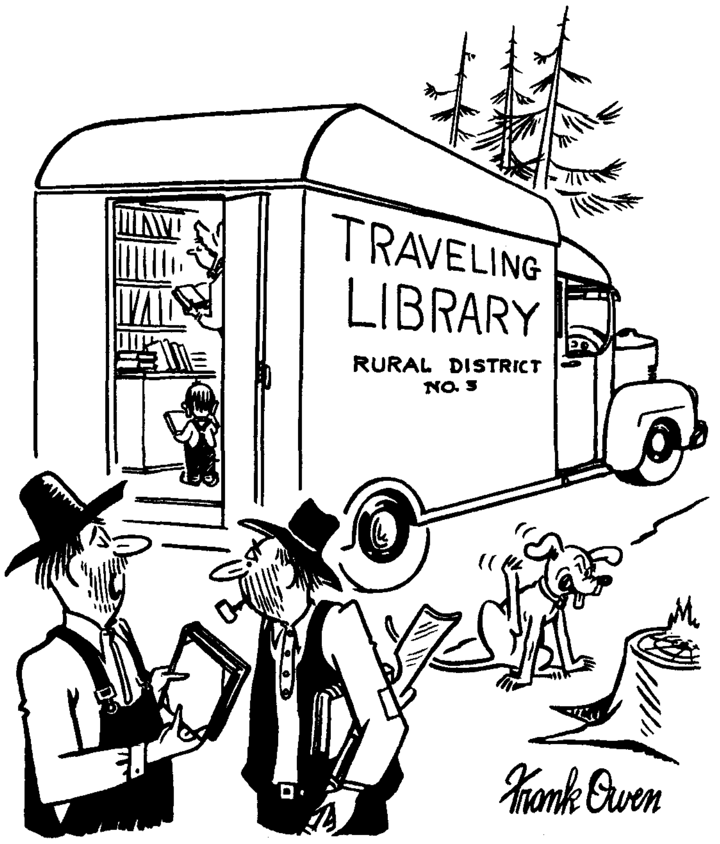
"Burden's up and around. A Ranger is in town with extradition papers for you. Chances are, they'll be over here today to serve them."

Martin laughed. "Lot of good that'll do them."

"Do you intend to stay here forever?"

"No. Matter of fact, I'm making plans to go back to the Cross Bar now." Martin tilted his chair back against the wall and lighted a cigar. "I figure," he said, "I've been doing things all wrong. Come right down to it, I let myself get stampeded. A gunman shows up in the Pass and kills a couple of my men and I let you talk me into heading for Mexico." He glared at Dennison as though daring him to deny it.

"It seemed (*Continued on page* 60)



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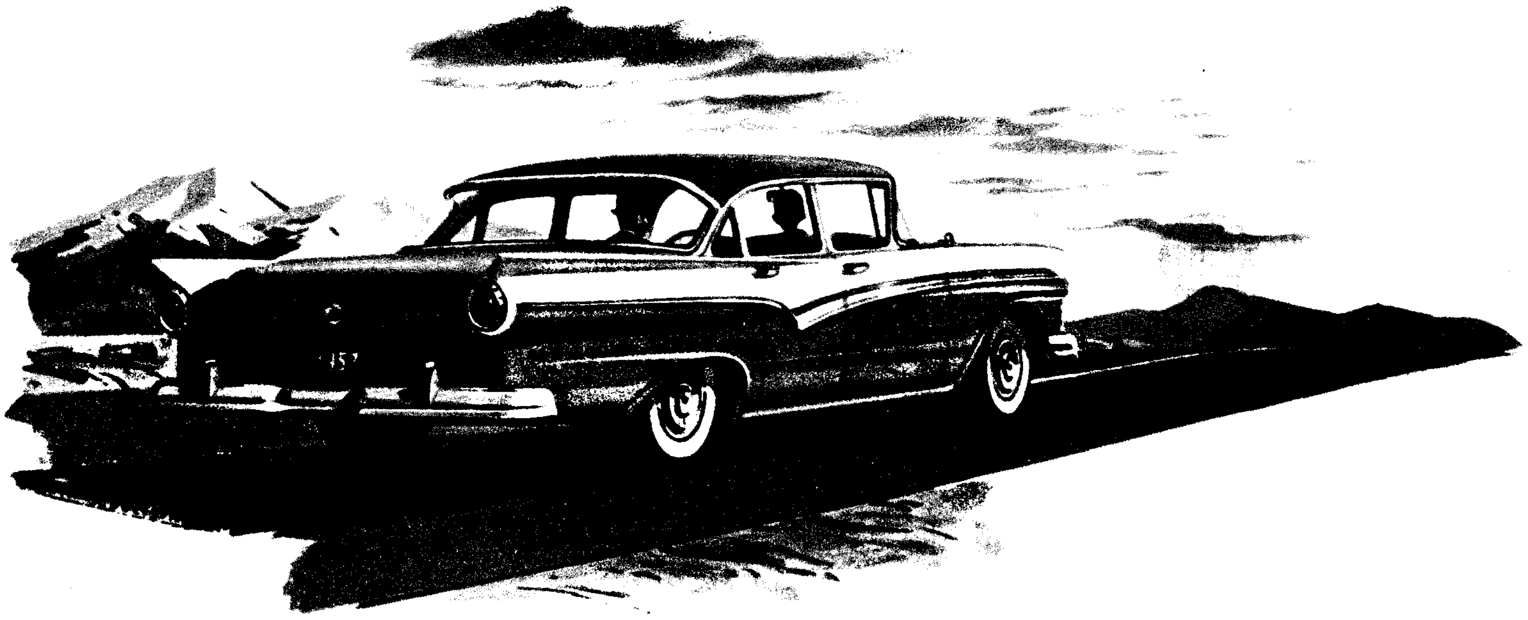

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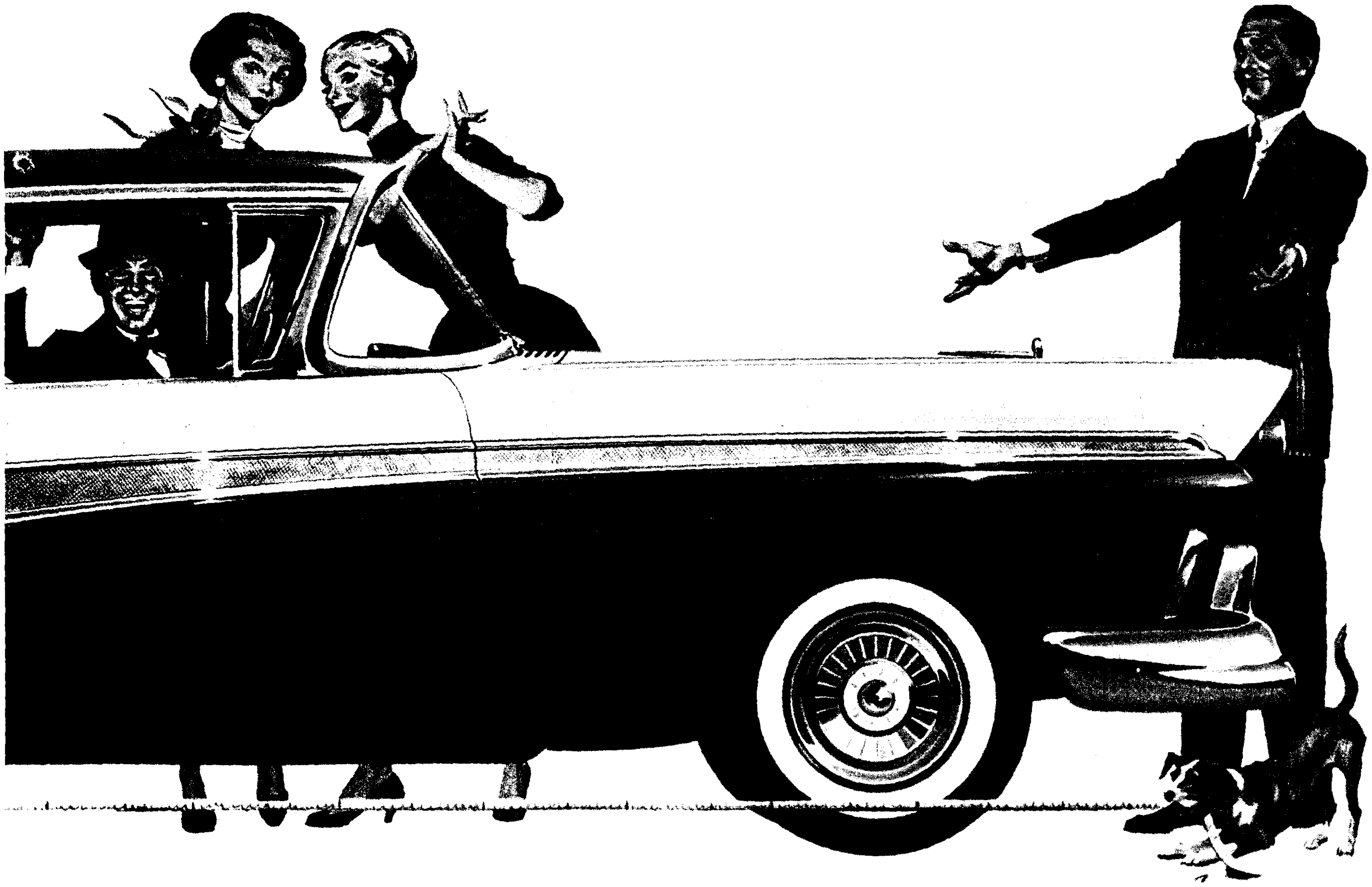

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(*Continued from page* 57) like a good idea," Dennison said. He knew this was no time to contradict Martin.

"Well," Martin went on, "I figured this Smith could take Burden. Turned out he couldn't. The way I figure it, there's only one man who can take Burden. That's me."

"You mean you're going to shoot it out with him?"

"In a way, yes." He knew he had Dennison bewildered and he liked it. Putting Dennison in his place once in a while was a good idea.

"You think that's smart?" Dennison asked.

"The way I'm going to do it, it is. Remember the other day Hennessy said we ought to get all the men and ride into town and finish Burden? Well, that's what I figure to do, George. This Burden is only one man. I'm going to have an army against him—anyway, a dozen men. He won't have a chance."

THE simple logic of Martin's plan was unassailable, Dennison thought. Martin had evaluated his assets and chosen the best: sheer force. "No," Dennison agreed. "He won't have a chance."

He suddenly wanted to get away from Martin, wanted to get someplace where he could think this turn out. "When you planning to pull this off?" he asked.

"Soon," Martin said. "I only got the idea this morning. It needs some working out."

"All you need is men," Dennison said. "You know where Burden is, Rice."

"The right men. There're three-four on the Cross Bar. There's Hennessy. I know a couple of good Mexes. There's me and there's you."

"Me?" Dennison said. He was startled.

"You," Martin said. He laughed. "Seems to me you've been cashing in long enough on what other people do. You can shoot. Why not you?"

Dennison failed to make his laughter real. "Hell, Rice, I'd only be in the way. You know that."

"I want you there," Martin said. "I want everyone who's going to know about this to be there. Too many things gone wrong lately."

Dennison fought to get some steel in his voice. "Are you saying you don't trust me?" He wanted to look Martin in the eye but he couldn't.

"I don't trust anybody," Martin said. "I'm not going to take any more chances." He let the chair fall heavily into place. "Anything wrong with that?"

"No," Dennison said quickly. "Nothing at all." He hesitated and then said, "How soon, Rice?"

"When I'm ready. Like I said, I haven't worked it all out yet." He threw a quick question at Dennison: "How's Fern?"

"All right," Dennison said. "Saw her the other day."

"So I heard." He laughed. "Anybody but you, George, and I might begin to think things. But you're not her kind. You're not man enough."

Dennison kept his eyes down. He gripped the table until his knuckles grew white. "She's your woman, Rice. I know enough to stay away."

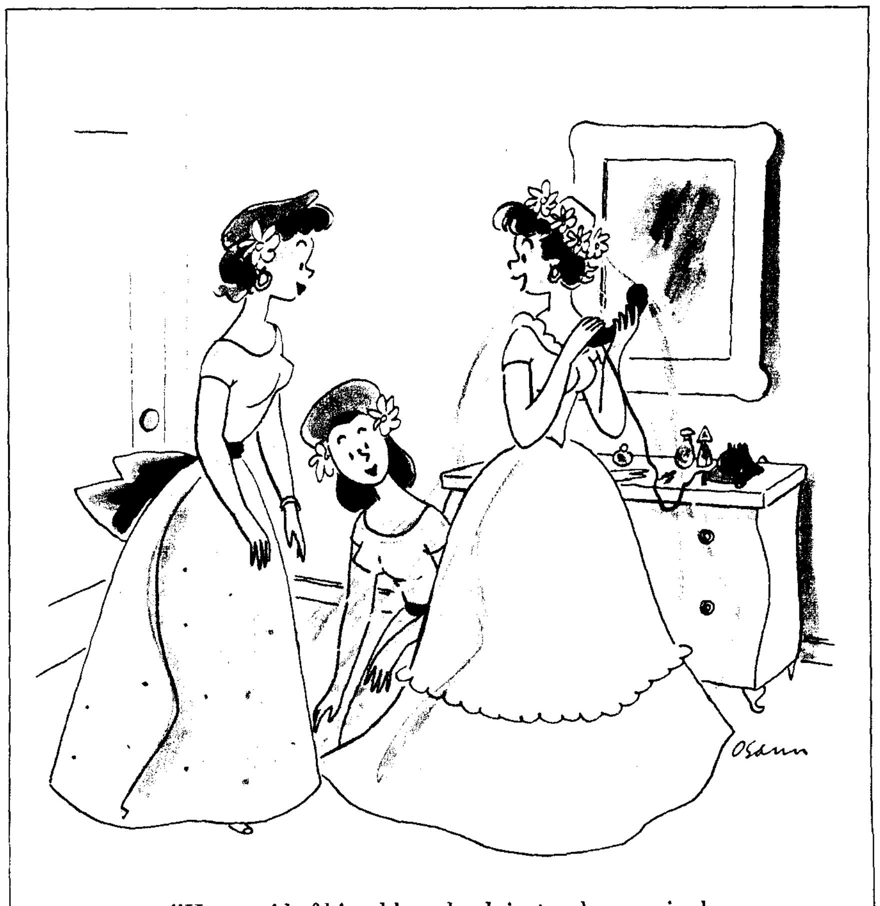
"Yes, she's mine." He rose and began to walk around the room. "I've got her penned up on the Cross Bar. She can't go anyplace. She can't see anyone." He turned suddenly. "Get her over here. Tonight."

"Now, Rice—" Dennison had begun an automatic response, but was unable to complete it. His mind was numb.

"I want her here," Martin said. "If you got to tie her to her horse to get her here, tie her to her horse."

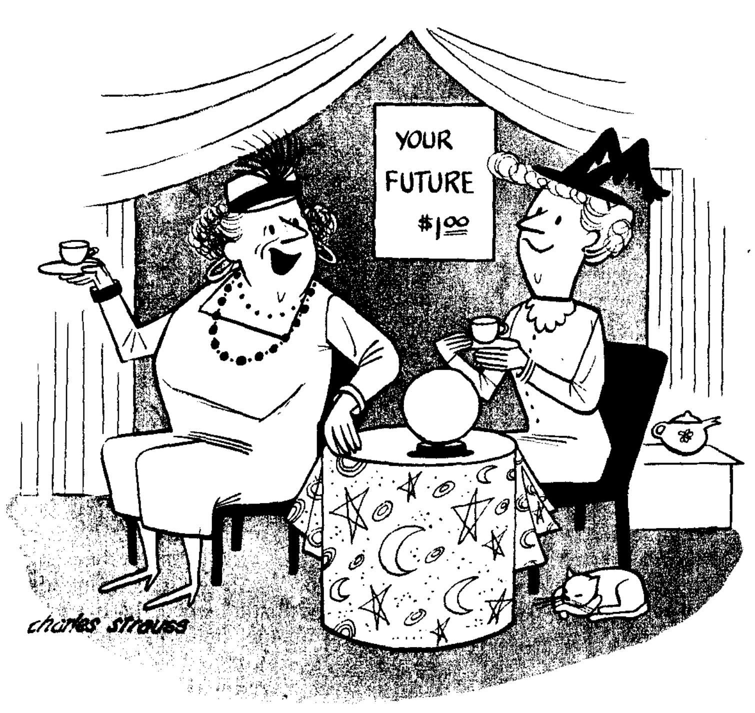
"I'll tell her you sent me to get her," Dennison said.

"I don't care what you tell her." He came back to his chair. "Maybe I've



"He got rid of his address book just as he promised. The fellow he gave it to is now calling me up!"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN



"Business has improved 90% since I began telling all the girls they'll get married, and all the boys they won't"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

been too smart about her, too. I'll know when you bring her here."

Dennison knew there was nothing more he could say. "All right, Rice," he said, "I'll get her."

WHEN his strength was regained, Burden found that he was only partially whole. He could not still the ferment inside him. He tried to tell himself that it was only natural for him to feel restless.

The issue between him and Martin still lay unresolved. And that issue had no complexities; it involved no one else. But, even as he told himself this, the memory of Fern intruded.

Only one thing was certain: there would have to be a showdown. Either he or Martin would force the issue. The present balance could not long endure.

It was with relief that he greeted Kinney, the young Ranger who had been his one friend in the company. It had not been a long time since they had last seen each other, but to Burden it seemed that he had been in the Pass half a lifetime.

It was late one afternoon that Kinney came into the office where Burden and Baker were working. Kinney grabbed Burden's hand and said, "They told me you were loaded down with lead. You don't look it."

"I'm too mean to kill," Burden said. "You remember Sim Baker, don't you?"

"Sure." Kinney shook hands with Baker and slid into a chair. "I've got the extradition papers for your man," he said. "When do we go get him?"

"It won't be that easy," Baker said.

A reckless grin lighted up Kinney's face. "The hell with the papers. What say we just go over and get him?"

"It's an idea," Burden said. This would be a way to put an end to his restlessness. It would bring him face to face with Martin sooner rather than later.

"But not a good one," Baker said firmly. "There's a right way to handle this, and that's the way it's going to be done." He picked up his hat. "If you'll give me the papers, I'll take them over to George Dennison to look at. He's the city attorney."

Burden asked, "Do you have to, Sim? Seems to me, Dennison's the wrong man to talk about Martin."

"Could be, but I got to get him and Judge Lorrance to sign them," Baker said. "See you later." He went out of the office.

Kinney turned to Burden. "I hear you've been having some excitement," he said with a grin. "Who's this Rice Martin anyway?"

"The big augur around here," Burden said. "Runs the Pass, or used to. He owns a lot of the town and controls the rest."

"A gun fighter?"

"I don't know. So far, somebody else has always done his fighting for him. Maybe, if I can crowd him enough, he'll do some of his own fighting."

Kinney said, "You sound like you want him bad."

There was no reason to deny it. "I want him bad."

Kinney stretched. "Let's get a drink. All this talking's dried me out. Say, how about going across the river? I've never been to Mexico."

Burden said, "There's nothing over there that you can't find here."

"That isn't the way I heard it." A big grin lighted Kinney's boyish face. "How about it, Clay?"

Burden hesitated. Rice Martin was on the other side of the river and he had a feeling that he shouldn't get so close to Martin. Still, he didn't have to go to the Mosca Azul.

Kinney said again, "How about it, Clay?"

"All right." He was still reluctant. "We'll go later."

FERN stared at Dennison in the dim light of the parlor. She asked again, "Why does he want me, George?"

Dennison shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I think the idea just came to him, and after that he couldn't let it go."

She rose from the sofa and went to the window, where she looked out into the darkness.

"A bunch of the hands took off this afternoon," she said. "I guess he sent for them."

"He's loading up. He even wants me with him when he goes after Burden."

She turned around. "I told Burden

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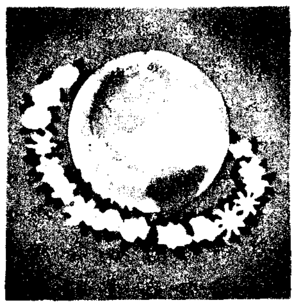

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it would end this way. He had Rice on the run, but now it's too late."

"Maybe not," Dennison said.

She didn't expect Dennison to help her find any answers. She was only using him as a sounding board. She was sure she knew Martin, knew how his mind worked.

"Do you think he knows I've been seeing Burden?" she asked.

Dennison shook his head. "I don't think so."

She disregarded what Dennison had said, gave her own answer. "No, he doesn't know. That would drive him wild and he's not wild." She went back to Dennison, stood beside him. "The trouble with us," she said, "is that we can't think as simply as Rice. He gets one idea and stays with it."

"We had one idea, too," Dennison said. "It hasn't helped us."

"We expected someone else to carry it out for us, that's why," she said tiredly. "And now I guess it's too late. Let's go . . ."

WHEN they got to the Mosca Azul, Dennison led her directly to the back room, and they went in together. Martin sat behind the table, as usual, with Hennessy at his right. Four other ranch hands were grouped around them.

Martin's eyes fastened on Fern. "So you decided to come?"

"You sent for me."

Martin looked about the table. "You hear that, boys? All I have to do is send for her and she comes. That's the kind of wife to have!" He laughed. "All right, boys, you can go now."

The men got up from the table and walked from the room. Dennison started to go with them, but was stopped by Martin's "Not you, George. I want you to stay." His look went back to Fern. "I'll be coming home soon."

"It's your place," she answered with a shrug. "If that's all you wanted to tell me, I'll be going back."

"That ain't all," he said angrily. "You thought you were rid of me, didn't you? You thought I'd stay here and rot because there was a new gunman in town, didn't you?"

"So that's it," she said. "You're scared." She knew what was coming, but she couldn't move fast enough. The back of Martin's hand caught her on the temple. She gave no sign she had felt it.

"You're a liar," Martin said. "I'm not afraid of anything in the world and you know it."

"You've been running away," she said. "Running away and hiding. Oh, you talk big, but you're not—you're small because you're scared and you know it. You're trying to build yourself up on George and me and the hands, but it won't work. No matter what happens, even if you kill Clay Burden, you'll still be small and scared." She laughed at him. "Go ahead," she said. "Hit me again. You can hit me, but you can't hit Burden."

Martin turned to Dennison. His eyes were glazed with hate. "Get her out of here. Get her the hell out of here before I kill her."

Dennison hardly heard the words. His eyes were on Fern and he knew, for the first time, that she was the best of the three of them. The best and the strongest. It was too late for him now, no matter what he might do.

Fern was speaking again. "You were a man once, Rice. Almost man enough for me. You aren't any more. I know what you are."

Martin's face was purple with rage. His anger immobilized him, all but his voice. "Get out of here!" he shouted.

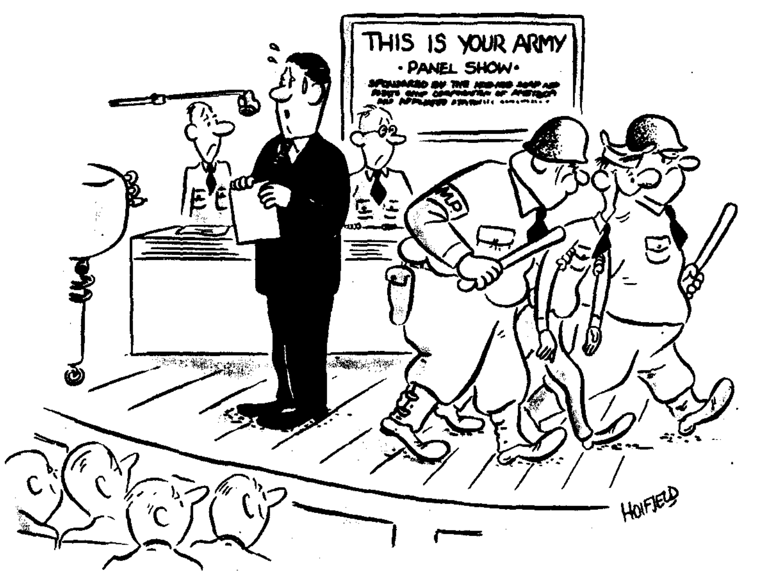
She turned her back on him and went to the door and pulled it open. She stood there a second in shocked silence, and then she stepped back, disbelief on her face.

Burden stood in the doorway. . . .

Burden and Kinney had come across the river after supper. Kinney was exuberant. *(Continued on page 65)*

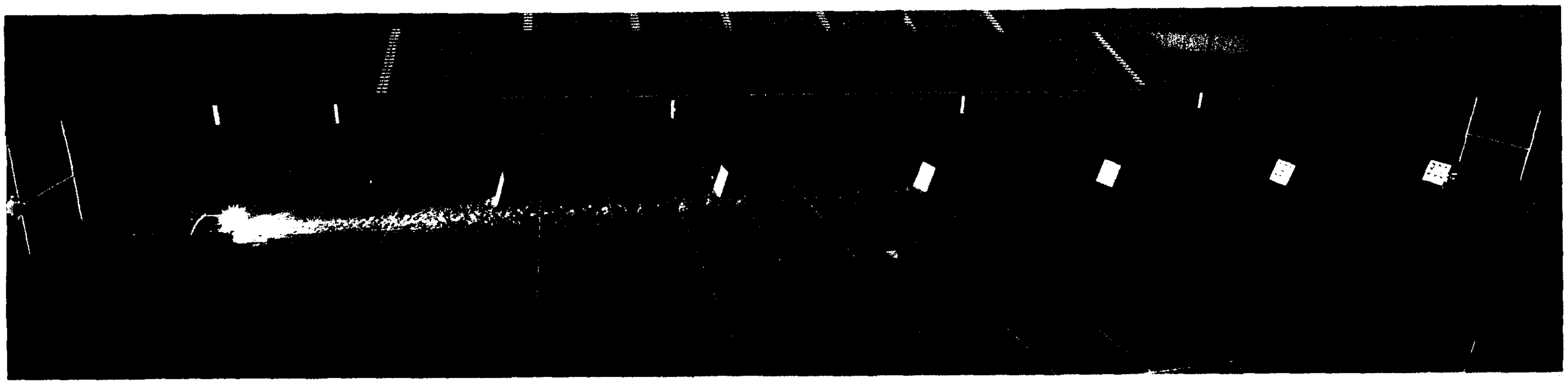
PRIVATE PUNKY

How to Get Along in the Army By NORMAN HOIFJELD

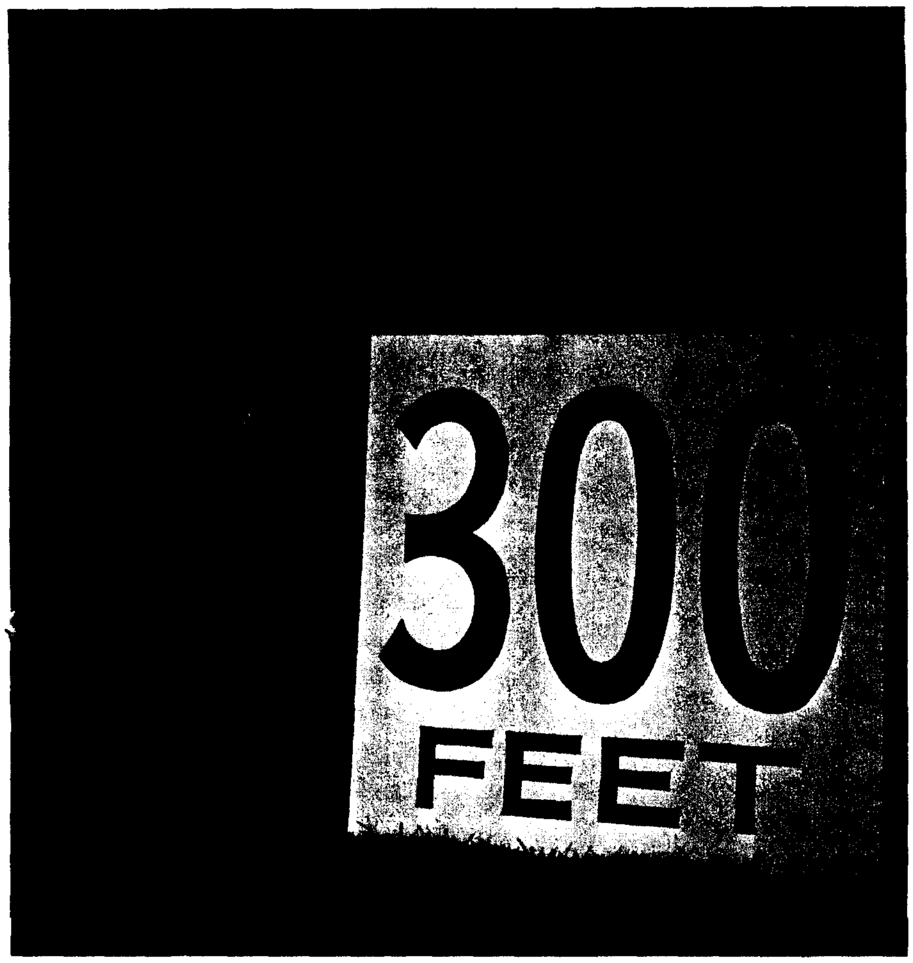


"The opinions expressed by participating servicemen are not necessarily those held by the administration of this camp"

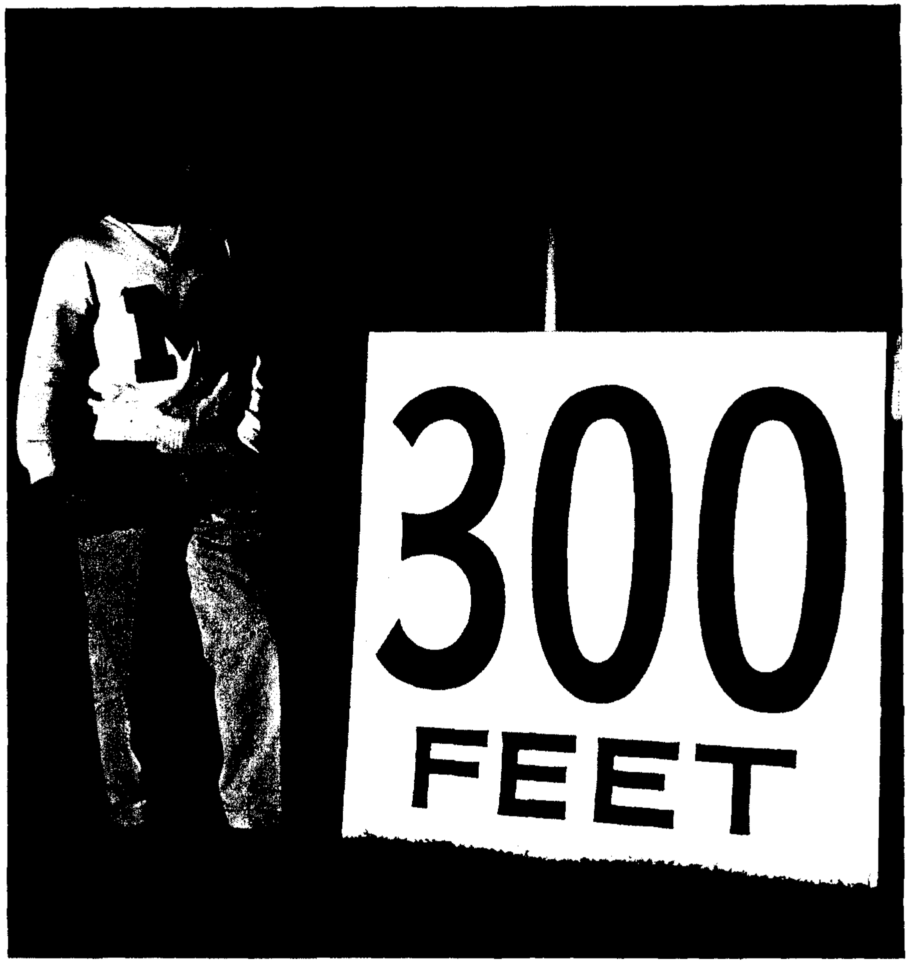
an American feature



BEFORE-DARK PHOTO OF FOOTBALL FIELD *where the after-dark Headlamp Comparison Test photos, below, were made. Student-model stands at the marker, a full 300 feet from the car headlamps.*



OLDER TYPE SEALED BEAM HEADLAMPS—*Student barely visible at 300 feet.*



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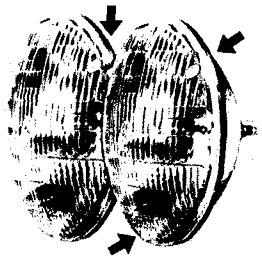

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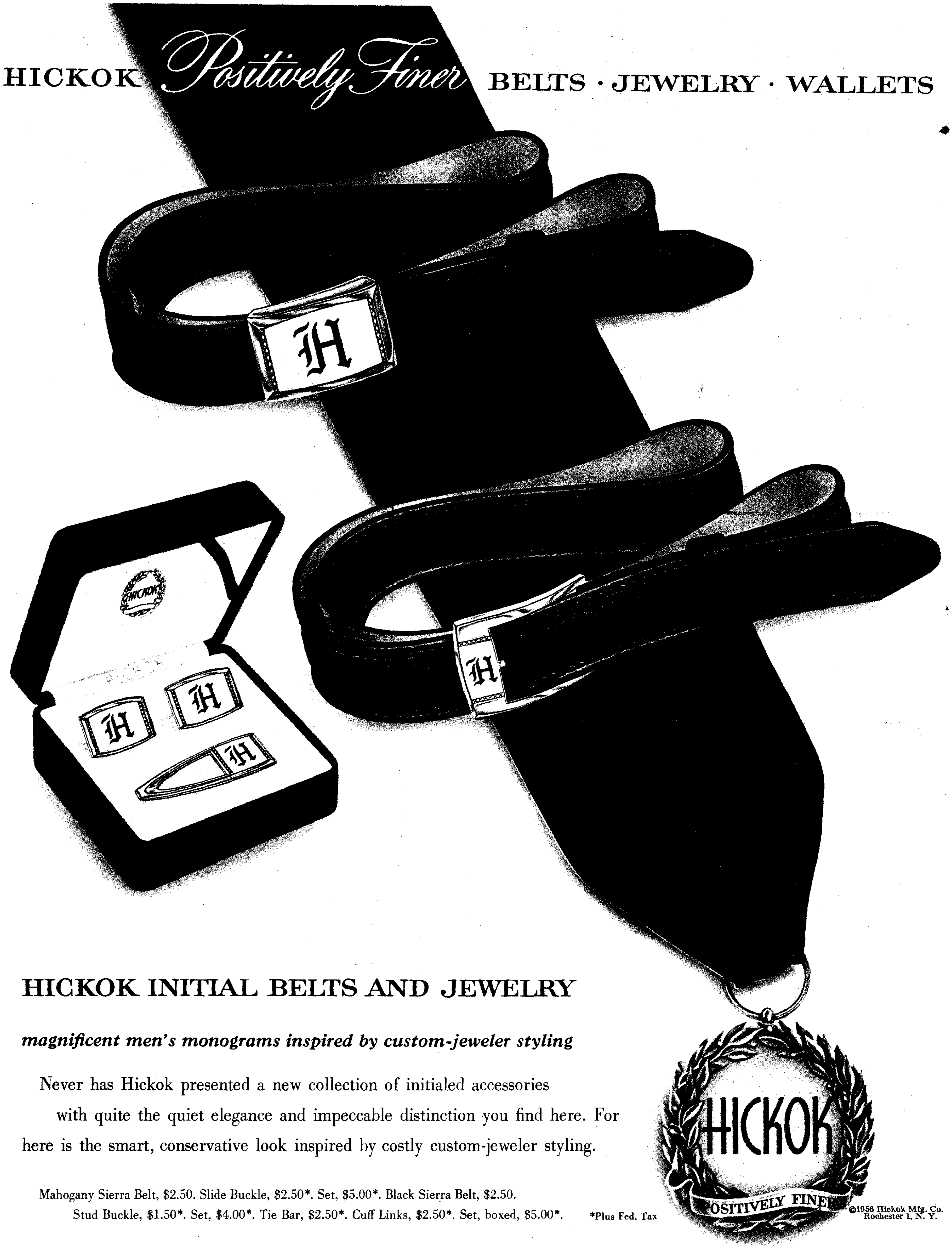

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See the Hickok Auto Safety Belt at your automotive dealer's. Helps prevent injury or death in highway crashes. You owe this priceless protection to yourself and your loved ones.

(*Continued from page* 62) "Born in Texas," he said, "and never been to Mexico before."

Burden tried to show some interest, but he was lost in his own thoughts and weary from them. "This isn't really Mexico," he said. "Border towns never are. There isn't anything here."

Kinney threw him a quick look. "Martin's here."

"You heard what Baker said."

"I don't have to remember it." All his recklessness was in his voice. "Why don't we smoke him out, Clay?"

"No." Burden made it flat, unarguable. It was the only way he could put it because this was the same question he was asking himself. He knew he could go to the Mosca Azul and force a showdown with Martin. Why didn't he do it?

Kinney said, "Anything personal in this between you and Martin?"

BURDEN swung around and grasped Kinney's shoulders. "Anybody been talking to you?" he demanded. His answer was in the surprise that covered Kinney's face. "Sorry," he said. "I guess I'm just jumpy."

They continued down the street and to Burden it was like walking through a haze. He couldn't see anything except Martin. All the men he saw on the street looked like Martin. Kinney said, "Isn't this the place he's hanging out?"

Burden looked at the doors of the Mosca Azul. "Yes." He knew he should walk on, knew he should get away from here. But Rice Martin was inside the dirty, flimsy walls. "How about a drink?" he asked.

Kinney's delight was evident. "Why in hell not?"

They went into the Mosca Azul. Coming through the door, Burden braced himself and looked quickly about the room. His hands were ready to draw his guns, but as he glanced about the room, he could not see Martin. Hennessy was at the bar—Hennessy and some other men whose faces were familiar.

Kinney said, "See him?"

Burden shook his head. "No." He saw the closed door at the back of the barroom. Martin must be in there. That was fine. He and Kinney would have a drink and they'd go.

He started to the bar. He saw Hennessy's head come up and then drop. Hennessy whispered something to the group surrounding him. More heads came up, turned to him, and quickly were averted.

Burden said, "That bunch at the end of the bar. They're Martin's men."

Suddenly sounds were coming from behind the closed door. Martin's voice thundered out, and then Fern's voice came, high and clear. Burden said, "Cover me. I'm going to that door."

He started toward it and, as he did, Hennessy and the others stepped forward, as though to intercept him. His guns came out. Over his shoulder, he heard Kinney: "You fellows ain't finished your drinks." He saw the uncertainty on Hennessy's face, saw that the others were watching Hennessy, waiting to take their cue from him.

Burden had his weight on the balls of his feet, prepared to move in any direction. He thought, regretfully, that if the shooting started now, he might never get his chance at Martin.

Hennessy said, "I don't know what kind of play you're *making*, Burden."

"I'm waiting on yours."

Hennessy shrugged his shoulders. "Me, I'm going back to finish that drink."

Burden, his eyes still on Hennessy and the others, moved to the door. He was reaching for it with his left hand when it swung open. For an instant he thought he'd made his last sucker play: he expected to be between two fires. Then he saw Fern just inside the doorway.

He moved inside quickly and kicked the door closed behind him. His look stayed on Fern only a half instant and then went to the two men at the table. They both were still frozen with surprise. Martin recovered first and he looked past Burden, at the door.

Burden said, "Your friends aren't coming, Martin."

"Looks like a standoff," Martin said. His hands were in plain sight on top of the table.

Dennison finally found words, "What are you trying to pull?"

"Sounded like a lady was in trouble," Burden said. He looked at Fern again.

Martin laughed. "She was just leaving, Burden. Maybe you don't know her. She's my wife." He laughed again. "It seems she thinks you've run me out of town."

Fern moved beside Burden. "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," Burden said. He put his guns back in his belt.

She stared at him. "You mean you're not going to kill him?"

Martin was laughing again. "Hell of a wife, isn't she?"

Dennison got up and walked to Fern and put his hand on her arm. "I'm taking you back to the Pass," he said.

She shook off his hand. "You're making a mistake, Burden. If you don't kill him now, he'll kill you."

"I give a man a chance," Burden said. "How about it, Martin? If you're not packing a gun, I'll let you have one of mine."

Martin shook his head. He was sure now that he was safe. "You're too fast for me," he said, grinning.

Fern said, "Burden, you damned fool!" She turned and ran from the room.

Dennison asked Martin, "Want me to go with her?" He saw Martin wasn't listening to him, that Martin's look was fixed on the doorway. Sim Baker stood there, with a group of Rurales. Then Kinney moved into sight, standing behind Baker.

"What's going on here?" Baker said.

"Nothing," Burden answered. "It's all over." He knew it had really been all over from the moment he had put his guns away. He walked out the doorway and through the saloon to the street. Baker and Kinney followed.

OUTSIDE, Baker said, "That could have been trouble." He removed his hat and wiped the sweat away.

Kinney said, "Coming over here was my idea, Baker. We went into this place for a drink and then we heard this woman in trouble. That was when Clay moved in."

"What woman?"

"Fern Martin," Burden said. "You just missed her."

Baker said, "Someone came into the Rurales' barracks and told us what was happening. I was afraid I wouldn't get here in time."

"You did, Sim," Burden told Baker. "Forget it."

Burden knew he himself wouldn't forget it. He'd let Martin get away. He'd gone (*Continued on page* 68)

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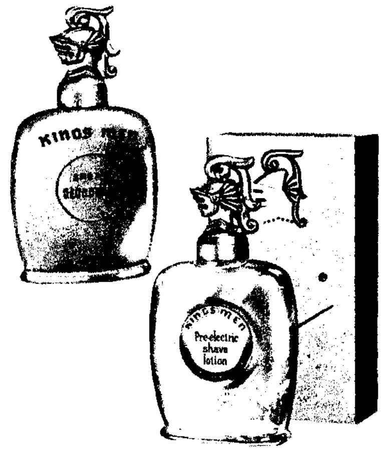

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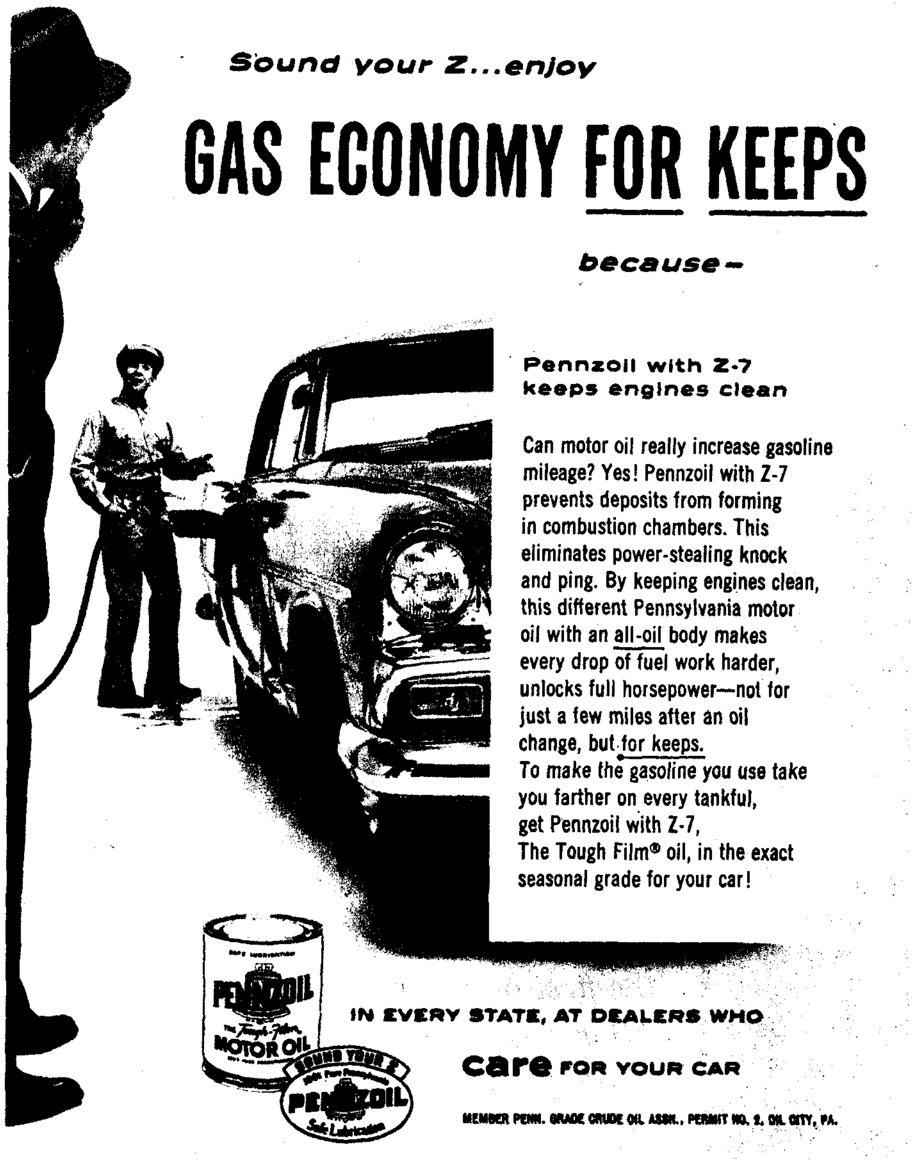

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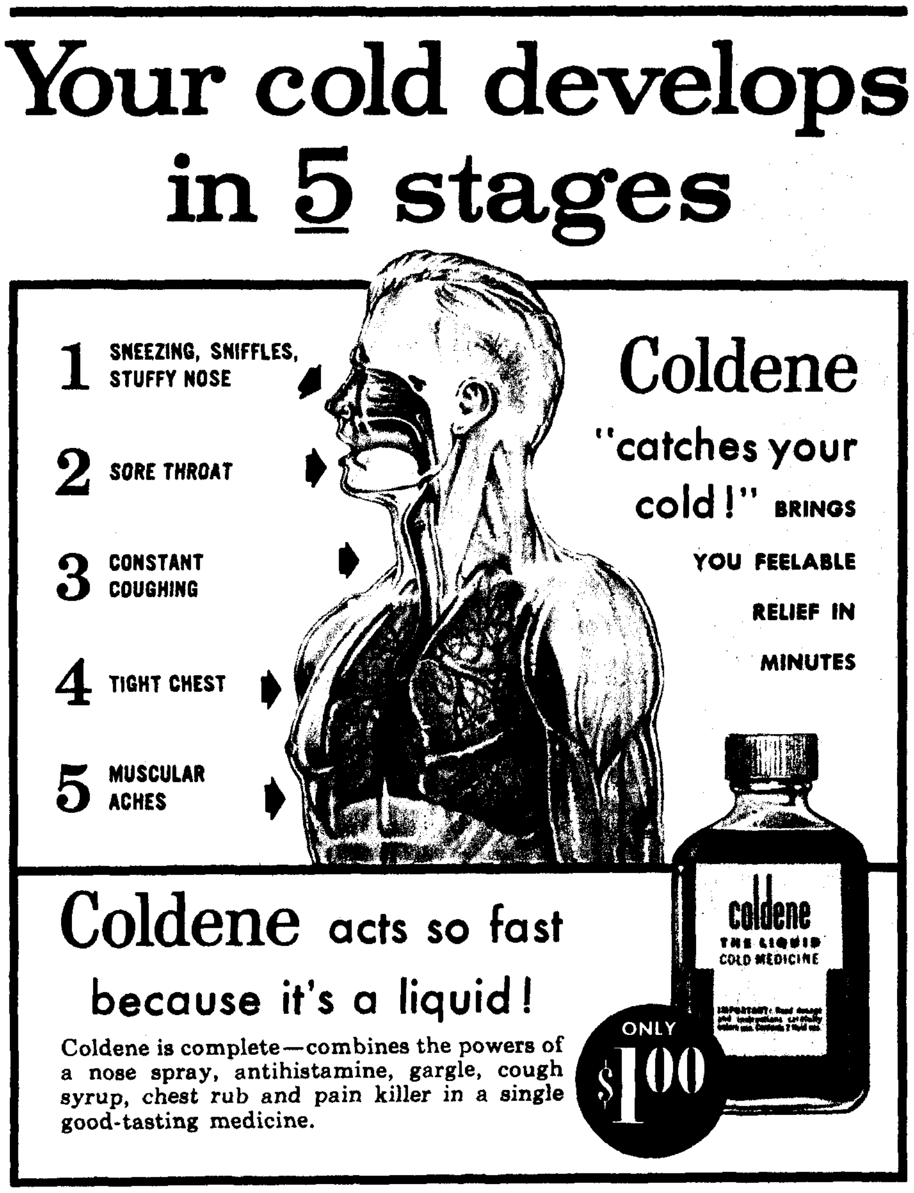

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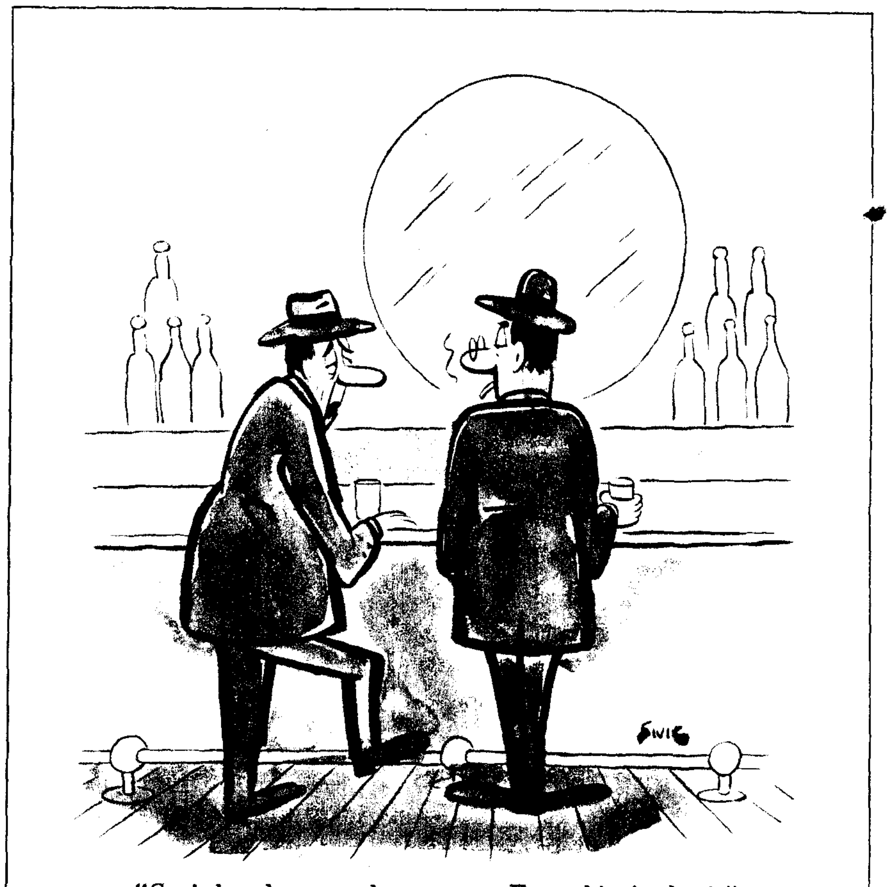


"Can't knock on wood any more. Everything's plastic"

COLLIER'S SID GORDIN

(*Continued from page* 65) into the room to kill Martin, and he hadn't done it. All he had done was compound his own confusion. . . .

Burden knew, as he entered his darkened room, that Fern was waiting for him. "Why are you here?" he asked.

She said, "You didn't kill him, did you?"

"No."

"That was your chance. Now, you never will."

He lighted the lamp and his eyes searched her face. "I couldn't just shoot him down," he said.

"He would have done it to you."

She kept her eyes fixed on him. "I never should have got involved with you. I think, if I hadn't, you would have killed Rice."

"I'm going to kill him," he said.

"You won't." Her tone was flat. "You've killed most of his henchmen, but you won't kill Rice. And do you know why?"

He said stubbornly, "I'll kill him."

"No," she said. "All these others you killed, you could say it was in self-defense or part of your job. That way, you could keep them from haunting you. But you can't do that about Rice. If you killed him, you could never be sure why. You might even think it was because you wanted me." Her voice broke and then strengthened. "You shouldn't let that bother you. You don't want me enough."

"All you ever really wanted," he said, "was for me to kill Rice Martin, wasn't it?"

"If that's what you think, then it must be so."

"Is it true? I have to know."

"For a little while," she said, "I was in love with you. I told you the truth that night. Don't worry. It didn't last long. I caught up with myself."

He walked to her and looked down at her. Her eyes came up and met his. "Tell me something," he demanded. "You know about those things and I don't. Do I love you?"

Her laugh was shrill. "Oh!" she said. "Let me get out of here!" She pushed past him and ran out of the room.

He went to the window and in a moment, saw her ride away. He fell into a chair and buried his head in his hands.

EARLY the next morning Dennison was again summoned across the river. Martin looked as though he had spent the night sitting behind the poker table. His beard was a fuzzy gray-black and a wild fire burned in his red-rimmed eyes. "What's on you mind, Rice?" Dennison asked as he walked in.

Martin slapped his hand down on the table. "Where in hell do you think Fern went after she left here?" he shouted. "To Burden! I had a man following her. She went to Burden. And I'll bet it wasn't the first time."

Dennison fought to hide his own emotions at this news. "But you've been having her watched," he said.

"She could still get away," Martin said. "She must have. I knew there was a man. There had to be one. And it was Burden."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll kill him. I'll kill him right in that room of his. And I'll have her there to watch!"

"What about Fern? What are you going to do to her?"

"When I'm finished with her, no man will want her."

You're wrong, Dennison thought. No matter what you do to her, you'll want her and I'll want her. "When?" he asked.

"Today," Martin said. "This afternoon I'm sending the boys over to get Burden. They'll hold him for me until I get there."

"When are you coming over?"

"I'll be crossing the bridge after it gets dark. Me and Hennessy. We'll pick you up at your place."

So, he hadn't forgotten. Dennison really had not expected him to. "I'll be waiting," he said. . . .

When Dennison returned to town he

left his horse at the livery stable and started toward his office. Part way down the street, he saw Kinney. That was when the thought occurred to him. There was still a chance.

He halted Kinney. "Come into my office," he said. "There's something I want to talk to you about."

"Sure," the young Ranger said, and followed him.

SHORTLY after breakfast that morning Burden rode out of the Pass on an errand for Sim Baker. There was a prisoner at Fort Hancock who had to be picked up and brought to the Pass for the next court session; and Burden, eager to get off by himself for a time and try to think things out, volunteered to do the job.

He returned with the prisoner a little after sundown. It had been a long, tiring ride, and he still carried with him all the problems he had taken out of town. He had found no solutions.

He put the prisoner in the lockup, ate supper at the restaurant, and then started back toward the hotel. He had not gone far when he saw Laurie. Her face brightened when she saw him. "So you're back," she said. "We were beginning to worry. Did you leave Ian at the house?"

"Ian?" Burden was completely bewildered. "I haven't seen Ian since—Laurie, I forgot today was Saturday! I'll have to tell the boy I'm sorry." He saw the frightened look on her face. "What's the matter?"

"He went to the hotel about two," she said. "We were sure he was with you."

"He must be home by now," Burden said reassuringly. "Let's go and see." He took her arm and they walked to Mrs. Kidder's.

Magoffin met them at the door. "Ian wasn't with Clay, David," Laurie said.

Magoffin grasped Burden's shoulder. "You mean you don't know where he is, Burden?"

"We'll find him," Burden said. "If we have to, we'll get a search party out. But first I'll ride out where we went last week."

"Thank you," Magoffin said. He was calmer now. "Meanwhile, I'll start inquiring about town."

Burden hurried to the livery stable. His own horse was in no shape, even for a short ride, and he took another. He went far beyond the place where he and Ian had practiced roping the week before, but he found no sign of the boy.

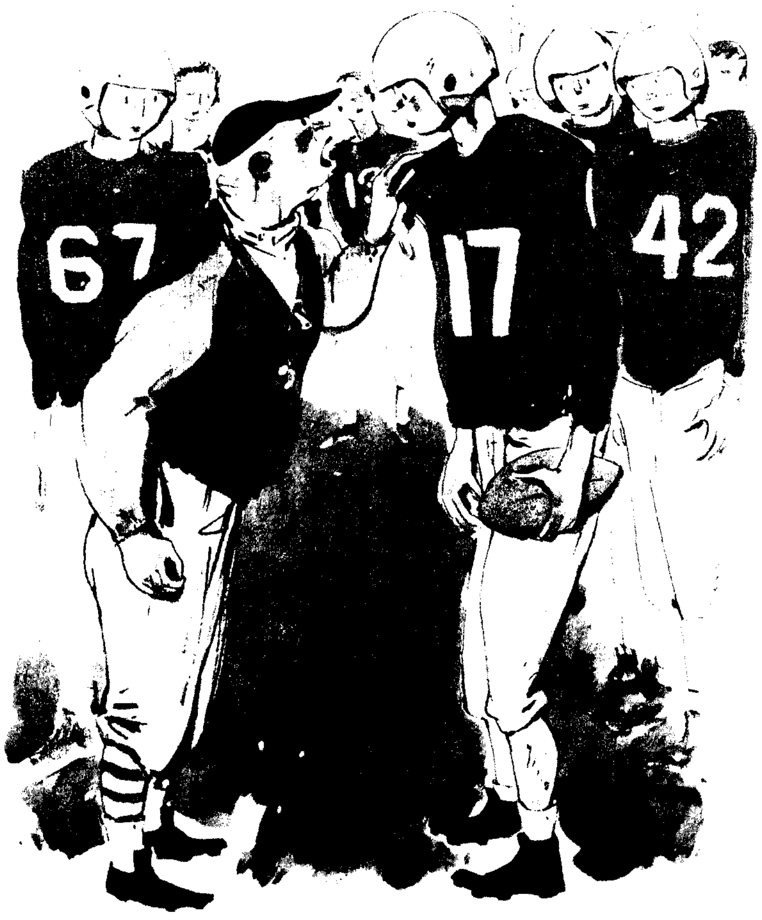
He rode back to town and went directly to the sheriff's office. About thirty men were gathered there. Magoffin emerged from the group and his eyes sought Burden's.

Burden said, "No luck."

Magoffin's shoulders slumped a little and then he straightened them. "Thank you, Burden."

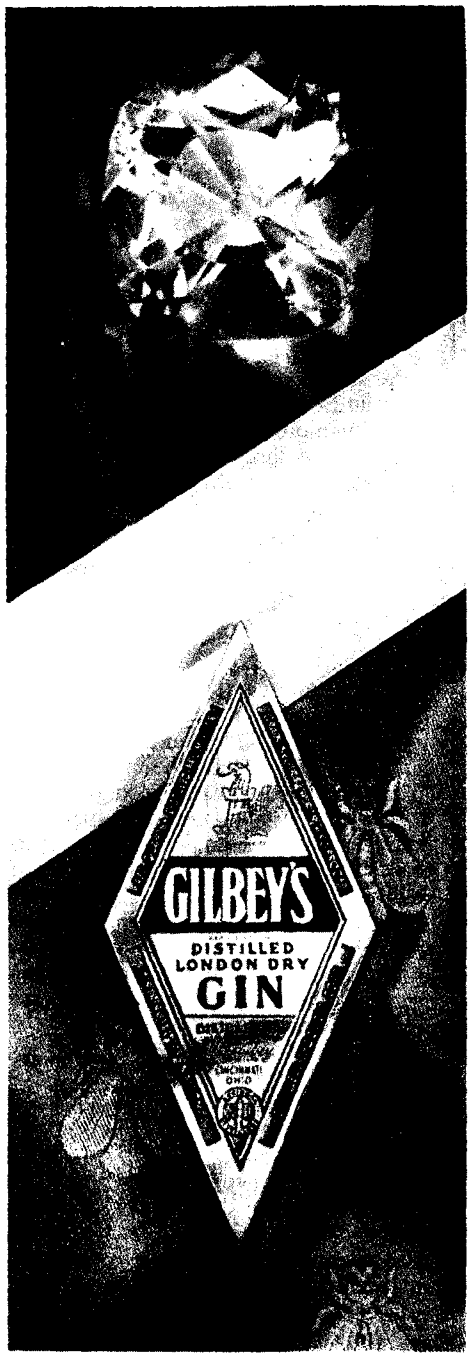
BAKER signaled for silence. "We'll break up into groups of a half dozen," he said. "That way, we can cover more ground. Each group will pick a different spot. Three shots means the boy's been found. You fellows get your horses and we'll all meet here in about ten minutes. Round up anyone else you can."

The group dispersed and finally only Burden, Baker and Magoffin were



"You just don't have athletic ability, Jenkins. The best you can hope to get out of your four years of college is an education"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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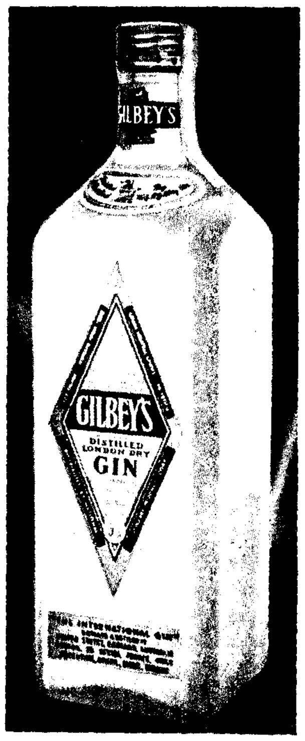

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left. Burden said, "Seen Kinney? He's a good man on the trail."

"No," Baker said. "Haven't seen him all afternoon."

"Probably at the High-Low," Burden said, "or in his room. I'll look both places. See you here later."

But Kinney was not at the saloon nor in his room at the hotel, and Burden decided to go on without him.

HE WENT upstairs to his own room, opened his door and walked inside. Someone closed the door behind him and someone else brought a gun butt down on the side of his face. Burden tried to throw himself to the side, but a pair of hands caught him, pinning his arms. "Got him, Lew," the man holding him said.

Burden brought his head up hard and butted the man just beneath the chin. The grip on his arms broke. Now Burden had his gun out, but the second man had leaped on him and his weight threw Burden to the floor. The gun fell from his hand and was pinned beneath his body. He had one hand free and he used it to club the man off him. The two wrestled for an instant.

A voice, the same one that had spoken earlier, said, "Break loose, Lew. I'm going to use my gun. The hell with what Martin said."

The two men were on their feet now, and Burden had an arm lock on the man called Lew. He used all the pressure of which he was capable and the man grew perceptibly weaker.

The other man cried, "Let him go, Lew!"

Burden stepped on something, realized it was his gun. He spun Lew about, using him as a shield, and reached down and picked up the gun. He brought the gun down hard on Lew's temple.

The other man brought his gun up, maneuvering for a shot. Burden hurled Lew's dead weight against him, and the man misfired. The bullet missed Burden by inches.

Burden fired almost with the flash and the man lurched forward. He fired again and the man fell. Burden kicked the gun out of his hand. He lighted a match then and removed Lew's gun, placing it inside his own belt. He recognized Lew as one of the men he had seen the night before with Hennessy at Mosca Azul. Well, that figured.

Burden heard steps running down the hallway and turned, his gun ready. Then he saw it was the desk clerk and the bartender. He said, "Couple of fellows tried to bushwhack me."

He lighted the lamp and that was when he saw the small figure on the bed. Ian lay there, his hands and feet tied with his own rope, and a bandanna was stuck in his mouth.

BURDEN quickly freed the boy. There were black-and-blue marks on Ian's face. His lips were puffed and a streak of dried blood ran down the corner of his mouth. "They didn't believe me when I told them I didn't know where you were," he said. His voice was weak but steady.

Burden found his handkerchief and wiped away the blood from the boy's face. "Go fire the signal," he said to the clerk. "I'll take Ian home."

The bartender said, "The dead one is Ham Lykes. The other one's Lew Odell." He was bending over Odell. "They're Rice Martin's hands."

Outside, three shots rang loudly in the night. Ian jerked in Burden's arms. "What's that, sir?"

"The signal you've been found. The whole Pass is out looking for you."

"I'm sorry I caused trouble, sir."

"You didn't, Ian." Burden was sure of that, bitterly sure. He knew who had caused the trouble.

He left the bartender to cope with the two men—one dead and the other unconscious—and carried Ian out to the street, where the clerk had a team and buggy waiting. "The search party only started off a couple of minutes ago," the clerk said. "Won't take long for all of them to get back."

Burden held the boy in his arms during the short ride. When the team stopped at Mrs. Kidder's, Laurie ran to the street. She saw the boy and her eyes went to Burden. "Is he all right?"

"He's fine," Burden said. "Tired and hungry and a little marked up, but he's all right." He lowered Ian into her arms and watched as she held him close. He got down and walked into the house with her.

"Where did you find him?" she asked.

"In my room." He did not hide his hurt. "He must have walked in on some fellows who were waiting there to ambush me. Then they wouldn't let him go."

She said, "You carry death with you, Clay."

Dr. Magoffin met them at the door. "You're all right, son! You're all right!" he cried. There was no harshness in him now. He didn't even mind the tears. His arms went about the boy.

A rider pulled up outside the house and shouted, "Burden, you better get over to the railroad bridge. Sim Baker wants you. All hell's busted loose!"

DENNISON and Kinney lay half-hidden beside the railroad bridge in a patch of cover. They had been waiting here more than two hours. Kinney said, "You're sure he's coming over?"

"I'm sure," Dennison said.

Kinney chuckled. "This'll sure be one on Burden. He's been after Martin all this time and I'm the one who gets him."

Dennison pulled a flask from his pocket and took a quick drink. "It won't be easy," he said. "They're both fast."

"I'm fast too," Kinney said. He paused, squinting at Dennison in the dark. "You never did tell me why he's coming over."

"To see his wife. She won't go to see him, so he's coming over to see her." That was close enough to the truth, Dennison thought.

"That blonde his wife?"

"Yes."

"I'd go looking for her myself. You know her?"

"I know her," Dennison said. Yes, he knew her all right. And, because he did, Kinney was lying in ambush now, waiting for Martin. Because he knew her, Dennison was using Kinney to prove to Fern Martin that he was more of a man than she believed him to be.

Dennison felt the sweat rolling down his neck. He was sure this wasn't going to work out. It had been a crazy idea from the start. He said, "Maybe he changed his mind. What say we—"

Kinney's upraised hand halted the words. "Shh," he said. "They're coming."

Dennison didn't want to believe him, but he heard the hoofbeats too. He whispered, "Get your gun ready." His own was in his sweaty hand.

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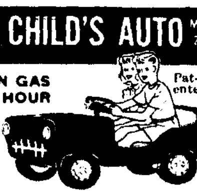

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at the far end of the bridge. Dennison steadied his gun. Then he cursed, silently and hopelessly, for he saw that Hennessy was coming first. Martin was taking no chances.

The two men were almost across the bridge. Dennison said, "Now." In the next moment his gun sounded and sounded again. Kinney was shooting too.

Streaks of flame answered from only yards away. Dennison heard Kinney moan, then saw him pitch forward and lie motionless. Dennison turned and started to run. Two bullets whistled past him and he fell to the ground and crawled and then got to his feet and ran again.

Martin rode down off the bridge. He approached the man on the ground warily and then saw that he was still. Hennessy came up beside Martin. He was slumped forward in his saddle, clutching his side. "That was Dennison," he said haltingly. "I saw him in the light when he was running."

Martin said, "It had to be Dennison. He's the only one knew I was coming over tonight."

Hennessy said, "Rice, I—" Then he fell sideways out of the saddle onto the ground, his body resting beside Kinney's.

Martin hesitated for an instant. Dennison, he thought. Dennison of all people. There must be, there could be, only one reason: Fern.

He heard the sound of men and horses coming toward him. He raced his horse away into the darkness.

BURDEN halted his horse outside the circle of flickering torches. He dismounted and made his way toward the foot of the bridge, where he saw Baker, kneeling on the ground. When he reached Baker, he looked down at the two faces, greenish in the wavering, smoky light.

Briefly, Baker told Burden what had happened. One of the groups in the search party for Ian Magoffin had heard the shots and rushed to the bridge. They had arrived just in time to see Dennison scurrying away, and then Rice Martin's quick departure. "Kinney must have been waiting with Dennison, to try to ambush Martin and Hennessy," Baker concluded. "Kinney and Hennessy were both dead when I got there." He paused for a moment and then said, "I gather you found the Magoffin boy."

Burden nodded. "Yes." He was looking at Kinney's face. His second victim tonight. First Ian Magoffin's attacker and now Kinney. Laurie had certainly put her finger on it. He carried death with him.

A wagon rolled up and a man called out: "Hey, Sim! Rice Martin's just tore up half the town. He's on the prowl for George Dennison."

"How long ago?" Burden demanded.

"He was still there when I took off."

Burden strode off, and Baker shouted, "Clay! Where in hell do you think you're going?"

Burden got to his horse, jumped into the saddle and dug in his spurs. He heard the shouting behind him but he paid no attention.

RICE MARTIN headed for Dennison's place when he reached town. There were no lights in the building. He shot off the lock and went inside. There was no one in the room.

Martin picked up a chair and crashed it to the ground. He kicked over Dennison's desk and then removed the drawers and emptied them on the floor. He went to the closet and took what was in it and threw that on the floor too.

Then he turned a kerosene lamp upside down over Dennison's piled-up belongings, and struck a match.

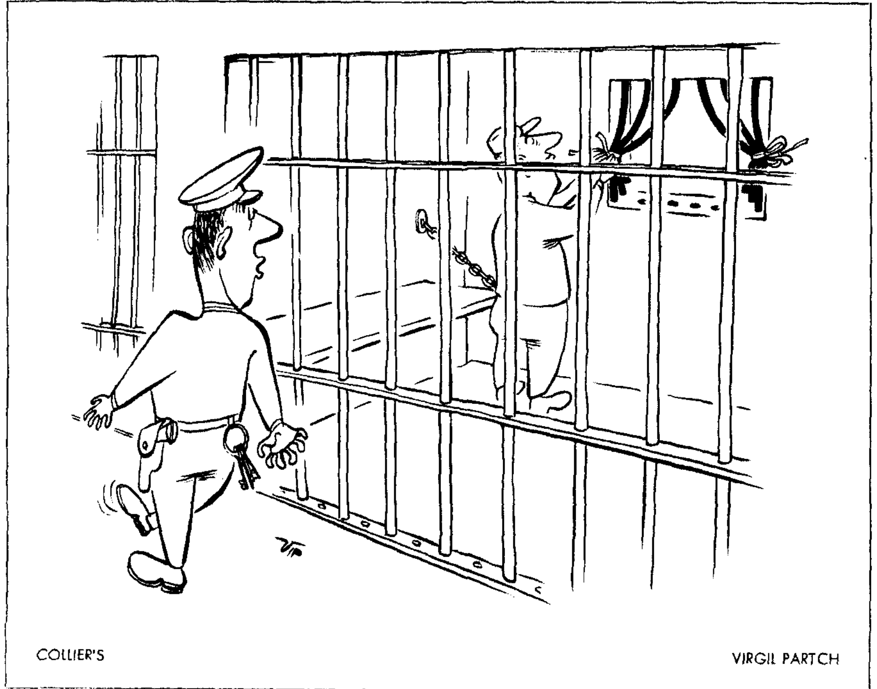
He headed next for the Cross Bar. That was where he'd find them. Dennison and Fern came first. Burden could wait.

He neared the Cross Bar and he slowed his horse. No need to serve warning that he was on his way. He came as close as he dared and got off the horse and tied it to a tree. He got out his gun and reloaded it—six cartridges this time. Then he began to move forward in the darkness.

He entered the house through the kitchen and then, taking off his spurs, he walked very quietly toward the front parlor. He could hear their voices now: Fern's and Dennison's.

ONCE the shots on the railroad bridge had ceased, Dennison's panic left him and he began to plan his escape. He knew he could not stay in the Pass and live. He went to his office, got all the money out of his strongbox, and then headed for the Cross Bar. He had to get Fern to come with him. If she stayed, Martin would kill her.

He found her sitting in the front par-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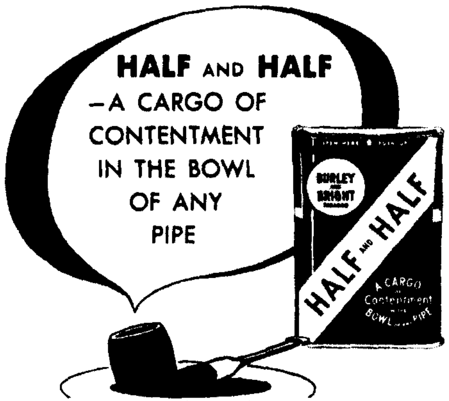
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lor—just sitting. She hardly looked up as he came into the room. "We've got to get out of here," he said. "Rice is on his way."

"He was bound to come," she said indifferently.

"Don't you understand?" He raised his voice, as though that might help her understand. "You've got to come with me."

"I'm not running away. There's no place to run to. Besides, I'm past being afraid." She sighed.

Dennison had never before considered the fact that you could be past being afraid, that there really was nothing worse that could happen to you than had already happened. He said, "I think I'll stay too, Fern. Without you, there's really nothing for me to run to."

She said, "It's late for you to turn hero, George. I'm not asking you to die for me."

"No," he said. "It's my own idea." He smiled at her. "A man likes to think well of himself at least once in his life, Fern. I think this is my last chance." He reloaded his gun. "We can still try to get away if you'd like," he said.

She shook her head. "It's like everything else. Too late."

"I suppose it is," he said. He put his arms around her and kissed her lightly and then let her go. "I better get ready," he said. He looked around. "There should be someplace I could hide, someplace where I might be able to get in the first shot—"

That was when Martin's voice knifed into the room: "It's too late, Dennison. There's no place for you to hide."

DENNISON whirled and fired in the direction of Martin's voice. He pressed the trigger twice and then shots echoed back at him, again and again. He fell to the floor and the gun slipped from his hand.

Martin came into the room and walked to where Dennison lay. "He was a better man than you," Fern said.

Martin turned and looked at her. "I'm going to kill you, too," he said. "First, though, I'm going to get the name of every man you've let near you. Every damned one."

"No," she said tiredly. "I don't think I'll tell you. I'd rather that every time you saw a man, you'd wonder if—"

His fist lashed out and hit her on the side of the face. She fell back against the wall. "You'll tell me," he said. "Before I'm through with you, you'll tell me."

Again he hit her, and this time she fell to the floor. He stood over her and shouted, "Who were they? Who were they?" When she did not answer, he pulled her to her feet and, holding her with one hand, he slapped her face. "Tell me!"

"No." The word was barely audible.

He felt her grow limp and he stood holding her helplessly, his fury dead. "You made me do it," he said bitterly. He picked her up and carried her to a chair.

The room was so still that the sound of a horse approaching was very loud. Martin whirled and ran to the window and looked out. A great joy filled him. This was better than he could have hoped.

BURDEN heard the sound of the shots at the Cross Bar, and urged his horse forward. That must be Martin. He wondered at whom he was shooting. Dennison, probably—or Fern.

In a little while, Martin would be shooting at him and he would be shooting at Martin. This was the way it had to end, with one or the other of them dead. So many others had already died because of them. And now Fern was probably dead too.

At the house he dismounted and ran up the three steps to the porch. The door opened to his touch. Then he was inside.

"You saved me looking for you, Burden," Martin said.

Burden threw himself to the floor. A shot sounded and a bullet ricocheted from the wall above him. He waited for Martin's next shot, but there was only a click, as the hammer came down on an empty cartridge. Then a second click and a third one. Burden leaped to his feet, and Martin threw himself at him.

They fell to the floor together and Burden lost his gun. Martin's hands were at his throat and he punched away at Martin's face. He found the strength to throw Martin off him.

When he tried to stand, Martin pulled him down again and they rolled on the floor. Burden dug his fists into Martin's body and forced Martin to break. This time, Burden got to his feet. As Martin started to rise, Burden kicked him on the side of the head and then leaped on him.

Martin brought his thumbs around and pressed them into Burden's windpipe. Burden clawed at Martin's eyes and Martin had to let go his hold on Burden's throat.

Again they rolled free of each other and got to their feet. Martin made a

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By WALT GROVE

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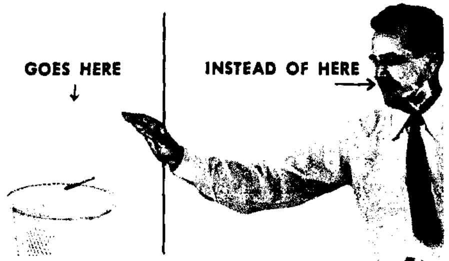

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rush for Burden and Burden hit him in the face with his fist. Martin got inside Burden's guard and threw him to the floor again.

They rolled over and over, with Martin temporarily holding the advantage. Burden flipped Martin over and threw a right, with all his strength, into Martin's face. He felt the flesh and bone give beneath the punch. He punched again and again, until he felt Martin grow limp beneath him.

Burden got up slowly. His knees were weak and he had to use the wall to support himself. He heard a voice say, "Is he dead?"

He turned and saw Fern. She was sitting in the chair, her face a stranger's face. Blood and pain had altered it. He said, "No."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

He shook his head. "It's too late. I came here to kill him, but I can't now."

She lifted herself from the chair and walked toward him. "I knew you never would," she said.

"How many do we have to kill?" he asked. "Aren't there enough dead because of us?"

She turned away from him, without speaking, and went to where Dennison lay. She got down on her knees and wiped the blood off his face with her dress. Then she straightened his coat. She found the gun beneath his body. She picked it up and got to her feet, her back to Burden. "He has to die," she said. "You know that."

"No," he said. "Someplace there has to be an end." He raised his head. "Someone's coming." He looked out into the beginning of the dawn and saw Baker and a dozen others riding into the corral.

He turned back to Fern. She was standing over Martin, the gun in her hand. Burden made a leap toward her, but he was too late. "I killed the one you couldn't," she said. "I'm harder than you are."

That was when Baker and the others burst into the room.

BURDEN was looking out the window of the sheriff's office when a train whistle sounded. Baker joined him at the window. "Well," Baker said, "It was quick. She didn't need that expensive lawyer. No jury would ever have convicted her."

"I suppose not," Burden said. "I hear she's going to Austin."

"That's what I heard too."

Burden walked away from the window. "Time for me to be moving too, Sim."

"Where you going?"

"I don't know. Arizona, maybe, or Montana. I'll just keep going until I stop." He unpinned his star. "I won't be using this any more, Sim." He dropped the badge on Baker's desk.

Baker came away from the window. "Sit down a minute, Clay."

Burden eased into a chair. "I've got lots of time."

Baker picked up the badge and held it in his hand. "The citizens of the Pass have got law here now. They bought it dirt cheap. You're the one paid the biggest price."

"I was hired to do some killing, remember? I delivered almost to the end. And then I didn't."

"You never told me why, Clay."

Burden's face wore a twisted smile. "Maybe I don't know."

"*I* know," Baker said. "There's always that one killing too many—the one that makes you *want* to kill. I thought you'd reached that point, but I was wrong. I'm kind of glad."

Burden got up. "There's nothing more to say, I guess." He extended his hand. "Good luck, Sim."

"Good luck," Baker said.

He held the badge in his hand long after Burden was gone. The law had come to the people of the Pass, as he had told Burden. It was theirs to keep if they wanted it. It was up to them. Law was a funny thing. There was the law that applied outside yourself and the law that applied inside yourself. He wished he'd been able to say that to Burden, to say he was glad Burden had learned about the other kind, the inside kind. Then he decided there was no reason for saying it: he was sure Burden knew it. . . .

Burden went to the hotel and got together his belongings. He would be taking away with him no more, and no less, than he had brought to the Pass. The change was only in him.

He had come to the Pass to accomplish a job. He had known that a man must die before the job was done. The man was dead. But he hadn't been the one to kill Rice Martin and, even now, he could not be sure why.

He finished his packing and was getting ready to go when there was a knock on his door. Automatically, as he called, "Who's there?" his hands went to his guns.

"It's me, sir. Ian Magoffin."

"Come in."

The door opened and Ian came in. Laurie walked in behind him. "We came to say good-by, sir," Ian said. "Mr. Baker told us you were going."

Burden looked at the boy's face. There were no marks on it. He supposed the day would come when the boy wouldn't even remember what had happened. "That's mighty nice of you, Ian. Thank you." He shook hands with the boy and turned away quickly. He was afraid Ian's tears might be reflected in his own eyes.

Ian turned and ran from the room, and Burden looked at Laurie. "Did you come to say good-by too?"

"And good luck," she said. She came to him and kissed his cheek. "I'm glad I loved you once, Clay."

"Good luck to you, Laurie. Maybe, if I'd known how to love back, it might have been different."

"Do you know now?"

"Yes," he said.

"I think," she said, "that's why you couldn't kill Rice Martin." She dropped her hand on his shoulder. "She's going to need someone, Clay—someone who loves her. That train for Austin will be leaving soon."

"Do you think I should take it?"

"If I were you, I would. Good-by, Clay," she said and walked from the room.

HE PICKED up his saddlebags, walked downstairs and out of the hotel. It wasn't far to the railroad station and he got there in plenty of time.

He was sitting in the coach when Fern came in. She stopped where she was and stared at him and blinked her eyes. He got up and walked to her. "I saved you a seat," he said.

"Just for the ride?"

"No," he said. "For good."

"I think I'll take it," she said.

—LEO KATCHER

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By **DAVID DODGE**

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A second group of Americans is just now making plans for a visit to Europe. These holiday-makers are the ones who will get the bargains.

From fall through spring, European tourist centers knock down their prices and offer other special attractions to visitors from our side of the Atlantic. During the same period, the major scheduled airlines hold out reduced-fare opportunities that are too good to miss. As of October 1st, a new 15-day excursion round-trip fare between New York and European cities was offered by all members of the International Air Transport Association, an organization of all the major passenger carriers flying transatlantic schedules. This ticket, $97 cheaper than the regular tourist-class round trip to all European points, and a year-round feature, is a nice deal for anyone who can cram a European vacation into 17 days, New York to New York.

An even better deal for the breadwinner with more time to spare and two or three curlyheaded income-tax exemptions yearning to go along on the trip is the so-called family-plan reduction, available from the first of November through March. Under this plan, the head of the family pays the regular tourist round-trip fare, while his wife and all children aged twelve to twenty-five win a $200 reduction in the price of the same class of ticket. (While children under twelve win no particular benefit from the family plan, they travel for half the regular fare at all times—and children under two travel at one tenth the full fare.)

Transatlantic steamer lines also offer off-season reductions, and over a longer period of the year.

Of even more importance to the out-of-season vacationer than the lowering of transatlantic transportation costs are the material reductions in his daily European living and travel expenses that result when the summer's high-pressure competition for accommodations is over. Hotels offer bed and board in the lowest brackets of their price ranges; automobile rental costs are down; advance reservations are rarely necessary; service standards are higher, the traveler's reception is warmer, and the weather, by and large, is an improvement over the heat of the summer. (Last winter was the worst Europe has suffered for 250 years, but it was preceded by balmy, beautiful days right up through Christmas—and that was more nearly normal.)

Of course, no one can tell you with absolute accuracy the amount you, personally, will spend after you get to Europe. But basic living costs, including a reasonable amount of sight-seeing, can be held to about $30 a day for four in the costlier European areas (France, Switzerland and Belgium), around $24 daily in the least expensive countries (Spain and Austria) and in the neighborhood of $26 to $28 elsewhere. If these figures seem surprisingly low, bear in mind that the dollar has lost less of its value abroad than it has at home. And $24 to $30 isn't *all* you'll spend. It's bedrock. Theater admissions, souvenirs and the like are extra.

One more tip: it's just about as inexpensive to travel as to stay in one place. Living costs are higher in the metropolises, so that the man on the move realizes a saving in hotel bills which he can spend for a second-class ticket on Europe's excellent train system or an inexpensive seat on any of its fine modern bus lines. Family groups with the time and funds to invest in the rental or purchase of a small European car will find this mode of travel enjoyable and economical.

And on the following pages are just a few examples of the attractions—many of them free, and others at prices which the most doggedly summer-minded vacationer will find hard to resist—that the off season offers to American visitors in, or by way of, 11 of Europe's gateway cities.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIK BLEGVAD

continued on page 76

Basic daily living
for four, off season

$30

26

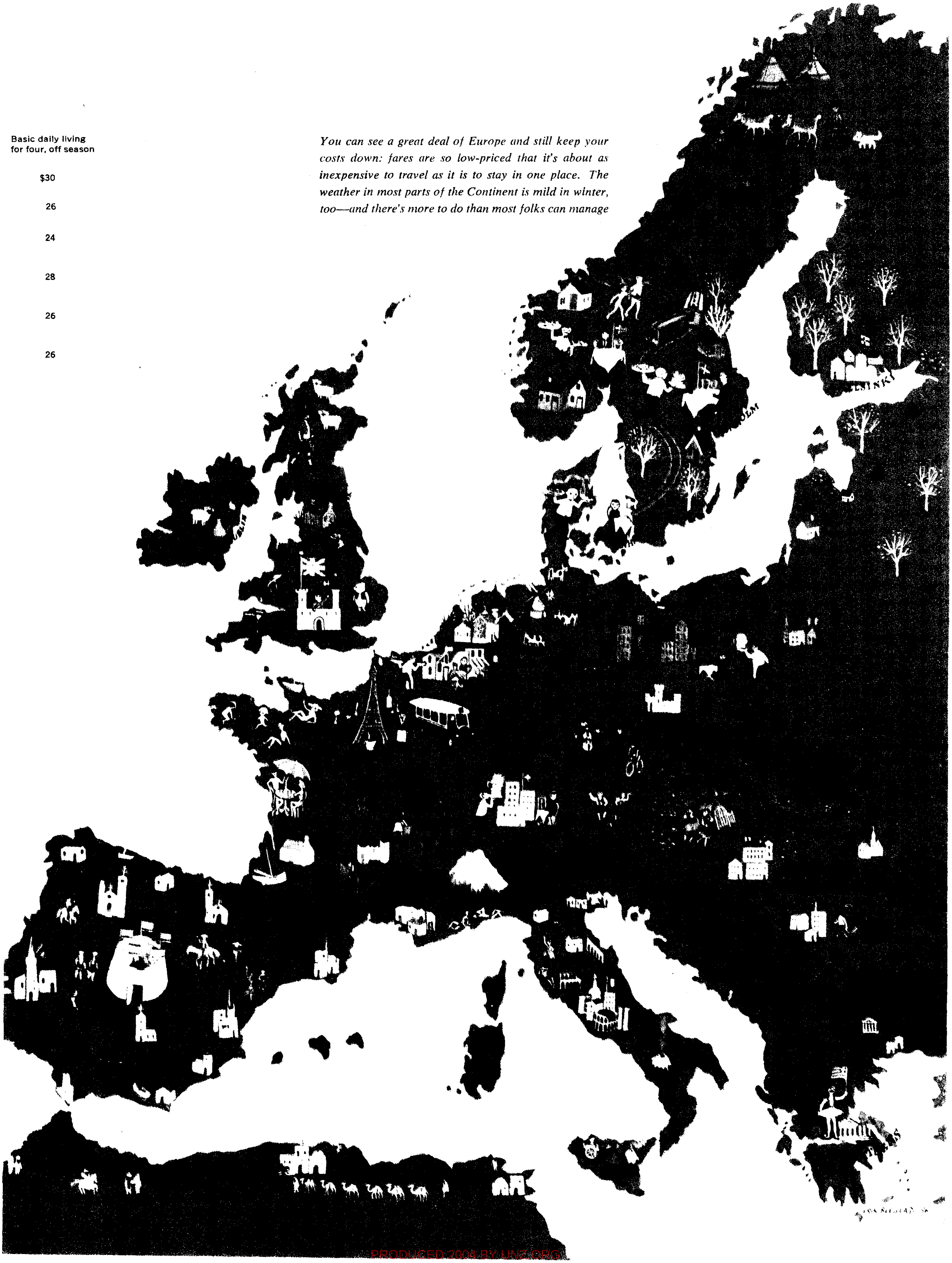
24

28

26

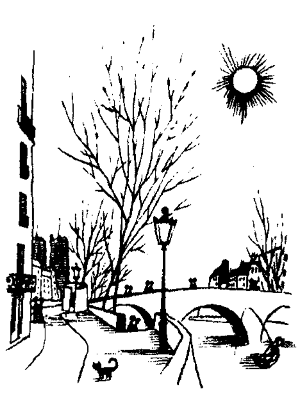
26

You can see a great deal of Europe and still keep your costs down: fares are so low-priced that it's about as inexpensive to travel as it is to stay in one place. The weather in most parts of the Continent is mild in winter, too—and there's more to do than most folks can manage



continued from page 74

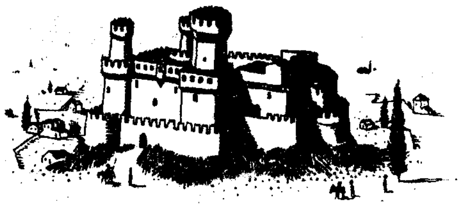
ROME: Italy's Eternal City is one metropolis that drowses during the heat of summer and wakes up when an autumnal nip comes into the air. The same is true of Venice. The season for Italian opera, the finest in the world, begins at Christmas in Rome, earlier in other cities, and lasts until spring. Sun worshipers will find the Ligurian Riviera—200 miles of sunshine, sea food and sand—a semitropical paradise under its protective snow-capped peaks, with prices well down from seasonal highs. Even more of a bargain is Sicily, where you can swim in the blue Ionian Sea off Taormina, one of the true beauty spots of the world, in midwinter, then drive up the mountainside through groves of orange and lemon trees to ski on the hoary slopes of old Etna a few hours later. The Italian Lake Country during the fall change of colors is beautiful, and Florence's spring festival of plays, concerts and ballets brings talent from all over the world. Some of the best winter hunting in Europe can be found on Sardinia, an unspoiled island paradise where you can live in a former palace, now an inn, for $5 a day, all meals included, while enjoying weather that makes the calendar a joke.



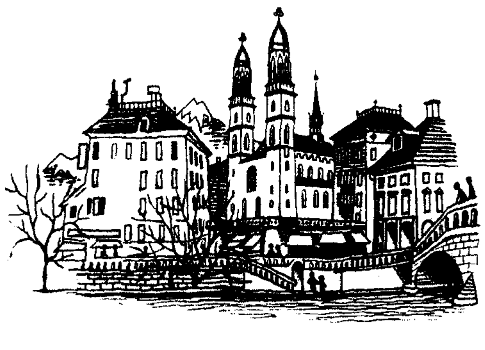
PARIS: Queen of all capitals, Paris is at its gayest in fall and winter. Opera, ballet, theater and concert seasons begin in the autumn and continue through spring, with the Théâtre National Populaire charging a top price of about $1, other legitimate houses around $2.50, the world-famous Folies Bergère about twice that much. New fashions are shown in the ateliers of the famous *couturiers,* new extravaganzas in the glittering night clubs, new displays in the many magnificent art museums. With the tourist season past and no competition for the waiter's attention, you laze at a Montmartre café with your coffee and cognac, sniff the rich, warm smell of roasting chestnuts that perfumes Paris when the leaves change color, and consider the relative delights of spending Christmas in the lovely City of Light or on the balmy Côte d'Azur, two easy days' drive to the south: Cannes, Antibes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Menton. Board and room in a clean family pension in a resort as fashionable as Cannes costs as little as $5 a day—that's superb French cooking, too—and a two-hour drive back into the coastal hills will take you to beautiful little ski resorts that charge from $4 to $6 a day for everything. Winter sports, hunting, fishing, golf, tennis, horse racing, auto racing, theater, music, art, good food, good wine, good climate, good living—you name it. France has everything. Monaco, Corsica and the Saar all use the same currency and offer the same off-season price reductions. (Incidentally, due to international conditions, if you trade your American money for French *before* you leave the States, you may get a special—and perfectly legal—discount, at least this fall.)

LONDON: It's not only the metropolis of the world, but it offers more for the English-speaking visitor to enjoy off season at economy levels than any other city in existence. Fall and winter are the theatrical season; everything from Shakespeare to girl shows is on the boards, at prices to stun an American theatergoer. The famous Old Vic charges $1.70 top, best seats at other theaters run to about $2.50, good gallery seats go for 35 cents, and there is never a waiting list for tickets. At Dublin's renowned Abbey Theater prices are even lower. If your tastes run more to the out of doors, fox hunting (visitors welcome as long as they can hang on) is strictly an off-season event, November through March. Two of London's greatest shows of pomp and pageantry still in existence, the State Opening of Parliament by the Queen and the Lord Mayor's Show (both free), take place in November. Scotland's moors are a glory of heather in fall, wonderful for shooting. The Grand National steeplechase at Aintree, most thrilling race of its kind in the world, is run in March, and in between those two events you can prowl London's magnificent museums, inspect the stately homes of England for a small fee, or run down to Devon or Cornwall for a peaceful, inexpensive and comfortable weekend in a country where your language is understood, your dollar goes a long way and you are a spiritual if not an actual cousin of the man who welcomes you.

MADRID: Spain and Portugal are among the least expensive European countries for Americans—especially outside the capitals—and among the most rewarding to visitors who travel by car. Both countries have systems of attractive roadside inns, including some modernized but delightfully picturesque castles or ancient palaces. The charge for room and full board in these colorful hostelries of Spain runs about $4 and up, a dollar or so less in Portugal, and small hotel-pensions in either country quote off-season rates as low as $2, everything in. Ski resorts high on the white slopes of the Pyrenees charge as little as $3, American plan, while sun worshipers will find the same attractive price levels on the ever-verdant Costa del Sol, the Andalusian seashore, and in the little-known, lovely Algarve of Portugal, where almonds bloom in February. The Canaries, the Balearics, Madeira, and São Miguel in the Azores provide year-round escapist Edens at prices that are fantastically low. Excellent hunting and fishing opportunities exist everywhere on the peninsula, while the sophisticate can gamble and rub elbows with royalty at the sun-drenched casino in Estoril, near Lisbon. Traditional Iberian entertainments—dancing, theater, even bullfights, in Barcelona, as late as November and as early as February—are offered at prices which are among Europe's lowest.



BRUSSELS: The capital of Belgium is one of the art cities of Europe, as well as a center of some of the gayest winter night life on the Continent. Festivities (the come-one, come-all variety) generally hit a peak before Christmas and hold over to the New Year, with the rat-a-tat-tat of popping champagne corks audible in nearby Luxembourg, a picturesquely battlemented smaller city which offers major price reductions to off-season visitors. Brugge, a medieval gem of ancient buildings and winding canals, is known as the Venice of the North and, like the Venice of the South, is at its lovely best in the autumn. So is Gent, another jewel of Flemish architecture. As in France, the fall ushers in theater, opera, ballet and concert seasons, at prices on a par with French prices. Brussels' Festival of Light, a magnificent display, lasts from early December to early January, and the famous Belgian museums, crammed with masterpieces of art, are open to visitors at all times. So are the fashionable casinos at Ostend and Knokke. Hotels in less popular resort centers charge off-season guests from $2.50 to $4 a day, meals included, and Belgian cooking takes a back seat to none. The Belgium-Luxembourg area offers charm and comfort at reduced prices during the time of year when the whole region is at its gay best.

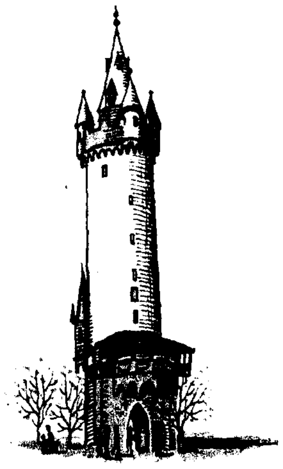


ZURICH: This delightful Old World city is an entry point to Liechtenstein, that tiny, too-little-known mountain Graustark, and the German-speaking end of Switzerland—just as beautiful Geneva on Lake Leman is an entry to the French end. The Swiss don't offer as many off-season reductions as most other vacation areas, but they don't have to: Switzerland gives solid value to the budget-minded traveler at all times. The Nation of Hotel Keepers knows its business: good beds, good service, good food, a train system that runs like one of the country's own fine watches, magnificent roads, incomparable scenery, plenty of accommodations. Swiss winter resorts are justifiably famous, as are the colorful Swiss autumnal Wine Harvest festivals. Sleigh-riding and a skating rink carved out of everlasting glacier ice are attractions of Jungfraujoch, high in the highest Alps, while Montreux, 10,000 feet lower in altitude, is a glory of narcissus in the spring. Small chalet-pensions take visitors at all-inclusive prices of from $5 to $8 a day. Switzerland isn't the cheapest country in Europe, but neither is it the most expensive. And it is one of the most beautiful.

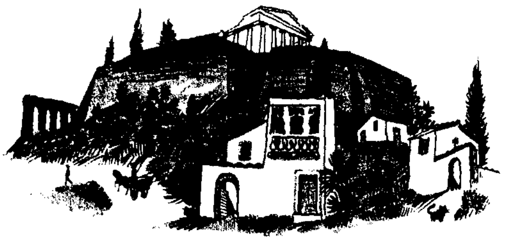
AMSTERDAM: Holland holds out excellent values to off-season visitors. The incomparably beautiful spring flower displays of the Leiden-Haarlem district, when 20,000 acres of hyacinths, daffodils and tulips burst into bloom, are famous the world over. October to May is the season of music and theater, when orchestras like the far-famed Concertgebouw of Amsterdam give popular concerts at admission prices ranging upward from 13 cents, and a good seat at the Royal Theater in The Hague costs about $1. Holland is too flat for skiing, but when the canals freeze it's a time for national holiday. Schools close, stores close, and everyone in the country straps on skates. There are costume balls, jumping contests, races—some up to 100 miles—all sorts of whoop-de-do on ice. Skating builds up the appetite, of course, but a bigger Dutch meal than you'd want to eat without the exercise costs about 70 cents. Three or four dollars a day at a good, small hotel pays for everything, American plan. And Americans have less trouble with the language in Holland than anywhere on the Continent: almost all the Dutchmen you meet—police, storekeepers and streetcar conductors included—speak English. They like Americans, too. They even built a statue of the wholly fictional little boy with his finger in the dike, so that they can show it to visitors who ask where the famous holding operation took place. That's Dutch hospitality for you.

VIENNA: Austria is still one of the bargain paradises of Europe for Americans, and far more festive during the low-cost, off-season months than during the summer. The attractions of Vienna during the fall, winter and spring are far too many to list, but representative prices are indicative of what the American visitor can expect when he gets there. One of the best opera houses in the world, the Viennese Staatsoper, charges $3.20 for the best seat in the place, with standing room at 24 cents. There are beautiful ski resorts, like Igls just above Innsbruck, where you can put up for as little as $3 a day. Many of Austria's enchanting and historic castles have been converted into boardinghouses, where guests are taken in at an average of $3 or $4, American plan, out of season. You can sit, sing and swizzle in an Austrian *Weinstube* all night for less than a dollar, and if you don't want to spend anything at all, Austria out of season offers more things to look at or listen to free than you can absorb in a lifetime: vintage festivals, harvest festivals, music festivals, public balls, dances and masques, Gothic beauty spots like Innsbruck and Salzburg to explore, scenery until it runs out of your ears. Some of the best-stocked game preserves in Europe are made available to visitors during the fall shooting season at ridiculously low prices, the fishing is wonderful throughout the country, and Vienna is one of those marvelous cities where you can't help having a good time, whatever your tastes.

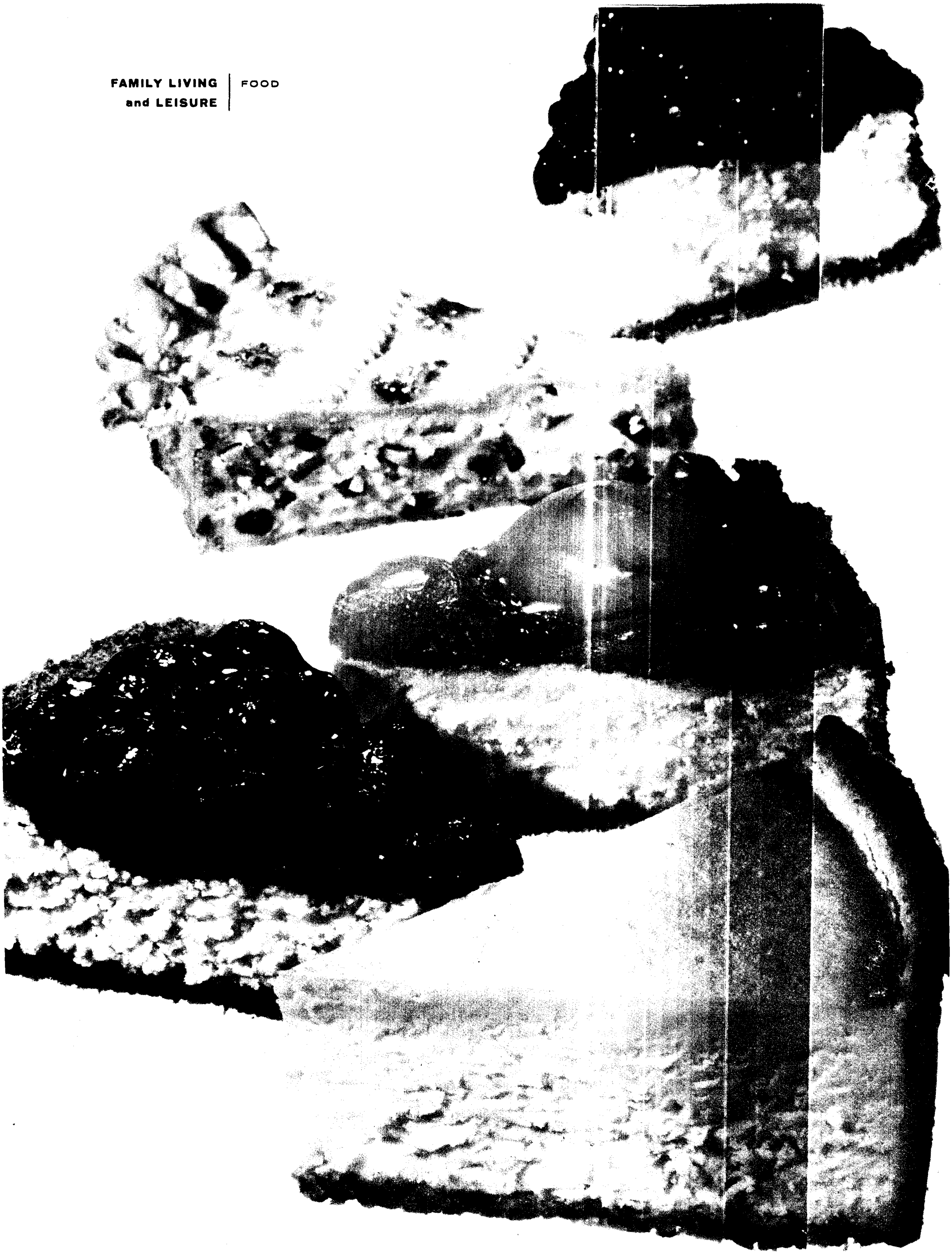
FRANKFURT: The real heart of Germany, the city that, for all its damage, still charms visitors most, is Berlin. Frankfurt remains a better gateway to West Germany, and Berlin can be easily reached from that point by air. Visitors to Berlin during the off-peak months will find theater, opera and concert seasons in full swing from November on, night clubs doing a thriving business, and the German government working hard to bring out-of-season prices down to competitive levels. Off-peak discounts run as high as 20 per cent in some German hotels and up to 50 per cent in theaters to holders of foreign passports. Garmisch, Germany's most famous and spectacular mountain resort, puts up guests for as little as $2 a day, room and board, and there is a string of incredibly magnificent ancient castles around the country, most with modern plumbing, where boarders are accepted, *Amerikanischer* plan, at comparable prices. Some of the castles are excellent bases for shooting trips during Germany's generally dry, mild fall. Harvest and vintage festivals, horse racing and fox hunting precede snowfall, which ushers in the traditional German Christmas festivities. You recover from these in time for *Fasching,* the enormously festive pre-Lenten celebration—balls, masques, parades, costume parties for days on end—and then spring bursts like a bomb and the flowers are in bloom everywhere around you. Germany is a hard country to leave when your holiday is over.



STOCKHOLM: Sweden's capital is a central gateway for the four Scandinavian countries, although Helsinki, Oslo and Copenhagen are served equally well by transatlantic carriers. Off-season price reductions vary from country to country. So do thermometer readings, but visitors needn't worry about polar temperatures. In Helsinki, the average January temperature is higher than that of Portland, Maine, or Chicago. And there is plenty to enjoy in Scandinavia during off-peak months. The first week of March brings 100,000 people annually to Oslo to see the famed Holmenkollen Ski Jump, where world records are broken as a matter of course. If you'd rather ski than watch, $3 and up a day will pay the tab at the less ritzy Norwegian winter resorts. (Another off-season delight in Scandinavia is Danish oysters, barred to summer visitors during the months without an R.) The Danish Royal Ballet is in full swing in Copenhagen—seats, 50 cents to $3, while tickets to the symphony cost $1 and $1.50, and the city jumps from fall to spring with some of the most festive, and inexpensive, night life in all of Europe. Stockholm is more dignified, with its own Royal Ballet and Royal Dramatic Theater, and the solemn pageantry of the opening of Parliament in January. All of Scandinavia's cities are clean and attractive, and there's another feature that appeals to travelers, too. Sweden and Denmark both have national "At Home" organizations to welcome foreigners into private homes as guests, and Americans are royally received. Like the Dutch, many Scandinavians speak English. You really *do* feel at home.



ATHENS: The Balkan area, which receives relatively little American tourist trade during the peak months, gets even less during off season. For that reason, off-season prices are low. On sun-drenched Corfu and Rhodes, classically beautiful Greek islands, full board starts at about $2 at small, clean pensions and runs up to $6 in the better hotels. The balmy, semitropical Dalmatian coast, Yugoslavia's land of eternal spring, offers accommodations in the same price bracket, and the mildest winter weather in the Adriatic, only hours away from magnificent Alpine ski slopes. Athens, where dramatic and musical performances are given in the magnificent open-air theater of Herodes Atticus, and Istanbul, spectacular crossroad of Europe and Asia, are both at their cosmopolitan best during the fall and spring. Wild-boar hunting in European Turkey begins in January, and hunting and fishing opportunities are unlimited in Yugoslavia from early fall onward, in some of the wildest and most picturesque mountain country of Europe. Greek, Turkish and Yugoslav harvest and vintage festivals are colorful survivals of Old World peasant tradition that only the out-of-season visitor to those areas is fortunate enough to witness, as he is to see the unforgettable beauty of the spring blossoming on the shores of the wine-dark Aegean. It isn't hard to understand why, in the Balkan area as in the rest of Europe, signs are that off-season travel is on the upsurge. THE END



To a man's taste—luscious cheesecake, coffee

THE TRUTH ABOUT Cheese

What's the real story behind this great dessert? Cheesecake is loaded with calories, and is expensive and time-taking to prepare—but it's been an outstanding hit since the earliest days of fine eating because of its rich, moist, solid goodness

One of the most noble desserts of all time, cheesecake boasts a lineage second to none. It is the oldest formal dessert in the world and the recorded favorite of Socrates, Lucullus, Apicius and a steady line of epicures from then on.

So great did its snob appeal become—and so elegant the art of baking cheesecakes—that the first families of the Roman world maintained special pastry cooks whose sole job was to treat the master to his favorite sweet.

Another bit of recorded history is not quite so sweet—the favorite revenge of Xanthippe, Socrates' bad-tempered wife, was to throw her husband's favorite cheesecake to the floor and stamp on it if they had a tiff around desserttime.

This is not neat but it has a lot more drama than heaving a sugar bowl.

The pet Greek recipe included honey, sesame flour, cottage cheese, eggs and a glaze of exotic fruits like the blueberry cheesecake shown at the top of opposite page. Following the course of history, the cheesecake moved right along with the Roman conquerors and it gained great popularity in the cheese-making centers of Holland, Switzerland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries, where cheesecakes and pies, with or without fruit glazes, were part of the earliest civilized dining.

Dutch settlers brought cheesecake to America and, in New York State where cottage cheese was the staple of every household, the cottage cheesecake was served at bountiful breakfasts of the patroon households.

Here are five superb recipes which Collier's has culled from nearly 20 centuries of cheesecake making—lush, moist, solid and very, very good.

PARTY CHEESECAKE

For cooky crust:

1 cup sifted flour
¼ cup sugar
⅓ cup butter
1 egg yolk
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour and sugar together. Make a well in center. Add butter, egg yolk and vanilla. Blend all the ingredients quickly with the hands, add a little water if necessary to hold dough together. Wrap in waxed paper and chill 1 hour.

Place ⅓ of dough on bottom of 9-inch spring form pan. Roll dough to cover bottom completely, trim off excess with knife. Bake at 400° F. for 10 minutes or until golden brown. Cool.

Lightly butter sides of pan and place over base. Roll out remaining dough in strips. Line sides of pan with cooky strips, pressing dough firmly against baked bottom crust.

For filling:

5 8-ounce packages cream cheese
1¾ cups sugar
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
5 eggs
2 egg yolks

Beat cheese until light and fluffy. Combine sugar, flour and salt and blend into cheese. Add vanilla, cream, lemon rind and orange rind. Beat eggs and egg yolks until just blended. Add slowly to cheese mixture, mixing thoroughly. Pour filling into lined pan. Bake at 500° F. for 12 minutes until cooky dough is golden brown. Reduce oven temperature to 200° F. and continue baking for 1 hour. Remove from oven and place on rack away from drafts until cool. Chill. Makes 12 servings.

ITALIAN CHEESECAKE

For crust:

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup butter
2 tablespoons dry sherry
1 teaspoon water

For filling:

1½ pounds ricotta cheese
⅓ cup toasted chopped almonds
1 tablespoon chopped citron
1 tablespoon diced candied orange peel
1 tablespoon diced candied cherries
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 eggs, slightly beaten
⅓ cup sugar

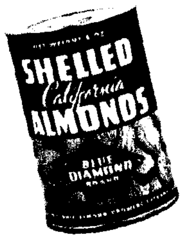
Sift flour and salt together. Cut in butter. Add sherry and water, stirring with a fork. Wrap in waxed paper and chill 1 hour. Mix ricotta cheese, almonds, citron, orange peel, cherries and vanilla. Combine eggs and sugar; then add to cheese mixture, stirring until blended. Roll ⅔ of dough between 2 floured sheets of waxed paper in a circle to fit a 9-inch loose-bottom cake pan or 10-inch pie plate. Fit rolled dough in pan. Fill with cheese mixture. Roll remaining dough and cut into ½-inch strips. Arrange strips in lattice pattern on top of filling. Crimp edges. Bake at 350° F. for 45 minutes or until lightly browned and crust is golden. Cool. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES VILES

Wonderful with Almonds!

"It's pure pleasure", say America's ice cream makers . . . and ice cream becomes a special treat when it's made with *golden bits of roasted almonds*. In fine ice cream, as in famous candies and bakery products, almonds add the final touch of good taste. Wonderful in and on the good things you cook and the best of the things you buy.

BLUE DIAMOND ALMONDS



For the smart homemaker . . .
California's famous Blue Diamond Almonds, in tins and cello packs.
Keep some on hand.

CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS EXCHANGE

THE TRUTH ABOUT Cheesecake continued

BASIC DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THE THREE FRUIT-GLAZED CHEESECAKES

For crumb crust: Combine 1½ cups finely crushed graham crackers or zwieback, ⅓ cup sugar and ⅓ cup melted butter. Press evenly on the sides and bottom of a lightly buttered 9-inch spring form pan. Bake at 350° for 10 minutes. Cool.

For cheese filling: Beat cheese until light and fluffy. Combine sugar, flour and salt and add to cheese. Add egg yolks, one at a time, mixing well after each addition. Stir in cream, lemon rind, lemon juice and vanilla. Fold in beaten egg whites.

Pour cheese mixture into crumb-lined pan. Bake at 325° for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Turn off heat. Leave cake in oven with door closed for 1 hour. Remove from oven and place on rack away from drafts until thoroughly cooled. Chill. Top with fruit glaze if desired. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

For fruit glaze: Combine sugar and cornstarch in small saucepan. Add water or fruit juice and crushed fruit, mixing well. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil, then simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add lemon juice and food coloring. Strain. Place remaining whole fruit on top of cheesecake. Pour sauce over fruit. Chill until glaze is set.

COTTAGE CHEESECAKE AND BLUEBERRY GLAZE

Cheesecake

3 8-oz. packages (3 cups) cream style cottage cheese, sieved
1 cup sugar
⅓ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks
¾ cup heavy cream
½ teaspoon grated lemond rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Blueberry Glaze

½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
⅓ cup water
1 pint blueberries
(crush enough berries to fill ½ cup)
1 teaspoon lemon juice

CREAM CHEESECAKE AND PEACH GLAZE

Cheesecake

6 3-oz. packages cream cheese
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks
1 cup heavy cream
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Peach Glaze

1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¾ cup peach sirup
1 No. 2 can peach halves, drained
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Orange food coloring, if desired

CHEESECAKE AND STRAWBERRY GLAZE

Cheesecake

1 pound (2 cups) pot cheese, sieved
1 8-oz. package cream cheese
1 cup sugar
⅓ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 egg yolks
¾ cup heavy cream
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Strawberry Glaze

½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ cup water
1 quart strawberries, fresh or frozen
(crush enough berries to fill ½ cup)
Red food coloring, if desired

DRIEST OF THE DRY. No mirage, but something very real, we present the *smart* martini. the Vodka Martini: *"The Martini with the Marvelous Taste."* It's sheer perfection . . . the driest, smoothest, most pleasing Dry Martini of them all.

The Recipe: Follow your usual procedure—make it any proportions you like—with one simple, but all-important difference: Use Smirnoff Vodka instead of gin.

it leaves you breathless . . .

® Smirnoff VODKA
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ELLIOTT FLAGG

Contents of the dead man's pocket

By JACK FINNEY

He was gambling his life for a piece of paper. If he lost, not even his wife would understand

At the little living-room desk Tom Benecke rolled two sheets of flimsy and a heavier top sheet, carbon paper sandwiched between them, into his portable. *Interoffice Memo,* the top sheet was headed, and he typed tomorrow's date just below this; then he glanced at a creased yellow sheet, covered with his own handwriting, beside the typewriter. "Hot in here," he muttered to himself. Then, from the short hallway at his back, he heard the muffled clang of wire coat hangers in the bedroom closet, and at this reminder of what his wife was doing he thought: Hot, hell—guilty conscience.

He got up, shoving his hands into the back pockets of his gray wash slacks, stepped to the living-room window beside the desk and stood breathing on the glass, watching the expanding circlet of mist, staring down through the autumn night at Lexington Avenue, eleven stories below. He was a tall, lean, dark-haired young man in a pullover sweater, who looked as though he had played not football, probably, but basketball in college. Now he placed the heels of his hands against the top edge of the lower window frame and shoved upward. But as usual the window didn't budge, and he had to lower his hands and then shoot them hard upward to jolt the window open a few inches. He dusted his hands, muttering.

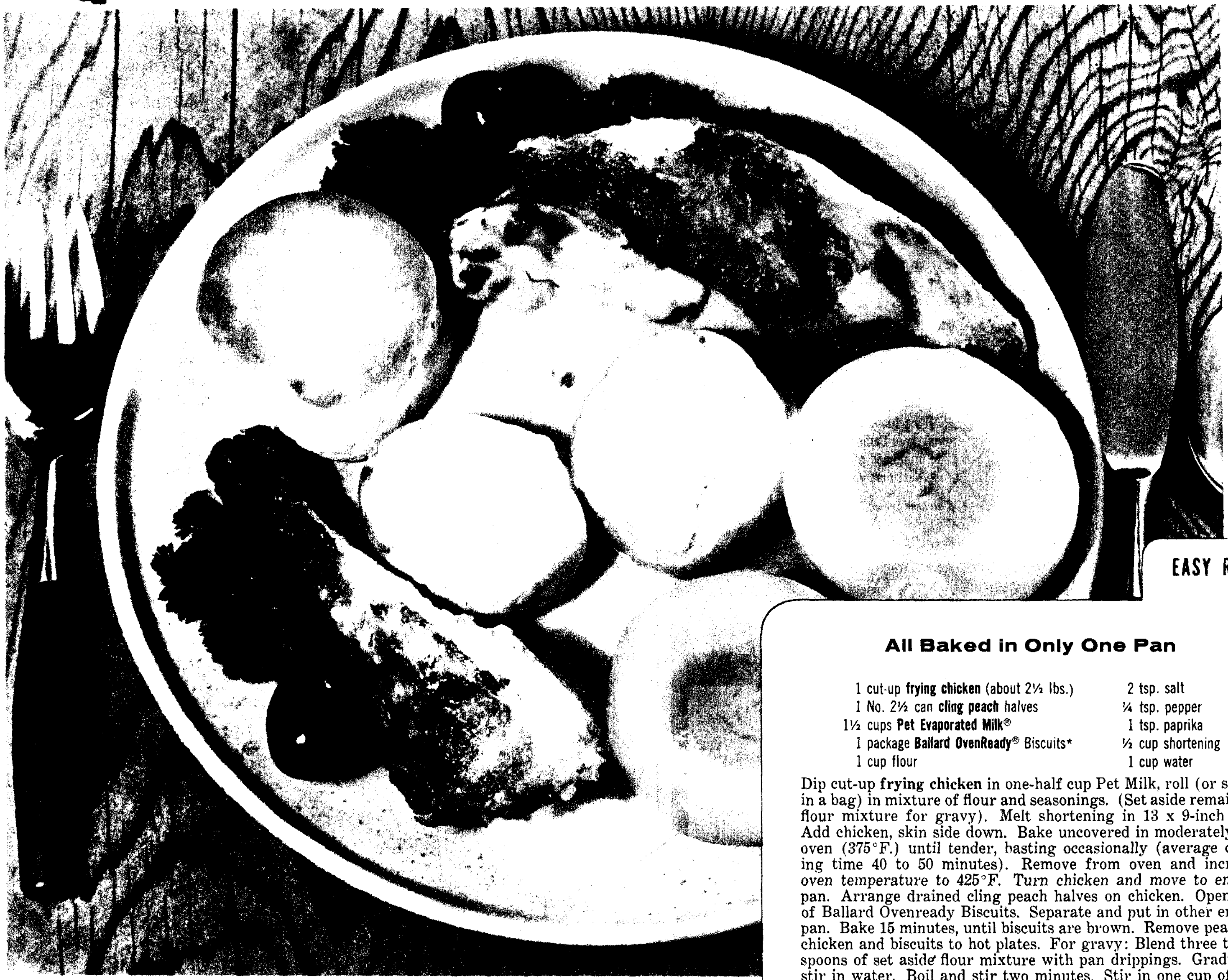
But still he didn't begin his work. He crossed the room to the hallway entrance and, leaning against the doorjamb, hands shoved into his back pockets again, he called, "Clare?" When his wife answered, he said, "Sure you don't mind going alone?"

"No." Her voice was muffled, and he knew her head and shoulders were in the bedroom closet. Then the tap of her high heels sounded on the wood floor and she appeared at the end of the little hallway, wearing a slip, both hands raised to one ear, clipping on an earring. She smiled at him—a slender, very pretty girl with light brown, almost blonde, hair—her prettiness emphasized by the pleasant nature that showed in her

He had made the mistake of looking down from the ledge to the street below. Now he was rigid, fighting terror

COME AND GET IT!

WESTERN RANCH DINNER



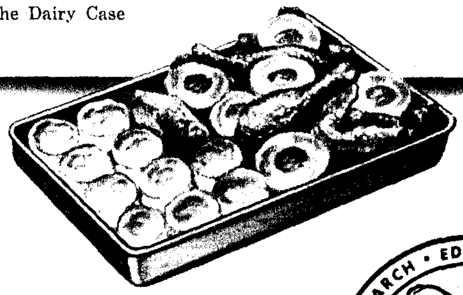
EASY RECIPE

All Baked in Only One Pan

1 cut-up **frying chicken** (about 2½ lbs.)	2 tsp. salt
1 No. 2½ can **cling peach** halves	¼ tsp. pepper
1½ cups **Pet Evaporated Milk**®	1 tsp. paprika
1 package **Ballard OvenReady**® Biscuits*	½ cup shortening
1 cup flour	1 cup water

Dip cut-up **frying chicken** in one-half cup Pet Milk, roll (or shake in a bag) in mixture of flour and seasonings. (Set aside remaining flour mixture for gravy). Melt shortening in 13 x 9-inch pan. Add chicken, skin side down. Bake uncovered in moderately hot oven (375°F.) until tender, basting occasionally (average cooking time 40 to 50 minutes). Remove from oven and increase oven temperature to 425°F. Turn chicken and move to end of pan. Arrange drained cling peach halves on chicken. Open can of Ballard Ovenready Biscuits. Separate and put in other end of pan. Bake 15 minutes, until biscuits are brown. Remove peaches, chicken and biscuits to hot plates. For gravy: Blend three tablespoons of set aside flour mixture with pan drippings. Gradually stir in water. Boil and stir two minutes. Stir in one cup of Pet Milk. Heat but do not boil. Add salt, pepper to taste. Serves four.

® Registered Trade Names
*At the Dairy Case



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face. "It's just that I hate you to miss this movie; you wanted to see it too."

"Yeah, I know." He ran his fingers through his hair. "Got to get this done though."

She nodded, accepting this. Then, glancing at the desk across the living room, she said, "You work too much, though, Tom—and too hard."

He smiled. "You won't mind though, will you, when the money comes rolling in and I'm known as the Boy Wizard of Wholesale Groceries?"

"I guess not." She smiled and turned back toward the bedroom.

AT HIS desk again, Tom lighted a cigarette; then a few moments later as Clare appeared, dressed and ready to leave, he set it on the rim of the ash tray. "Just after seven," she said. "I can make the beginning of the first feature."

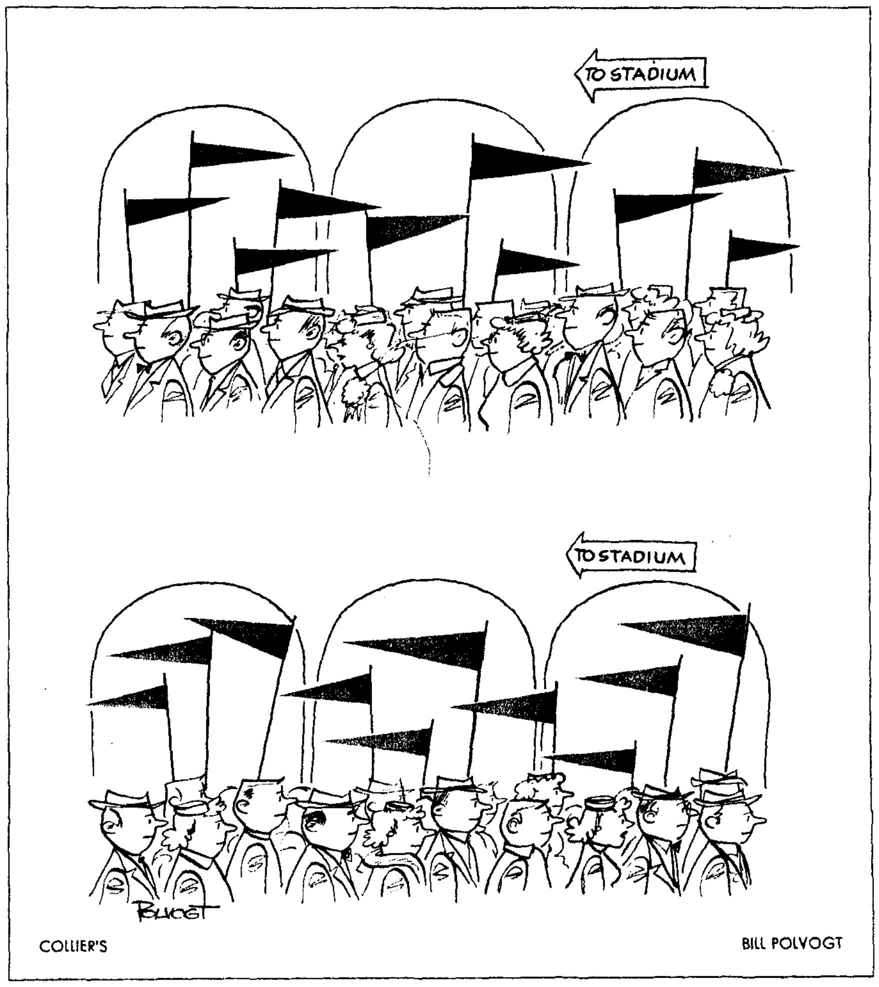
He walked to the front-door closet to help her on with her coat. He kissed her then and, for an instant, holding her close, smelling the perfume she had used, he was tempted to go with her; it was not actually true that he had to work tonight, though he very much wanted to. This was his own project, unannounced as yet in his office, and it could be postponed. But then they won't see it till Monday, he thought once again, and if I give it to the boss tomorrow he might read it over the weekend . . . "Have a good time," he said aloud. He gave his wife a little swat and opened the door for her, feeling the air from the building hallway, smelling faintly of floor wax, stream gently past his face.

He watched her walk down the hall, flicked a hand in response as she waved, and then he started to close the door, but it resisted for a moment. As the door opening narrowed, the current of warm air from the hallway, channeled through this smaller opening now, suddenly rushed past him with accelerated force. Behind him he heard the slap of the window curtains against the wall and the sound of paper fluttering from his desk, and he had to push to close the door.

Turning, he saw a sheet of white paper drifting to the floor in a series of arcs, and another sheet, yellow, moving toward the window, caught in the dying current flowing through the narrow opening. As he watched, the paper struck the bottom edge of the window and hung there for an instant, plastered against the glass and wood. Then as the moving air stilled completely the curtains swinging back from the wall to hang free again, he saw the yellow sheet drop to the window ledge and slide over out of sight.

He ran across the room, grasped the bottom edge of the window and tugged, staring through the glass. He saw the yellow sheet, dimly now in the darkness outside, lying on the ornamental ledge a yard below the window. Even as he watched, it was moving, scraping slowly along the ledge, pushed by the breeze that pressed steadily against the building wall. He heaved on the window with all his strength and it shot open with a bang, the window weight rattling in the casing. But the paper was past his reach and, leaning out into the night, he watched it scud steadily along the ledge to the south, half plastered against the building wall. Above the muffled sound of the street traffic far below, he could hear the dry scrape of its movement, like a leaf on the pavement.

The living room of the next apartment to the south projected a yard or more farther out toward the street than this one; because of this the Beneckes paid seven and a half dollars less rent than their neighbors. And now the yellow sheet, sliding along the stone ledge, nearly invisible in the night, was stopped by the projecting blank wall of the next apartment. It lay motionless, then, in the corner formed by the two walls—a good five yards away, pressed firmly against the ornate corner ornament of the ledge, by the breeze



COLLIER'S

BILL POLVOGT

that moved past Tom Benecke's face.

He knelt at the window and stared at the yellow paper for a full minute or more, waiting for it to move, to slide off the ledge and fall, hoping he could follow its course to the street, and then hurry down in the elevator and retrieve it. But it didn't move, and then he saw that the paper was caught firmly between a projection of the convoluted corner ornament and the ledge. He thought about the poker from the fireplace, then the broom, then the mop—discarding each thought as it occurred to him. There was nothing in the apartment long enough to reach that paper.

It was hard for him to understand that he actually had to abandon it—it was ridiculous—and he began to curse. Of all the papers on his desk, why did it have to be this one in particular! On four long Saturday afternoons he had stood in supermarkets counting the people who passed certain displays, and the results were scribbled on that yellow sheet. From stacks of trade publications, gone over page by page in snatched half hours at work and during evenings at home, he had copied facts, quotations and figures onto that sheet. And he had carried it with him to the Public Library on Fifth Avenue, where he'd spent a dozen lunch hours and early evenings adding more. All were needed to support and lend authority to his idea for a new grocery-store display method; without them his idea was a mere opinion. And there they all lay, in his own improvised shorthand—countless hours of work—out there on the ledge.

For many seconds he believed he was going to abandon the yellow sheet, that there was nothing else to do. The work could be duplicated. But it would take two months, and the time to present this idea, damn it, was *now*, for use in the spring displays. He struck his fist on the window ledge. Then he shrugged. Even though his plan were adopted, he told himself, it wouldn't bring him a raise in pay—not immediately, anyway, or as a direct result. It won't bring me a promotion either, he argued—not of itself.

BUT just the same, and he couldn't escape the thought, this and other independent projects, some already done and others planned for the future, would gradually mark him out from the score of other young men in his company. They were the way to change from a name on the payroll to a name in the minds of the company officials. They were the beginning of the long, long climb to where he was determined to be, at the very top. And he knew he was going out there in the darkness, after the yellow sheet fifteen feet beyond his reach.

By a kind of instinct, he instantly began making his intention acceptable to himself by laughing at it. The mental picture of himself sidling along the ledge outside was absurd—it was actually comical—and he smiled. He imagined himself describing it; it would make a good story at the office and, it occurred to him, would add a special interest and importance to his memorandum, which would do it no harm at all.

To simply go out and get his paper was an easy task—he could be back here with it in less than two minutes—and he knew he wasn't deceiving himself. The ledge, he saw, measuring it with his eye, was about as wide as the length of his shoe, and perfectly flat. And every fifth row of brick in the face of the building, he remembered—leaning out, he verified this—was indented half an inch, enough for the tips of his fingers, enough to maintain balance easily. It occurred to him that if this ledge and wall were only a yard aboveground—as he knelt at the window staring out, this thought was the final confirmation of his intention—he could move along the ledge indefinitely.

On a sudden impulse, he got to his feet, walked to the front closet and took out an old tweed jacket; it would be cold outside. He put it on and buttoned it as he crossed the room rapidly toward the open window. In the back of his mind he knew he'd better hurry and get this over with before he thought too much, and at the window he didn't allow himself to hesitate.

HE SWUNG a leg over the sill, then felt for and found the ledge a yard below the window with his foot. Gripping the bottom of the window frame very tightly and carefully, he slowly ducked his head under it, feeling on his face the sudden change from the warm air of the room to the chill outside. With infinite care he brought out his other leg, his mind concentrating on what he was doing. Then he slowly stood erect. Most of the putty, dried out and brittle, had dropped off the bottom edging of the window frame, he found, and the flat wooden edging provided a good gripping surface, a half inch or more deep, for the tips of his fingers.

Now, balanced easily and firmly, he stood on the ledge outside in the slight, chill breeze, eleven stories above the street, staring into his own lighted apartment, odd and different-seeming now.

First his right hand, then his left, he carefully shifted his finger-tip grip from the puttyless window edging to an indented row of bricks directly to his right. It was hard to take the first shuffling sideways step then—to make himself move—and the fear stirred in his stomach, but he did it, again by not allowing himself time to think. And now—with his chest, stomach, and the left side of his face pressed against the rough cold brick—his lighted apartment was suddenly gone, and it was much darker out here than he had thought.

Without pause he continued—right foot, left foot, right foot, left—his shoe soles shuffling and scraping along the rough stone, never lifting from it, fingers sliding along the exposed edging of brick. He moved on the balls of his feet, heels lifted slightly; the ledge was not quite as wide as he'd expected. But leaning slightly inward toward the face of the building and pressed against it, he could feel his balance firm and secure, and moving along the ledge was quite as easy as he had thought it would be. He could hear the buttons of his jacket scraping steadily along the rough bricks and feel them catch momentarily, tugging a little, at each mortared crack. He simply did not permit himself to look down, though the compulsion to do so never left him; nor did he allow himself actually to think. Mechanically—right foot, left foot, over and again—he shuffled along crabwise, watching the projecting wall ahead loom steadily closer. . . .

Then he reached it and, at the corner—he'd decided how he was going to pick up the paper—he lifted his right foot and placed it carefully on

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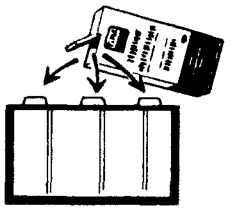

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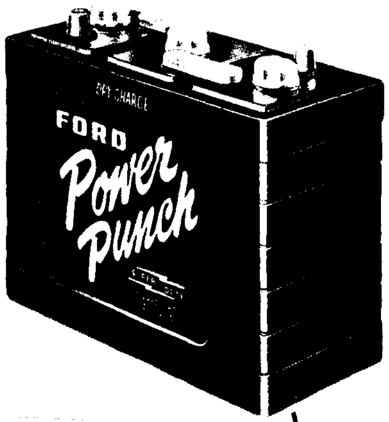

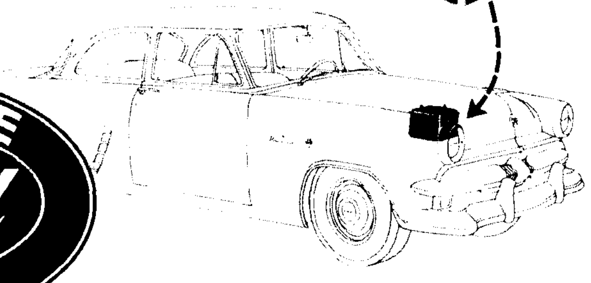

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Catholics Thank God There *IS* a Purgatory

You may not agree with this age-old Catholic belief.

You may contend, as many do, that Purgatory is not mentioned in the Bible. You may have heard that it is nothing more than a cunning fable, designed by the Catholic priesthood to frighten and deceive the faithful. You may have been told that the Apostles and the early Christians did not believe in Purgatory.

It is true, of course, that the Bible does not mention the word Purgatory, any more than it does numerous other words and terms commonly accepted by all Christians. But it *does* clearly indicate that there is such a place of satisfaction for sin and the temporal punishment due to it after death but before the general judgment.

"Fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is," wrote St. Paul (1 Corinthians 3: 13-15) . . . and even though his work shall be "burned," the man himself "shall be saved, yet so as by fire." Paul himself observed the custom of praying for the dead: "The Lord grant unto him (Onesiphorus) to find mercy of the Lord in that day" (2 Timothy 1:18). The "fires" that try a man's work are certainly not to be found on earth or in heaven, and the fires of hell do not save. Would Paul have prayed for Onesiphorus, then dead, if he believed the soul of his departed co-worker was beyond help?

Millions of people departed this life with no serious sins on their souls, and we know (Prov. 24:16) that even the just man has his small failings. God would not deny them heaven, nor would He condemn them to everlasting punishment. Therefore, as nothing defiled can enter heaven (Rev. 21:27) there must be a place where these lesser sins can be cleansed.

But proof as to Purgatory is not limited to the Bible. The fathers and doctors of the Church speak repeatedly of the practice of the first Christians of praying for the dead. Tertullian, second century, admonished "the faithful wife to pray for the soul of her deceased husband." The fourth century historian Eusebius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ephrem, St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom all spoke of the efficacy of prayers for the departed souls. The latter, in fact, said such supplication was "ordained by the Apostles."

All the liturgies of the Church are replete with appeals for God's mercy upon the souls of the departed. Inscriptions on the walls of the catacombs of the first Christian era voice similar prayers. It would not be necessary to plead for those in heaven—futile to pray for those in hell. So there must be a place in between, which Catholics call Purgatory.

And for Catholics, death would be a much more frightening prospect if there were no Purgatory, for all who go there may be tried "as by fire," but all are assuredly saved. If you would like to know more about the doctrine of Purgatory, write today for free pamphlet. It will be mailed in plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. C-14.

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the ledge that ran along the projecting wall at a right angle to the ledge on which his other foot rested. And now, facing the building, he stood in the corner formed by the two walls, one foot on the ledging of each, a hand on the shoulder-high indentation of each wall. His forehead was pressed directly into the corner against the cold bricks, and now he carefully lowered first one hand, then the other, perhaps a foot farther down, to the next indentation in the rows of bricks.

VERY slowly, sliding his forehead down the trough of the brick corner and bending his knees, he lowered his body toward the paper lying between his outstretched feet. Again he lowered his fingerholds another foot and bent his knees still more, thigh muscles taut, his forehead sliding and bumping down the brick V. Half squatting now, he dropped his left hand to the next indentation and then slowly reached with his right hand toward the paper between his feet.

He couldn't quite touch it, and his knees now were pressed against the wall; he could bend them no farther. But by ducking his head another inch lower, the top of his head now pressed against the bricks, he lowered his right shoulder and his fingers had the paper by a corner, pulling it loose. At the same instant he saw, between his legs and far below, Lexington Avenue stretched out for miles ahead.

He saw, in that instant, the Loew's theater sign, blocks ahead past Fiftieth Street; the miles of traffic signals, all green now; the lights of cars and street lamps; countless neon signs; and the moving black dots of people. And a violent instantaneous explosion of absolute terror roared through him. For a motionless instant he saw himself externally—bent practically double, balanced on this narrow ledge, nearly half his body projecting out above the street far below—and he began to tremble violently, panic flaring through his mind and muscles, and he felt the blood rush from the surface of his skin.

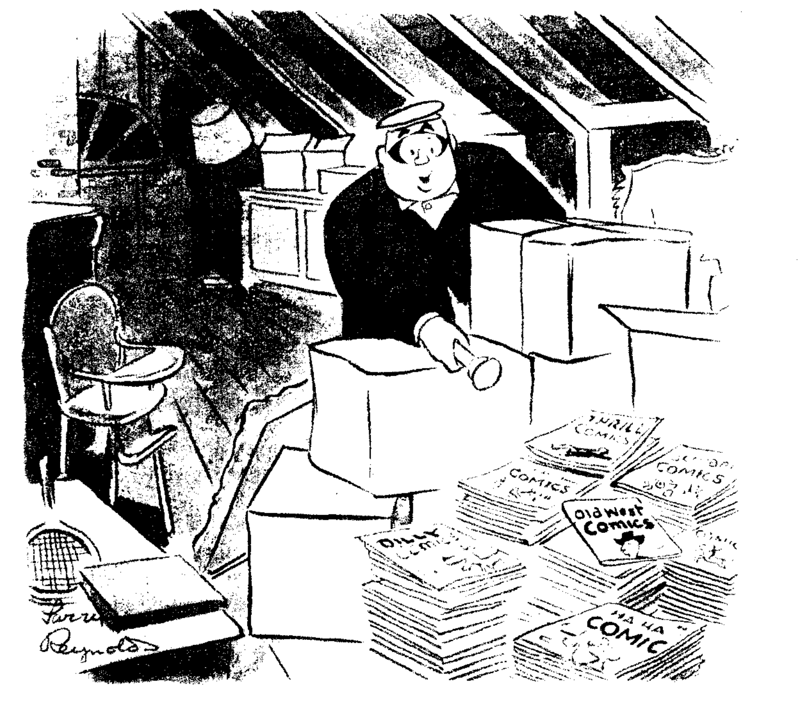
In the fractional moment before horror paralyzed him, as he stared between his legs at that terrible length of street far beneath him, a fragment of his mind raised his body in a spasmodic jerk to an upright position again, but so violently that his head scraped hard against the wall, bouncing off it, and his body swayed outward to the knife edge of balance, and he very nearly plunged backward and fell. Then he was leaning far into the corner again, squeezing and pushing into it, not only his face but his chest and stomach, his back arching; and his finger tips clung with all the pressure of his pulling arms to the shoulder-high half-inch indentation in the bricks.

He was more than trembling now; his whole body was racked with a violent shuddering beyond control, his eyes squeezed so tightly shut it was painful, though he was past awareness of that. His teeth were exposed in a frozen grimace, the strength draining like water from his knees and calves. It was extremely likely, he knew, that he would faint, to slump down along the wall, his face scraping, and then drop backward, a limp weight, out into nothing. And to save his life he concentrated on holding onto consciousness, drawing deliberate deep breaths of cold air into his lungs, fighting to keep his senses aware.

Then he knew that he would not faint, but he could not stop shaking nor open his eyes. He stood where he was, breathing deeply, trying to hold back the terror of the glimpse he had had of what lay below him; and he knew he had made a mistake in not making himself stare down at the street, getting used to it and accepting it, when he had first stepped out onto the ledge.

It was impossible to walk back. He simply could not do it. He couldn't bring himself to make the slightest movement. The strength was gone from his legs; his shivering hands—numb, cold and desperately rigid—had lost all deftness; his easy ability to move and balance was gone. Within a

BUTCH



"Oh, boy!"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

step or two, if he tried to move, he knew that he would stumble clumsily and fall.

Seconds passed, with the chill faint wind pressing the side of his face, and he could hear the toned-down volume of the street traffic far beneath him. Again and again it slowed and then stopped, almost to silence; then presently, even this high, he would hear the click of the traffic signals and the subdued roar of the cars starting up again. During a lull in the street sounds, he called out. Then he was shouting *"Help!"* so loudly it rasped his throat. But he felt the steady pressure of the wind, moving between his face and the blank wall, snatch up his cries as he uttered them, and he knew they must sound directionless and distant. And he remembered how habitually, here in New York, he himself heard and ignored shouts in the night. If anyone heard him, there was no sign of it, and presently Tom Benecke knew he had to try moving; there was nothing else he could do.

Eyes squeezed shut, he watched scenes in his mind like scraps of motion-picture film—he could not stop them. He saw himself stumbling suddenly sideways as he crept along the ledge and saw his upper body arc outward, arms flailing. He saw a dangling shoestring caught between the ledge and the sole of his other shoe, saw a foot start to move, to be stopped with a jerk, and felt his balance leaving him. He saw himself falling with a terrible speed as his body revolved in the air, knees clutched tight to his chest, eyes squeezed shut, moaning softly.

Out of utter necessity, knowing that any of these thoughts might be reality in the very next seconds, he was slowly able to shut his mind against every thought but what he now began to do. With fear-soaked slowness, he slid his left foot an inch or two toward his own impossibly distant window. Then he slid the fingers of his shivering left hand a corresponding distance. For a moment he could not bring himself to lift his right foot from one ledge to the other; then he did it, and became aware of the harsh exhalation of air from his throat and realized that he was panting. As his right hand, then, began to slide along the brick edging, he was astonished to feel the yellow paper pressed to the bricks underneath his stiff fingers, and he uttered a terrible, abrupt bark that might have been a laugh or a moan. He opened his mouth and took the paper in his teeth, pulling it out from under his fingers.

BY a kind of trick—by concentrating his entire mind on first his left foot, then his left hand, then the other foot, then the other hand—he was able to move, almost imperceptibly, trembling steadily, very nearly without thought. But he could feel the terrible strength of the pent-up horror on just the other side of the flimsy barrier he had erected in his mind; and he knew that if it broke through he would lose this thin artificial control of his body.

During one slow step he tried keeping his eyes closed; it made him feel safer, shutting him off a little from the fearful reality of where he was. Then a sudden rush of giddiness swept over him and he had to open his eyes wide, staring sideways at the cold rough brick and angled lines of mortar, his cheek tight against the building. He kept his eyes open then, knowing that if he once let them flick outward, to stare for an instant at the lighted windows across the street, he would be past help.

He didn't know how many dozens of tiny sidling steps he had taken, his chest, belly and face pressed to the wall; but he knew the slender hold he was keeping on his mind and body was going to break. He had a sudden mental picture of his apartment on just the other side of this wall—warm, cheerful, incredibly spacious. And he saw himself striding through it, lying down on the floor on his back, arms spread wide, reveling in its unbelievable security. The impossible remoteness of this utter safety, the contrast between it and where he now stood, was more than he could bear. And the barrier broke then, and the fear of the awful height he stood on coursed through his nerves and muscles.

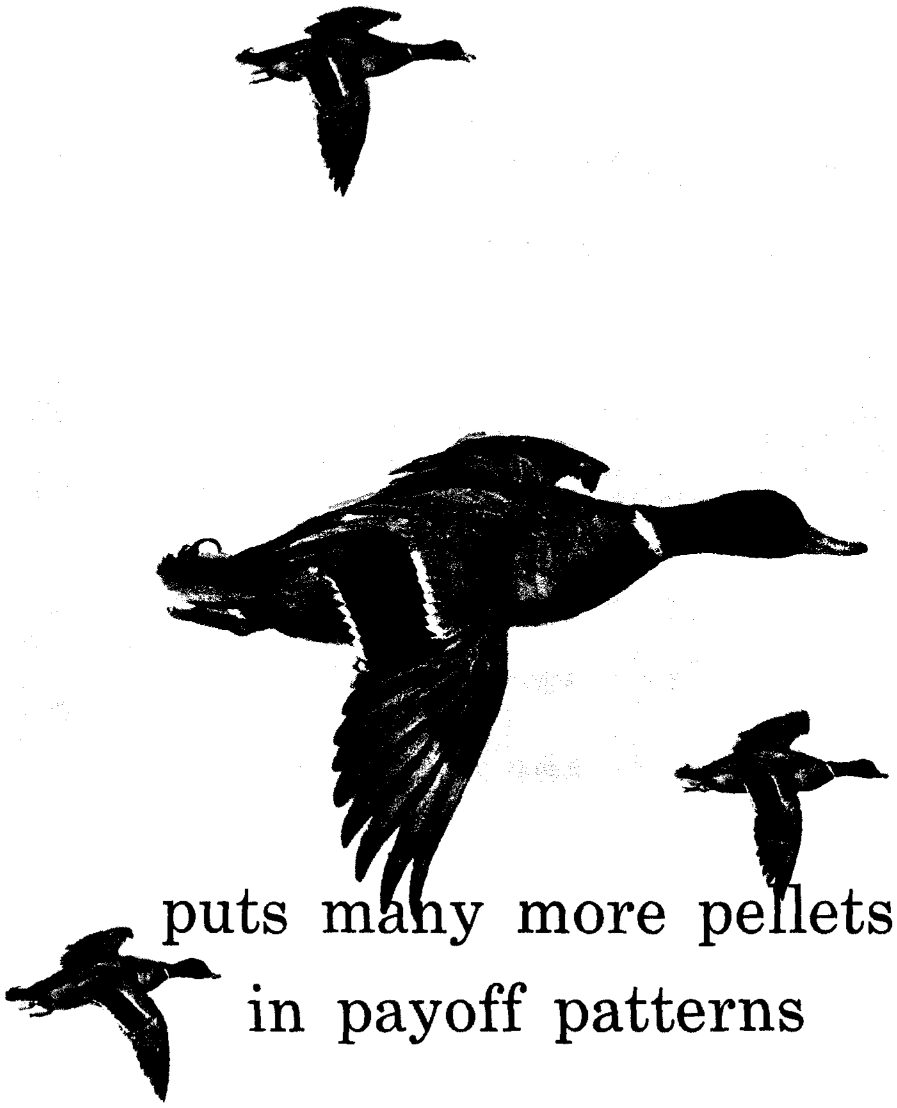
A FRACTION of his mind knew he was going to fall, and he began taking rapid blind steps with no feeling of what he was doing, sidling with a clumsy desperate swiftness, fingers scrabbling along the brick, almost hopelessly resigned to the sudden backward pull and swift motion outward and down. Then his moving left hand slid onto not brick but sheer emptiness, an impossible gap in the face of the wall, and he stumbled.

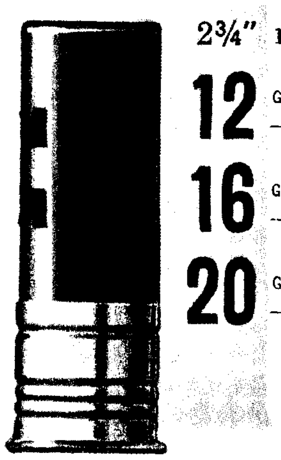
His right foot smashed into his left anklebone; he staggered sideways, began falling, and the claw of his hand cracked against glass and wood, slid down it, and his finger tips were pressed hard on the puttyless edging of his window. His right hand smacked gropingly beside it as he fell to his knees; and, under the full weight and direct downward pull of his sagging body, the open window dropped shudderingly in its frame till it closed and his wrists struck the sill and were jarred off.

For a single moment he knelt, knee bones against stone on the very edge of the ledge, body swaying and touching nowhere else, fighting for balance. Then he lost it, his shoulders plunging backward, and he flung his arms forward, his hands smashing against the window casing on either side; and—his body moving backward—his fingers clutched the narrow wood stripping of the upper pane.

For an instant he hung suspended between balance and falling, his finger tips pressed onto the quarter-inch wood strips. Then, with utmost delicacy, with a focused concentration of all his senses, he increased even further the strain on his finger tips hooked to these slim edgings of wood. Elbows slowly bending, he began to draw the full weight of his upper body forward, knowing that the instant his fingers slipped off these quarter-inch strips he'd plunge backward and be falling. Elbows imperceptibly bending, body shaking with the strain, the sweat starting from his forehead in great sudden drops, he pulled, his entire being and thought concentrated in his finger tips. Then suddenly, the strain slackened and ended, his chest touching the window sill, and he was kneeling on the ledge, his forehead pressed to the glass of the closed window.

Dropping his palms to the sill, he stared into his living room—at the red-brown davenport across the room, and a magazine he had left there; at the pictures on the walls and the gray rug; the entrance to the hallway; and at his papers, typewriter and desk, not two feet from his nose. A movement from his desk caught his eye and he saw that it was a thin curl of blue smoke; his cigarette, the ash long, was still burn-





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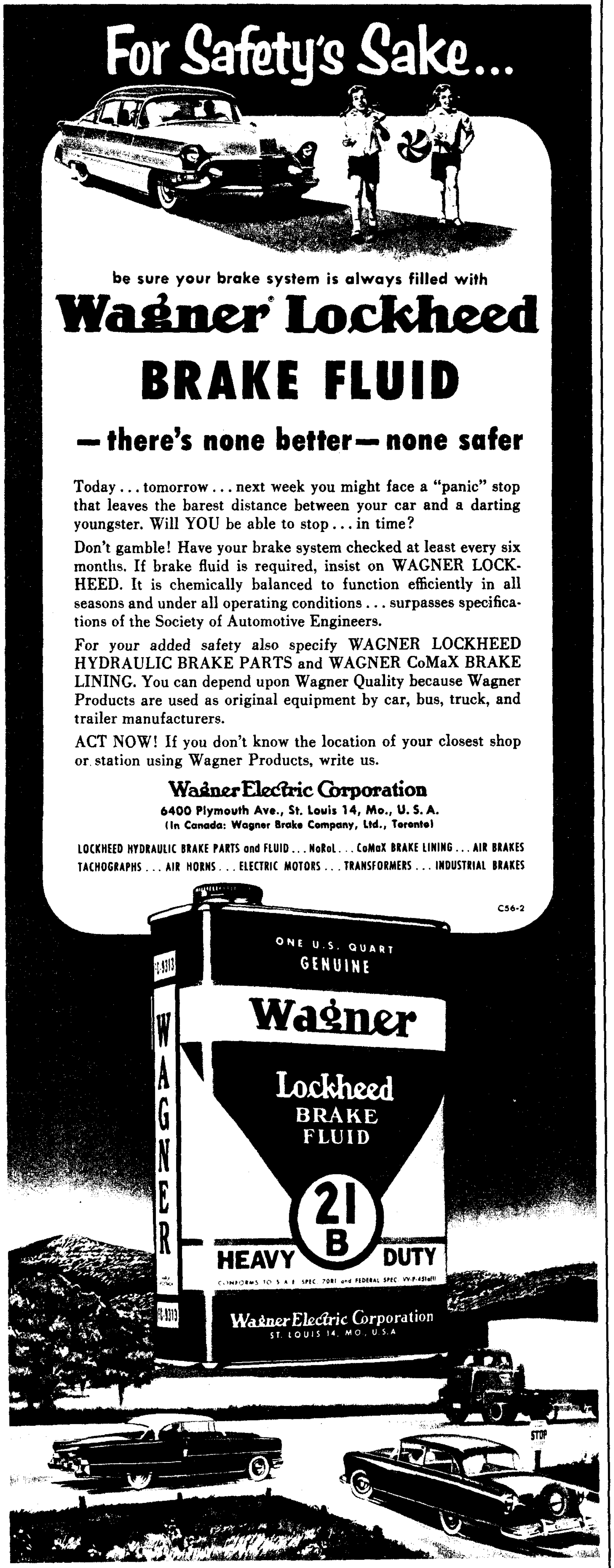

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ing in the ash tray where he'd left it—this was past all belief—only a few minutes before.

His head moved, and in faint reflection from the glass before him he saw the yellow paper clenched in his front teeth. Lifting a hand from the sill he took it from his mouth; the moistened corner parted from the paper, and he spat it out.

FOR a moment, in the light from the living room, he stared wonderingly at the yellow sheet in his hand and then crushed it into the side pocket of his jacket.

He couldn't open the window. It had been pulled not completely closed, but its lower edge was below the level of the outside sill; there was no room to get his fingers underneath it. Between the upper sash and the lower was a gap not wide enough—reaching up, he tried—to get his fingers into; he couldn't push it open. The upper window panel, he knew from long experience, was impossible to move, frozen tight with dried paint.

Very carefully observing his balance, the finger tips of his left hand again hooked to the narrow stripping of the window casing, he drew back his right hand, palm facing the glass, and then struck the glass with the heel of his hand.

His arm rebounded from the pane, his body tottering, and he knew he didn't dare strike a harder blow.

But in the security and relief of his new position, he simply smiled; with only a sheet of glass between him and the room just before him, it was not possible that there wasn't a way past it. Eyes narrowing, he thought for a few moments about what to do. Then his eyes widened, for nothing occurred to him. But still he felt calm: the trembling, he realized, had stopped. At the back of his mind there still lay the thought that once he was again in his home, he could give release to his feelings. He actually *would* lie on the floor, rolling, clenching tufts of the rug in his hands. He would literally run across the room, free to move as he liked, jumping on the floor, testing and reveling in its absolute security, letting the relief flood through him, draining the fear from his mind and body. His yearning for this was astonishingly intense, and somehow he understood that he had better keep this feeling at bay.

He took a half dollar from his pocket and struck it against the pane, but without any hope that the glass would break and with very little disappointment when it did not. After a few moments of thought he drew his leg up onto the ledge and picked loose the knot of his shoelace. He slipped off the shoe and, holding it across the instep, drew back his arm as far as he dared and struck the leather heel against the glass. The pane rattled, but he knew he'd been a long way from breaking it. His foot was cold and he slipped the shoe back on. He shouted again, experimentally, and then once more, but there was no answer.

The realization suddenly struck him that he might have to wait here till Clare came home, and for a moment the thought was funny. He could see Clare opening the front door, withdrawing her key from the lock, closing the door behind her and then glancing up to see him crouched on the other side of the window. He could see her rush across the room, face astounded and frightened, and hear himself shouting instructions: "Never mind how I got here! Just open the wind—" She couldn't open it, he remembered, she'd never been able to; she'd always had to call him. She'd have to get the building superintendent or a neighbor, and he pictured himself smiling and answering their questions as he climbed in. "I just wanted to get a breath of fresh air, so—"

HE COULDN'T possibly wait here till Clare came home. It was the second feature she'd wanted to see, and she'd left in time to see the first. She'd be another three hours or— He glanced at his watch; Clare had been gone eight minutes. It wasn't possible, but only eight minutes ago he had kissed his wife good-by. She wasn't even at the theater yet!

It would be four hours before she could possibly be home, and he tried to picture himself kneeling out here, finger tips hooked to these narrow strippings, while first one movie, preceded by a slow listing of credits, began, developed, reached its climax and then

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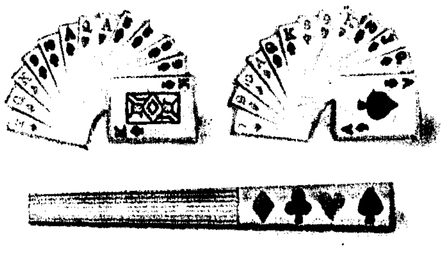
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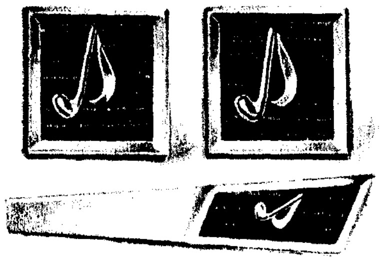
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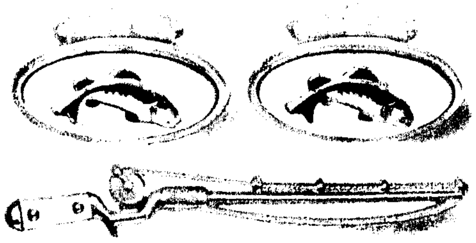
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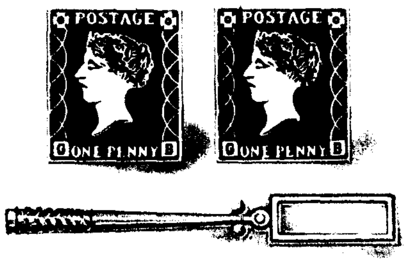

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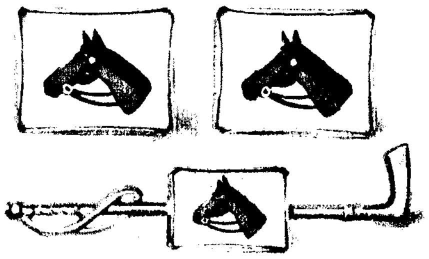
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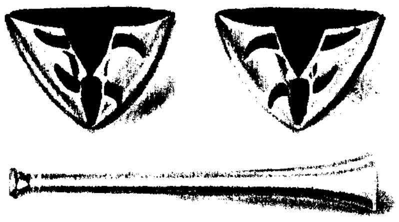
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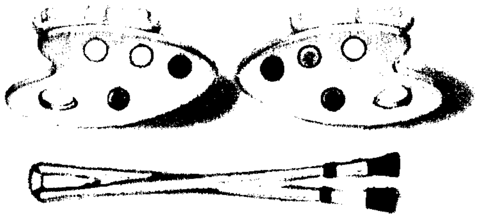
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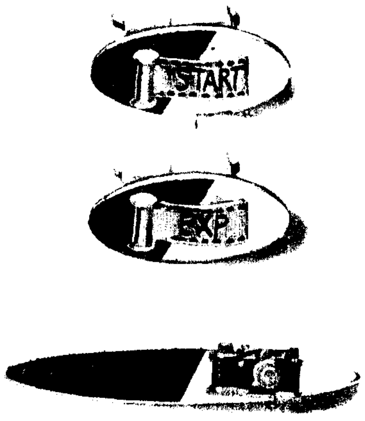

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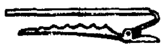

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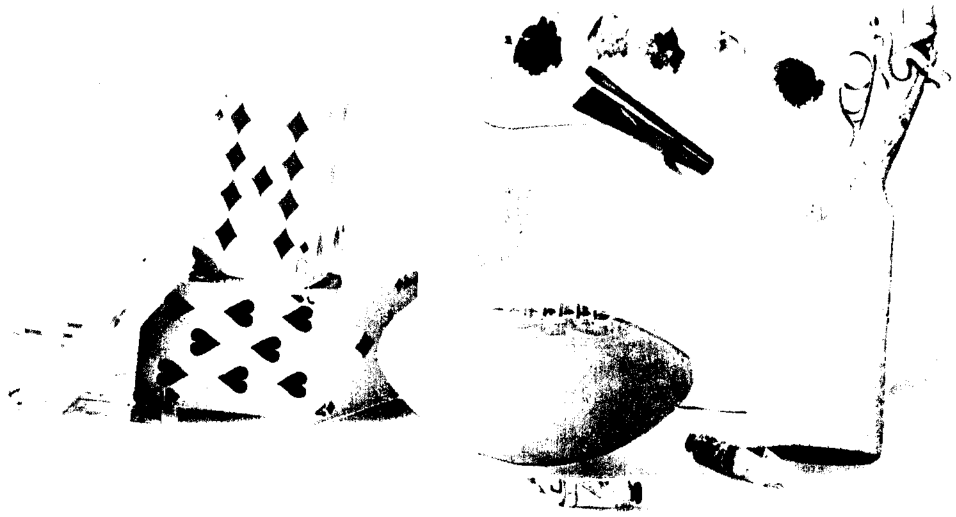
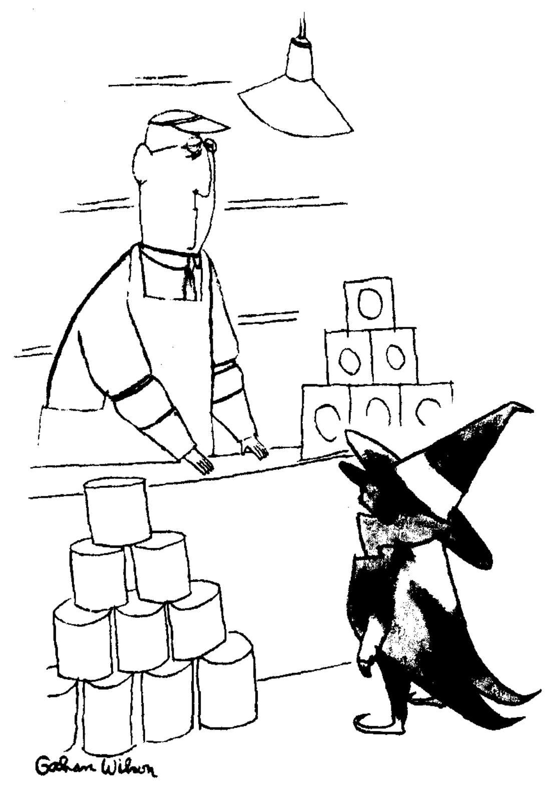


finally ended. There'd be a newsreel next, maybe, and then an animated cartoon, and then interminable scenes from coming pictures. And then, once more, the beginning of a full-length picture—while all the time he hung out here in the night.

He might possibly get to his feet, but he was afraid to try. Already his legs were cramped, his thigh muscles tired; his knees hurt, his feet felt numb and his hands were stiff. He couldn't possibly stay out here for four hours, or anywhere near it. Long before that his legs and arms would give out; he would be forced to try changing his position often—stiffly, clumsily, his co-ordination and strength gone—and he would fall. Quite realistically, he knew that he would fall; no one could stay out here on this ledge for four hours.



"What paints have you in autumnal hues?"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

A DOZEN windows in the apartment building across the street were lighted. Looking over his shoulder, he could see the top of a man's head behind the newspaper he was reading; in another window he saw the blue-gray flicker of a television screen. No more than twenty-odd yards from his back were scores of people, and if just one of them would walk idly to his window and glance out. . . . For some moments he stared over his shoulder at the lighted rectangles, waiting. But no one appeared. The man reading his paper turned a page and then continued his reading. A figure passed another of the windows and was immediately gone.

In the inside pocket of his jacket he found a little sheaf of papers, and he pulled one out and looked at it in the light from the living room. It was an old letter, an advertisement of some sort; his name and address, in purple ink, were on a label pasted to the envelope. Gripping one end of the envelope in his teeth, he twisted it into a tight curl. From his shirt pocket he brought out a book of matches. He didn't dare let go the casing with both hands but, with the twist of paper in his teeth, he opened the matchbook with his free hand; then he bent one of the matches in two without tearing it from the folder, its red-tipped end now touching the striking surface. With his thumb, he rubbed the red tip across the striking area.

He did it again, then again, and still again, pressing harder each time, and the match suddenly flared, burning his thumb. But he kept it alight, cupping the matchbook in his hand and shielding it with his body. He held the flame to the paper in his mouth till it caught. Then he snuffed out the match flame with his thumb and forefinger, careless of the burn, and replaced the book in his pocket. Taking the paper twist in his hand, he held it flame down, watching the flame crawl up the paper, till it flared bright. Then he held it behind him over the street, moving it from side to side, watching it over his shoulder, the flame flickering and guttering in the wind.

There were three letters in his pocket and he lighted each of them, holding each till the flame touched his hand and then dropping it to the street below. At one point, watching over his shoulder while the last of the letters burned, he saw the man across the street put down his paper and stand—even seeming, to Tom, to glance toward his window. But when he moved, it was only to walk across the room and disappear from sight.

THERE were a dozen coins in Tom Benecke's pocket and he dropped them, three or four at a time. But if they struck anyone, or if anyone noticed their falling, no one connected them with their source, and no one glanced upward.

His arms had begun to tremble from the steady strain of clinging to this narrow perch, and he did not know what to do now and was terribly frightened. Clinging to the window stripping with one hand, he again searched his pockets. But now—he had left his wallet on his dresser when he'd changed clothes—there was nothing left but the yellow sheet. It occurred to him irrelevantly that his death on the sidewalk below would be an eternal mystery; the window closed—why, how, and from where could he have fallen? No one would be able to identify his body for a time, either—the thought was somehow unbearable and increased his fear. All they'd find in his pockets would be the yellow sheet. *Contents of the dead man's pockets,* he thought, *one sheet of paper bearing penciled notations—incomprehensible.*

He understood fully that he might actually be going to die; his arms, maintaining his balance on the ledge, were trembling steadily now. And it

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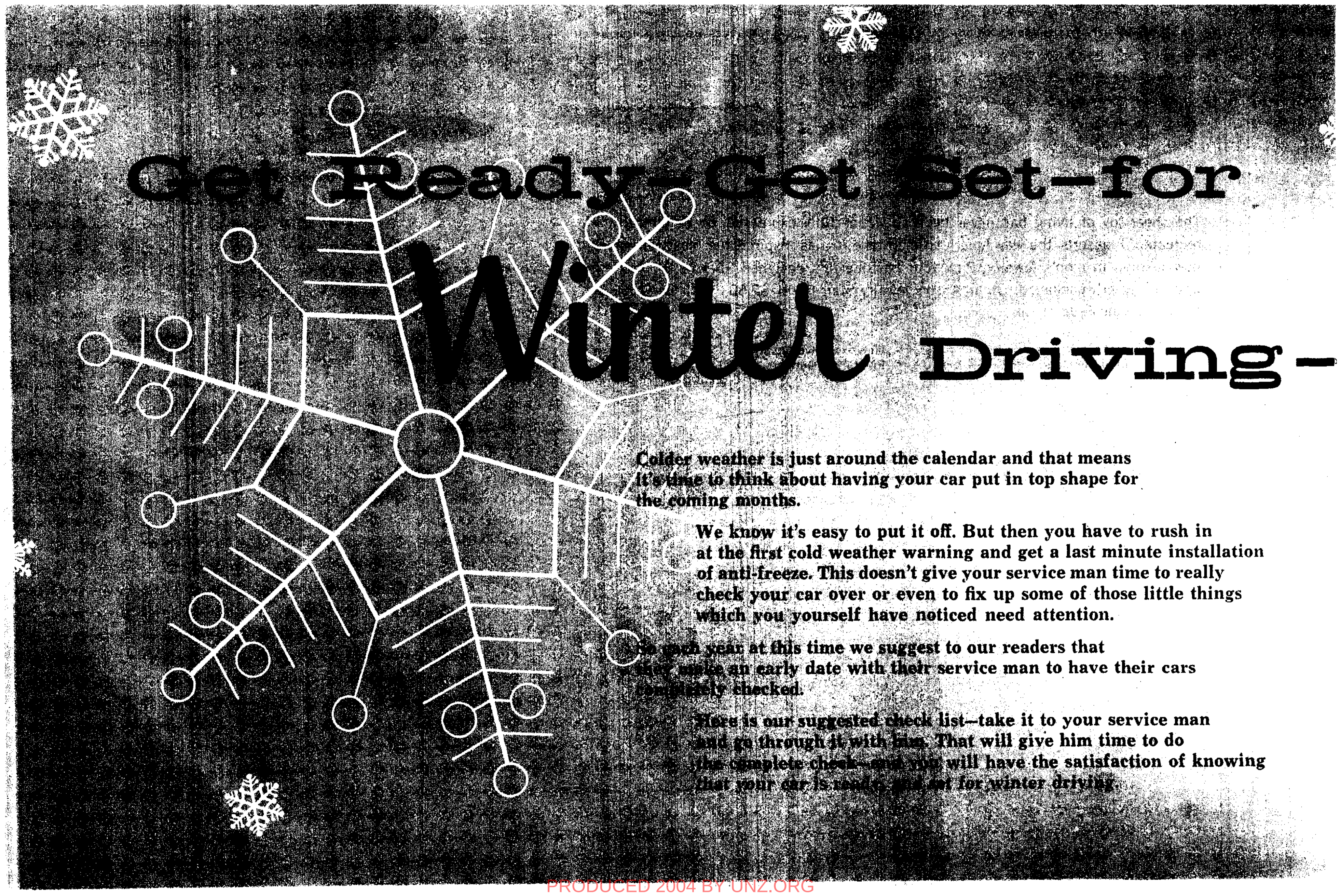


Get Ready—Get Set—for Winter Driving—

Colder weather is just around the calendar and that means it's time to think about having your car put in top shape for the coming months.

We know it's easy to put it off. But then you have to rush in at the first cold weather warning and get a last minute installation of anti-freeze. This doesn't give your service man time to really check your car over or even to fix up some of those little things which you yourself have noticed need attention.

So each year at this time we suggest to our readers that they make an early date with their service man to have their cars completely checked.

Here is our suggested check list—take it to your service man and go through it with him. That will give him time to do the complete check—and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your car is ready, and set for winter driving.

occurred to him then with all the force of a revelation that, if he fell, all he was ever going to have out of life he would then, abruptly, have had. Nothing, then, could ever be changed; and nothing more—no least experience or pleasure—could ever be added to his life. He wished, then, that he had not allowed his wife to go off by herself tonight—and on similar nights. He thought of all the evenings he had spent away from her, working; and he regretted them. He thought wonderingly of his fierce ambition and of the direction his life had taken; he thought of the hours he'd spent by himself, filling the yellow sheet that had brought him out here. *Contents of the dead man's pockets,* he thought with sudden fierce anger, *a wasted life.*

He was simply not going to cling here till he slipped and fell; he told himself that now. There was one last thing he could try; he had been aware of it for some moments, refusing to think about it, but now he faced it. Kneeling here on the ledge, the finger tips of one hand pressed to the narrow strip of wood, he could, he knew, draw his other hand back a yard perhaps, fist clenched tight, doing it very slowly till he sensed the outer limit of balance, then, as hard as he was able from the distance, he could drive his fist forward against the glass. If it broke, his fist smashing through, he was safe; he might cut himself badly, and probably would, but with his arm inside the room, he would be secure. But if the glass did not break, the rebound, flinging his arm back, would topple him off the ledge. He was certain of that.

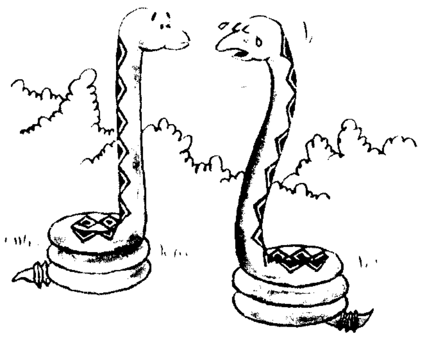
He tested his plan. The fingers of his left hand clawlike on the little stripping, he drew back his other fist until his body began teetering backward. But he had no leverage now—he could feel that there would be no force to his swing—and he moved his fist slowly forward till he rocked forward on his knees again and could sense that his swing would carry its greatest force. Glancing down, however, measuring the distance from his fist to the glass, he saw that it was less than two feet.

It occurred to him that he could raise his arm over his head, to bring it down against the glass. But, experimenting in slow motion, he knew it would be an awkward girl-like blow without the force of a driving punch, and not nearly enough to break the glass.

FACING the window, he had to drive a blow from the shoulder, he knew now, at a distance of less than two feet; and he did not know whether it would break through the heavy glass. It might; he could picture it happening, he could feel it in the nerves of his arm. And it might not; he could feel that too—feel his fist striking this glass and being instantaneously flung back by the unbreaking pane, feel the fingers of his other hand breaking loose, nails scraping along the casing as he fell.

He waited, arm drawn back, fist balled, but in no hurry to strike; this pause, he knew, might be an extension of his life. And to live even a few seconds longer, he felt, even out here on this ledge in the night, was infinitely better than to die a moment earlier than he had to. His arm grew tired, and he brought it down and rested it.

Then he knew that it was time to make the attempt. He could not kneel here hesitating indefinitely till he lost all courage to act, waiting till he slipped off the ledge. Again he drew back his arm, knowing this time that he would not bring it down till he struck. His elbow protruding over Lexington Avenue far below, the fingers of his other hand pressed down bloodlessly tight against the narrow stripping, he waited, feeling the sick tenseness and terrible excitement building. It grew and swelled toward the moment of action, his nerves tautening. He thought of Clare—just a wordless, yearning thought—and then drew his arm back just a bit more, fist so tight his fingers pained him, and knowing he was going to do it. Then with full power, with every last scrap of strength he could bring to bear, he shot his arm forward toward the glass, and he said, *"Clare!"*



"She left me. She said I was . . . I was . . . loathsome!"

COLLIER'S JOHN BLUTO

He heard the sound, felt the blow, felt himself falling forward, and his hand closed on the living-room curtains, the shards and fragments of glass showering onto the floor. And then, kneeling there on the ledge, an arm thrust into the room up to the shoulder, he began picking away the protruding slivers and great wedges of glass from the window frame, tossing them in onto the rug. And, as he grasped the edges of the empty window frame and climbed into his home, he was grinning in triumph.

HE DID not lie down on the floor or run through the apartment, as he had promised himself; even in the first few moments it seemed to him natural and normal that he should be where he was. He simply turned to his desk, pulled the crumpled yellow sheet from his pocket and laid it down where it had been, smoothing it out; then he absently laid a pencil across it to weight it down. He shook his head wonderingly, and turned to walk toward the closet.

There he got out his topcoat and hat and, without waiting to put them on, opened the front door and stepped out, to go find his wife. He turned to pull the door closed and the warm air from the hall rushed through the narrow opening again. As he saw the yellow paper, the pencil flying, scooped off the desk and, unimpeded by the glassless window, sail out into the night and out of his life, Tom Benecke burst into laughter and then closed the door behind him.

—JACK FINNEY

Now!

COLLIER'S recommends this pre-season Check Up for Care-Free Winter Driving

1. Have the cooling system flushed and cleaned and checked for leaks. Have hoses, thermostat, pressure radiator cap, fan belt and water pump checked. Install new Anti-Freeze.
2. Have the oil changed to proper grade and have oil filter cartridge replaced. Have the car completely lubricated—bumper to bumper.
3. Be sure to have the battery, voltage regulator, spark plugs, wiring, and generator inspected and tested. Have the engine tuned and muffler and tail pipe checked.
4. Tires are most important in Winter—good treads pay off—so replace any that are worn or damaged.

Get snow tires or tire chains. Have shock absorbers tested—replace if worn. Inspect brakes—reline if necessary. Check brake fluid level. Check wheel alignment, balance, and steering mechanism.

Have headlights aimed and checked. Be sure all lights are in perfect working order. Install new windshield wiper blades. Heater and defroster should be checked.

5. Get a "protect-the-finish" treatment on your car to preserve its good looks and value. Protect floor coverings with car rugs. And finally—be sure you carry a flashlight with new batteries, a good first aid kit and a fire extinguisher.

DRIVE MORE
...it gets cheaper by the mile!

HIROSHIMA MAIDENS

continued from page 49

The gulf was a big one for the 25 young Japanese women who had traveled 7,000 miles to a former enemy country. Before long they were happily taking in all the sights, rooting at ball games and acquiring a taste for such things as hot dogs and spaghetti. Far left, Mr. Edward T. Miller, of Ridgewood, N.J., helps Michiko Sako with her English. Above, the Maidens tour Manhattan. Left, on an outing at Yankee Stadium

Shy at first, the Maidens blossomed in the warmth they shared in the homes of American "parents"

told Mr. Tanimoto that I would be glad to explore the matter, although I had no way of estimating its chances."

The Hiroshima Maidens project took more than a year of tireless organization before it shaped up as a volunteer effort. Cousins enlisted the Hiroshima Peace Center Associates in the United States as the co-ordinating agency. Through his friend, Dr. William M. Hitzig, he was able to obtain hospital facilities and surgical services. Mount Sinai Hospital, in New York, agreed to furnish free medical and bed care. Chief surgeon to the project was to be Dr. Arthur J. Barsky, who in turn enlisted the assistance of two fellow plastic surgeons, Dr. Bernard E. Simon and Dr. Sidney Kahn. Dr. Hitzig was to be in charge of general medical care. All four volunteered their services gratis.

Kiyoshi Togasaki, chairman of the board of Tokyo's English-language Japan Times persuaded the Far East Command to supply free transportation. Three Hiroshima hospitals and the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, an American medical group, offered to contribute their personnel and facilities for examinations. And the New York Friends Center assumed responsibility for the home care of the Maidens while they were out of the hospital.

Cousins returned to Hiroshima in April, 1955, with Drs. Barsky and Hitzig, to choose 20 girls who could benefit most from the operations. Word of the project had leaked out and 43 scarred young women presented themselves as candidates.

On the night before the final medical selections the Maidens went to the Reverend Tanimoto's church for special services. Each of the girls had a prayer to offer. Most of the prayers had two parts. The first part was for the American doctors, that they might know no anguish for not having been able to take all the girls. The second part was for the selection of the girl next to her.

Twenty-five passed the required medical examinations, and rather than attempt to cut the list it was decided that a way would be found to take all 25. Besides the Reverend Tanimoto and a Japanese chaperon, it was also decided to take along three Hiroshima surgeons, to study American plastic-surgery techniques, who on their return could work with other sufferers.

The American consul in Kobe set up an office in Hiroshima especially to visa the girls' passports and, recognizing all the implications, the State Department waived the need for passport photos.

Without unduly patting themselves on the back most Americans looked at the Hiroshima Maidens project as a simple gesture of good will toward a particularly unfortunate group of war sufferers. Among Japanese, however, there were more complex reactions. "Why are the Americans really doing this?" asked the Japanese press. There were Communist-inspired rumors that the girls would be exhibited as side-show freaks or be used as laboratory guinea pigs. Did taking them to America imply a snub to Japanese surgical technique? Was the U.S. government secretly financing the project as counterpropaganda to the H-bomb test fall-out that injured Japanese fishermen in 1954?

COUSINS' GROUP disposed of the wilder rumors without trouble. But the basic "why" was harder to analyze. "As individuals," he wrote, "we no doubt felt a strong personal responsibility for the first atomic weapon to be used against human beings. Yet didn't the very nature of war place it beyond the control of the individual, whether with respect to the sufferer or the person inflicting the suffering? The feeling of guilt, while real enough, was not the whole answer and we knew it."

The Americans told newsmen they doubted if they knew the full answer, but each man happened to be in a position to help and wanted to.

It was a strange Odyssey—25 almost pathologically shy women, aged seventeen to thirty-four, traveling 7,000 miles to a former enemy country. They had different cultural and economic backgrounds. Only two had gone to college and one had not finished grammar school. They were not girls from rich cosmopolitan Japanese families nor had they learned Western ways working with the occupation forces. Their English consisted of a few well-rehearsed phrases: "My name is——," "Good morning," "Good night," "Thank you very much." They were used to a Japanese diet and eating it with chopsticks, to sleeping on floor mats and quilts, to washing outside a bathtub before stepping in for a soak. They were going to live with people most of whom knew less about Japan than the Maidens knew about America.

With quiet misgivings on both sides, the Maidens moved into middle-class homes in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. The gulf between the girls and their hosts appeared wider than the Pacific.

But once settled in their new homes the gulf somehow didn't exist.

"If you asked me what I remember most about the girls in our home," one of their hostesses reported, "I should say it was the laughter they brought with them and that they shared with us. We had feared we might have to make a special effort to keep things from becoming too grim or restrained in the presence of disfigured persons. But these girls had a warmth about them and a gift for laughter that created an entirely different atmosphere than the one we anticipated.

"One night, after the girls had been with us for perhaps three weeks, I looked up at the clock and said: 'It's time for you chicks to get to bed.' Out came the dictionary. They found the word, looked at one another incredulously for a split second, then started upstairs, peep-peeping and making clucking sounds. My husband joined in the game by crowing like a rooster.

"Two nights later we went to the movies. There appeared on the screen the old newsreel rooster, and immediately one of the girls pointed to the screen and called out the name of my husband. It brought the house down."

Masako Wada, who first lived with Dr. and

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Keiko Kawasaki and Masako Wada have part-time jobs with the Hiroshima Home for Blind Children. Between operations in America they studied at New York's "Lighthouse"

Mrs. George Perera, of Riverdale, New York, observed that when the doctor came home at night he greeted Mrs. Perera with "Hello, honey," to which she replied, "Hello, darling."

"I *thought*," said Masako, "that must be their names—'Honey' and 'Darling.' I called the doctor Darling and his wife Honey until I noticed on television that people were always calling each other that and something must be wrong."

YOSHIE HARADA, who stayed with Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Morris, of Plainfield, New Jersey, was amazed at the open discussion of boy friends at the Plainfield school, where she studied English and typing (and graduated from her typing class with honors). "Half the fun of having a boy friend is keeping it a secret," she said—and later proved it.

"The girls had apparently been exposed to all the usual stereotypes about the United States," remarked another of the temporary parents. "Now they admire the pride of Americans in their flower gardens or in their flower arrangements in the home. They see Americans who have hobbies like knitting or painting or who love good music as much as sports and they are deeply pleased. When these girls return to Japan they will be able to talk about a much more accurate America."

In an astonishingly short time the girls' warmth, cheerfulness and basic good manners, their quickness in bypassing the language barrier, made them active members of the household. The Maidens developed an instant liking for American food (particularly hot dogs and spaghetti).

Although each girl was "shared" by as many as eight families through the year, there were never enough girls to go around. From a twilight society in Hiroshima they were now basking in love and attention. They were *popular.* They were deluged with presents—not expensive ones but more than they had ever received at one time before. They got many dresses and sent most of them to the Maidens who were left behind. They went sight-seeing to Washington at cherry-blossom time, to the UN, to ball games and to picnics.

Between operations, they studied. They all passed a course in first-aid nursing at Mount Sinai. They all learned to speak and understand English—some more than others. Many learned to type. A girl whose fingers were freed of contractions took up drawing and painting, won an art scholarship and exhibited a painting at the Friends fall sidewalk show. It was sold on merit and the girl contributed the money to Mount Sinai Hospital.

Masako Wada and Keiko Kawasaki—who had worked at the Hiroshima Home for Blind Children—learned to operate a Braille typewriter at The Lighthouse in New York. A donor contributed one Braille typewriter to the home and three others, as well as other educational supplies and games, are on the way as gifts from the American Foundation for Overseas Blind.

Still another girl studied to be a beautician, and became official hairdresser for the whole group. Another, her fingers freed for the first time since childhood, learned to play the piano.

Meanwhile the main drama was acted out under the operating lights at Mount Sinai Hospital. Drs. Barsky, Simon and Kahn performed 130 operations, an average of over five per girl, with a maximum of four girls in the hospital at one time. The Maidens had been told in Hiroshima that they should not expect miracles. In New York they were told all over again. One of the Maidens, as she was being wheeled into the operating room, replied: "Tell Dr. Barsky not to be worried because he cannot give me a new face. I know this is impossible, but it doesn't matter. Something has already healed inside."

The required surgery in most cases was extraordinarily complicated. A high thermal burn scar calls for painstaking tissue reconstruction. Following a skin-grafting operation, the area receiving the new skin sometimes has less lingering pain than the "donor" area from which the skin has been taken.

Realizing this, a "parent" bringing her girl to the hospital for a second time asked if she couldn't give her own skin for the girl. Dr. Barsky regretfully declined the offer. The skin from one person cannot be permanently grafted to another except in the case of identical twins.

MORE IMPORTANT to many than skin grafting for disfigured appearance was reconstructive surgery. The Maiden who wept as she spoke on the telephone to her family in Hiroshima explained, "It is not only because of my happiness that I cry. I cry because I am holding the telephone with my own hand and you cannot see it. I can move my elbow—like this—and I can move my fingers."

One of the Japanese parents wrote back: "Our girl has come out into the sunshine for the first time in her life."

When Terue Takeda, whose left eye had stared open for 10 years, was handed a mirror after her third operation and winked the lid, she clung to Dr. Simon and cried. "It was a very happy cry," Terue recalled.

It was just three weeks before the first nine girls were to return home that talented Tomoko Nakabayashi, who had won a scholarship at a school for fashion design, died on the operating table. In medical language it was "heart arrest under anesthesia," which occurred, tragically and ironically, during a minor operation—to remove a white scar on the inside of her arm. Tomoko herself had asked for the surgery, after debating whether it was worth while.

The girl whose name was next on the schedule for surgery was Masako Kanabe. Masako arrived at the hospital with her little suitcase and asked that the doctors be informed that she was ready—immediately, if they wished—to have her operation. And please tell the doctors, she said, that there wasn't a girl who didn't feel the same.

When the Maidens said good-by to dozens of misty-eyed "parents" at New York International Airport "it was the first time I ever saw a man cry," said Yoshie Harada. "But I cried the most."

Perhaps the greatest strain was on Dr. Sadam Takahashi who, as the senior Japanese present at Tomoko's death would bring her ashes home. "If I could not present the true picture of what had happened," he said, "if one Japanese doctor raised the cry of 'bungling,' then everything the Americans had strived for, the good we all wanted from the project would be lost. If this happened, I was prepared to commit hara-kiri."

At the stopover at Tokyo, where the Maidens changed planes, Dr. Takahashi told a packed press conference of the gratitude he and the Maidens felt toward the project sponsors, and said feelingly of Tomoko, "Everything humanly possible was done to save her." No reporter questioned him on it.

Hiroshima had been planning its welcome for a week. Father Hugo Lasalle from Hiroshima's Peace Memorial Cathedral said a brief planeside prayer for Tomoko. Then everyone piled into four chartered buses for the ride into Hiroshima. Even the countryside turned out to wave at the Maidens.

Keiko Kawasaki sat next to a friend who also bore the Devil's claw marks on her face—one of the Maidens who did not go to America. "Americans," chattered Keiko, "like raw carrots and celery and eat them with their fingers. They're good, too. And I got such a shock the first time I saw someone gnawing on a turkey leg. A perm costs $15. The translations at the United Nations were *sugoi*—terrific. You just put on the earphones . . ."

As the bus squeezed its way through narrow village streets and between carefully tilled paddy fields, Keiko sighed, "America has so much land. If it could only give a little to Japan."

It began to drizzle as the girls attended a memorial service at the Peace Park Cenotaph, which contains the name lists of the known A-bomb dead under the inscription: *"Repose ye in peace, for the error shall never be repeated."* The realities of life closed in fast. "Do you think you are the only ones scarred?" shouted a young male voice. After the service the girls got a lift to the nearest bus stop or train station and went home on their own from there. Almost at once they began to dissolve as a group, and come into focus as nine girls with individual problems.

Petite Yoshie Harada, who had learned to type so well, traveled to Jimbocho on the outskirts of town where her widowed mother, her brother and sister-in-law live in a tiny house jammed in an alley off an alley. Her mother works for 65 cents a day as a laborer. A year ago Yoshie worked for less, seasoning seaweed.

TAZUKO SHIBATA, twenty-six, the only college graduate of the nine, returned to her house adjoining the family noodle factory. Tazuko had been a seamstress until contractions forced her to stop sewing. Now her hands and arms were free, and the left side of her face smooth again. Two letters awaited her from a student at Columbia University, a native of Hiroshima she had met for the first time in New York.

One of the letters began, "What is it that you like about me?"

"I'm so happy, so very happy," said Tazuko. And then without thinking of the implications because she too had suffered, she added, "If it had not been for the atomic bomb I would never have gone to America."

Under a Dodgers pennant pinned on the wall of the room she shares with her aunt, Terue Takeda told her family about America. "I lived with eight families," recounted Terue, "and it was a strange feeling at first. Why did former enemies treat us like daughters? When I wanted to ask this question I couldn't speak enough English and later when I could it didn't seem to matter any more."

Sayoko Komatsu, the eighteen-year-old baby of the group, went home to rooms behind her father's food shop pondering whether she should go back to high school.

It was years since she had begged her mother not to make her go to class because the children called her *"Kippo."* But the associations were unpleasant. Now she wanted to be a nurse.

Yoshie Harada, who wept at leaving her American friends, became a bride ten days after she returned to Hiroshima

"*Sa*, she grew so much I was shocked," said her mother. "And she is so much gayer. She wears short sleeves now for the first time—the black marks on her arms are gone."

But something troubled the Komatsus. Mixed in with the congratulations on Sayoko's good fortune was strange talk by a few envious neighbors.

The mother of a young boy, completely bald from the A-blast, had said acidly to Mrs. Komatsu, "It's a shame—why were only girls permitted to go to America?" And to Sayoko herself a very pretty girl said, "If I had been scarred, I too could have gone."

"I cannot understand that," said Mrs. Komatsu, laughing nervously and then covering her face with her hands, "because as scarred as Sayoko still is, there is little hope for her marriage."

Within 48 hours of their return, what the neighbors were saying about the Maidens, pro and con, Hiroshima's leading citizens were saying in print.

Mayor Tadao Watanabe thought it a "near miracle" that the scars had been removed so successfully, "although the Maidens' disfiguration still remains in many cases."

A spokesman for the Hiroshima Municipal Doctors' Association said he was "surprised to see such conspicuous improvement."

One representative of the August 6 Club issued a contradictory blast: "In the field of plastic surgery, the Hiroshima surgeons are the best in the world. Why don't the Americans conduct treatment here not only for girls but for ordinary A-bomb patients?"

Actually, the out-of-pocket cash outlay for the Hiroshima Maidens project was $30,000. Contributions by 22,000 Americans came to $52,000 (the hospitalization, surgery, transportation and home care for the girls were all donated). The cash requirements were mostly to pay salaries for five Japanese doctors, for nurses, for the Japanese chaperon and for the girls' vocational training.

MOST JAPANESE doctors agree with Cousins that future American aid, if forthcoming, should probably be given in Japan—in funds and in American-Japanese surgical and medical collaboration. They feel the benefits should embrace all A-bomb sufferers—leukemia, anemia and eye-cataract victims, as well as the minority (about 400 cases) requiring plastic surgery. "You can't bundle 9,000 people off to America for treatment," said Dr. Takahashi. But he hopes that the 18 remaining Maidens may somehow make it.

"The big question," says Cousins, "is where do we go from here? We intend to continue with the project and would like, if possible, to be helpful in setting up the medical machinery in Hiroshima and Nagasaki that would result in treatment for every sufferer who needs it. Up until now, we have operated largely on a voluntary basis. If the project is going to be an extensive one, carried on in Japan, it will be necessary to find additional funds. The $20,000 or so we have left over would be a start, but we will need at least five times that amount."

But even as the future projects are debated, the Maidens who came home first are making the most of what they gained.

The Seikokai (the Pure Relationship Society), a group of prominent Hiroshima citizens, set out to help them find work and quietly began scouting the husband market (most Japanese marriages are still arranged by a go-between). Within a month of the Maidens' return they scored some notable successes.

Atsuko Yamamoto, who once tried to take her own life, is the jolliest and at times also the most depressed of the group. She can convulse listeners with the story of how she posted letters for three months in a Mount Sinai trash bin or lead the singing of You Are My Sunshine—a favorite with the Maidens. Glancing through the Japanese newspaper that carried pictures of the Maidens' arrival next to that of the newly crowned Miss Japan, Atsuko joked, "Anyway, I'm Miss Pikadon—" (the slang Japanese word of the A-bomb "boom").

But she can also say sadly, "In America I felt as though I could do anything—my hands were freed. But now in a way I envy Nakabayashi-san (the dead girl). I shouldn't say this as a Christian—but, ah, to be loved, to win a scholarship and then to die without facing the problems of home-coming."

Atsuko's dream is to open a restaurant. She hasn't realized it yet but the Seikokai got her a job in the plush New Hiroshima Hotel and she is on the way.

SAYOKO KOMATSU, the eighteen-year-old, picked up where she left off in high school and still plans to be a nurse.

Keiko Kawasaki and Masako Wada presented the Braille typewriter to the Home for Blind Children. Both, with new jobs in a Hiroshima department store, said they would continue doing part-time social work among the blind "who suffer much more than we did."

Tazuko Shibata has an office job with an electric company—but does not intend to neglect her correspondence with a student at Columbia.

Motoko Yamashita, in the room behind her mother's fishing-tackle store, lost no time getting out her scissors, needles and thread to resume work as kimono seamstress. But like Terue Ikeda, who had worked in a cotton and gauze factory, she wanted to look around for something better. Motoko's mother chided her, "You have many things to learn at home. We are not rich people and, God willing, if you should get married, you must know more about cooking, knitting, flower arranging."

"But in America . . ." said Motoko. She took an office job a month later.

Hideko Sumimura, the least scarred of the girls, has a peculiarly Japanese problem. Since she is an only child her parents want her future husband to adopt the Sumimura family name and this costs money.

The girl who, to everyone's delight, did get married—ten days after her return and with no assist from anyone—was little Yoshie Harada, who knew how to keep a secret. At a formal Shinto ceremony in the Hijiyama Shrine, Yoshie took the vows with twenty-two-year-old Toso Yanagibashi, a factory worker from her neighborhood whom she met three years ago and became engaged to a few months before her trip to America.

In an embroidered wedding kimono, oiled wig and *tsunokakushi*—the silken headband that traditionally hides the horns of jealousy—Yoshie made a classically lovely Japanese bride. At the wedding feast, attended by eight of the Maidens, someone asked the groom whether he found Yoshie prettier than when she had left Hiroshima.

"I *always* thought she was pretty," he replied.

THE END

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PHIL BATH

America's Olympic chances at Melbourne

Now an observer instead of track-and-field star, Bob Mathias has been making extensive good-will tours abroad for State Department

RALPH POOL

By BOB MATHIAS *with Melvin Durslag*

A great champion previews the forthcoming Games after a close look at the world's best athletes

Since track and field is a sport that closely follows form, and since our boys have been showing the best form lately in the greatest number of events, I am pretty certain that the United States is going to predominate in men's track and field at the Olympic Games in Melbourne next month. But I am equally confident that the Russians will "win" the Olympics in the over-all team scoring compiled unofficially by the world's press.

Actually, an over-all Soviet victory shouldn't come as a surprise nor set our politicians to angry breast-beating. The Russians subsidize their Olympic program and insist on faithful training for *every* event on the schedule. Working without government aid, we tend to emphasize only the events we *like*. As a result, the Russians should crush us—as they did in 1952—in such assorted Olympic categories (which hold little appeal here) as women's track, and men's and women's gymnastics, thus offsetting our advantage in men's track, boxing and swimming.

It's all too easy to forget, anyway, that the Olympic Games are not intended to be scored on a national basis. The events are meant specifically to be contests of individual skill. And that is what I have found them to be—for the athletes involved, at least.

I remember, for example, the dramatic 3,000-meter steeplechase duel at the last Olympics between Horace Ashenfelter of the United States and Vladimir Kazantsev of the Soviet Union. It was great runner against great runner, not American against Russian. The fact that Ashenfelter won is incidental. As the two men battled down the stretch of the long, hard race, they weren't worrying about Democracy versus Communism. They were saying to themselves: "I don't care who the other guy is. I'm going to win this race if it kills me."

I know the feeling from experience. My one goal in the decathlon at the '48 and '52 Games was to finish first. I would have felt just as badly losing to an American as to some Russian.

Olympic interest this year, as usual, will revolve mainly about the men's track-and-field competition. If we Americans are smart enough to center our attention on runners, instead of governments, I think we can get set to enjoy the most exciting Olympics yet—and one that again will bring the United States an extra-large measure of satisfaction through the performances of our athletes.

I have seen most of the world's top track-and-field people in action since the last Olympics and have talked to many experts abroad during two good-will international tours I made for the State Department. From this observation and conversation, I am going to get brave and pick the U.S. in the individual events to win all the shorter races from the 100 through 800 meters, plus the high hurdles, 400-meter hurdles, decathlon and five of the eight field events. [See chart next page.] Our great superiority in the dashes also will win us both the 400- and 1,600-meter relays.

The iron-curtain athletes should take most everything else, except the 1,500 meters and the hop, step and jump. In the unofficial point count, in which the first six places in each event are scored on a 10-5-4-3-2-1 basis, the United States should show a safe advantage in men's track, but I doubt that we will trim the Russians as badly as we did in 1952 when our margin was 224 to 57.

Still, we must not foster the idea that the Olympic Games will amount only to a dual meet between the United States and Russia. There will be almost 80 other nations represented. While many won't score a point, their pleasure will come from being a part of the greatest sports spectacle in the world.

IN MY TRAVELS to the Near and Far East over the past two years, I discovered many real amateurs—young athletes who got no scholarships, expense money or special privileges; nothing except fun from competing. Their facilities, for the most part, were poor. I found that Calcutta, India, a city of more than 4,000,000, didn't have a single track-and-field stadium. On Formosa, the boys were pole-vaulting with crude bamboo poles that seemed to bend in half when the vaulter started his ascent. In Iraq, the athletes competed on plain dirt tracks. In other countries, the trackmen ran barefoot, and some still were using the ancient, discarded "scissors" method to get over the bar in the high jump. Yet, everywhere I went I found enthusiastic athletes eager to learn.

It's a tribute to our Olympic spirit that American coaches, many of them on summer leaves, have helped the smaller foreign countries considerably the past few years. Right now, we have American coaches preparing the Olympic teams of Iran, Ceylon and Burma, and others recently have trained athletes in Greece, Korea, Israel, Pakistan and the Philippines.

There is little chance of any of these smaller nations springing a major upset in the Olympics. But in 1952 at Helsinki, nobody gave much consideration to Josef Barthel, a 1,500-meter man from Luxembourg, and he took the gold medal for his tiny country's first Olympic victory in history.

I did uncover one prospective place-winner for the Olympics during a clinic I conducted in Colombo, Ceylon. I was giving a talk on high jumping and using a young Ceylonese to help me demonstrate. We started taking the jumps together and went up to six feet two inches, which is about my ceiling. I missed at this height, but the kid kept going. I turned to the proud crowd and said: "I'm not teaching this boy to high-jump; he's teaching me."

The youngster—he was only about seventeen—cleared six feet six that day for a Ceylonese national record. I'm pretty confident he is capable of six feet eight, which could land him among the first five in the Olympics. His name: Nagalam Ethirveerasingham. It took a recheck of my notes to remember it, no less spell it.

I saw no threat, in the course of my overseas tours, to continued American domination of the short races. At a track clinic in Berlin one day, a young German asked me why Americans excelled in the short races and did so poorly in the long ones. I explained that in Tulare, California, where I grew up, the kids would stage races to the end of the block, whereas youngsters in Europe probably would race *around* the block.

It's very likely the U.S. will sweep the first three places in both the 100 and 200 meters at Melbourne, even though we have lost Dave Sime of Duke University, who is possibly the fastest sprinter ever developed. Sime failed to qualify for our Olympic team because of a leg injury.

Our number one man in both events will be Bobby Morrow of Abilene Christian College, who has the most perfect post behavior I've observed since Mel Patton, our former world record breaker. I have never seen Morrow figure in a false start. He has learned to synchronize his mind with the blast of the gun and takes off as if fired from the barrel itself. Since the 100 is not a tactical race, the start is naturally all-important.

Most sprinters I know prefer the 200 to the 100 because it involves less pressure. Morrow, who agrees, once told me, "Running the hundred is like flying an airplane. One mistake and you've had it."

The 400 meters is still less hazardous for a bad starter, but no race requires more speed and endurance. This is a murderous event today, requiring the most delicate kind of conditioning. There have been times in decathlon competition when I've come away from running the 400 sick to my stomach.

Jim Lea, a graduate of the University of Southern California, and Lou Jones, formerly of Manhattan College, rank as the fastest quarter-milers in the world today. Both are physical prototypes of the ideal 400 man—trim six-footers who gallop along with big, well-oiled strides.

The 800 meters, which is literally the roughest race in the Olympics, has three leading contenders: the Americans, Tom Courtney and Arnie Sowell; and Belgium's Roger Moens. The 800, unlike the 400, is not run in

(*Text continued on page* 100)

With the split-second co-ordination that makes him the world's most consistent 15-foot-and-better pole vaulter, the Rev. Bob Richards clears bar at the final U.S. Trials. He's picked to retain his Olympic crown

BOB MATHIAS' OLYMPIC FORM CHART

100 METERS

Best American
BOBBY MORROW

Best Foreigner
HEINZ FUTTERER
Germany

Order of Finish
1 MORROW
2 IRA MURCHISON
U.S.A.
3 THANE BAKER
U.S.A.

Morrow is probably the fastest starter and smoothest strider among world sprinters today. Murchison has run the distance in 10.1 seconds, an unofficial world's record, but lacks Morrow's consistency. Baker starts too slowly to catch either of the others. Futterer, a big man who generates a lot of speed, has been Europe's fastest sprinter and could place.

200 METERS

Best American
BOBBY MORROW

Best Foreigner
MIKE AGOSTINI
Trinidad

Order of Finish
1 MORROW
2 THANE BAKER
U.S.A.
3 ANDY STANFIELD
U.S.A.

Great opening speed plus the fact that the Olympic 200 is run around a turn helps Morrow (far right at start of a dash), an experienced relay racer who often has competed on curves. Morrow is just about a stride faster in this race than Baker, who finished second in the 1952 Olympics. Stanfield, the '52 winner at Helsinki, has been slowed down by an injured leg, but still is a strong contender.

400 METERS

Best American
LOU JONES

Best Foreigner
ARDALION IGNATYEV
U.S.S.R.

Order of Finish
1 JONES
2 JIM LEA
U.S.A.
3 IGNATYEV

Jones, the world record holder at 45.2 seconds, beat Lea in both the Pan-American Games and the Olympic Trials. A slow conditioner, he patiently works his way into shape for the big races. Lea holds the world's 440-yard mark and is a fighting competitor. Ignatyev, a veteran of the 1952 Games, has improved steadily and is just slightly below the class of the two American standouts.

TOM COURTNEY

Best Foreigner
ROGER MOENS
Belgium

1 COURTNEY
2 ARNOLD SOWELL
U.S.A.
3 MOENS

Courtney is a powerful runner and big enough to take care of himself in this, the most bruising race in the Olympics. He holds the American record of 1:46.4. Sowell has more basic speed than anyone in the race and could get out in front and stay there. Moens set the world record of 1:45.7 and packs a powerful stretch kick. This one will be close.

1,500 METERS

Best American
JEROME WALTERS

Best Foreigner
JOHN LANDY
Australia

Order of Finish
1 LANDY
2 GUNNAR NIELSEN
Denmark
3 ISTVAN ROZSAVOLGYI
Hungary

Landy has bettered four minutes for the mile five times and is the smartest runner in the field. He knows his pace perfectly. Nielsen, a former half-miler with much speed and experience, usually follows the pace and depends on a strong stretch kick to win. Rozsavolgyi recently broke the world's record for the 1,500 meters and later ran a 3.59 mile. The United States doesn't figure.

JON BRENNEIS

5,000 METERS

Best American
BILL DELLINGER

Best Foreigner
SANDOR IHAROS
Hungary

Order of Finish
1 IHAROS
2 GORDON PIRIE
Great Britain
3 VLADIMIR KUTS
U.S.S.R.

Iharos was voted track's "Distance Man of the Year" in 1955. He is a great performer from 1,500 meters to 10,000. Both Pirie, who holds the world mark of 13:36.8, and Kuts have more experience, but Iharos is so good in competition he rarely loses to anyone in this event. Here again, no chance for the United States to place.

GORDON McKENZIE

Best Foreigner
GORDON PIRIE
Great Britain

Order of Finish
1 PIRIE
2 VLADIMIR KUTS
U.S.S.R.
3 JOZSEF KOVACS
Hungary

The 10,000 should be a great duel between Pirie, who has had a good autumn running season at every distance, and Kuts, who doesn't have quite enough speed for the 5,000 but has the endurance for 10,000 meters (six miles plus). Since the 10,000 will be run before the 5,000, he and Pirie will put everything they have into the longer race and trust to luck in the second. At least 10 other Europeans figure to battle it out for third in this event. Kovacs has fast clockings.

MARATHON

Best American
JOHN KELLEY

Best Foreigner
EMIL ZATOPEK
Czechoslovakia

Order of Finish
1 ZATOPEK
2 VEIKKO KARVONEN
Finland
3 REINALDO GORNO
Argentina

This is always a grab-bag event because no one ever is sure who will finish the 26 miles, let alone win. Zatopek recently underwent an operation, but is expected to recover in time to run. Now thirty-four, he is not the athlete he was four years ago, but should have the experience and heart to win any race he goes after. Both Karvonen and Gorno were good at Helsinki, but will have a struggle against runners from all over the world who have made vast improvements in marathon times over the past two years.

110-METER HIGH HURDLES

Best American
JACK DAVIS

Best Foreigner
BORIS STOLYAROV
U.S.S.R.

Order of Finish
1 DAVIS
2 LEE CALHOUN
U.S.A.
3 JOEL SHANKLE
U.S.A.

Davis lost the 1952 Olympic event to Harrison Dillard in a photo finish. He has excellent hurdling form, but not the speed between hurdles that Calhoun possesses. The two finished in a dead heat in the U.S. Olympic Trials, but the final edge goes to Davis on experience. Shankle should top the best of the foreigners to provide a U.S. sweep.

400-METER HURDLES

Best American
GLENN DAVIS

Best Foreigner
JURRI LITUEV
U.S.S.R.

Order of Finish
1 DAVIS
2 EDDIE SOUTHERN
U.S.A.
3 LITUEV

This event had been conceded to the Russians until the U.S. Olympic Trials, when both Davis and Southern ran under the existing world's record. Davis has tremendous stretch drive for a race that's one of the most exhausting in track. Southern has fine speed on the flat, but his hurdling form needs improvement. Lituev is a former world's record holder who seldom loses in European competition.

3,000-METER STEEPLECHASE

Best American
HORACE ASHENFELTER

Best Foreigner
JERZY CHROMIK
Poland

Order of Finish
1 CHROMIK
2 S. RZHISCHIN
U.S.S.R.
3 JOHN DISLEY
Great Britain

Any one of five runners could take this one. Chromik is a consistently strong competitor in both flat races and steeplechases. He set a world's record for the event last year of 8:40.2. Rzhischin ran an 8:39.8 this summer to break Chromik's mark, and then Sandor Rozsnyoi of Hungary lowered the figure to 8:35.6. Disley, third at Helsinki in 1952, has been a steady winner for the past year. Ashenfelter, 1952 champion, has been off form but could be dangerous.

BROAD JUMP

Best American
GREG BELL

Best Foreigner
NEVILLE PRICE
South Africa

Order of Finish
1 BELL
2 JOHN BENNETT
U.S.A.
3 RAFER JOHNSON
U.S.A.

All three Americans have been consistently good jumpers in what is considered an inconsistent event. Bell is a rangy fellow with lots of leg kick. Bennett is small, but gets good height. Johnson depends on sheer speed and power down the runway. It seems clearly a battle between Bell and Bennett for the Olympic gold medal.

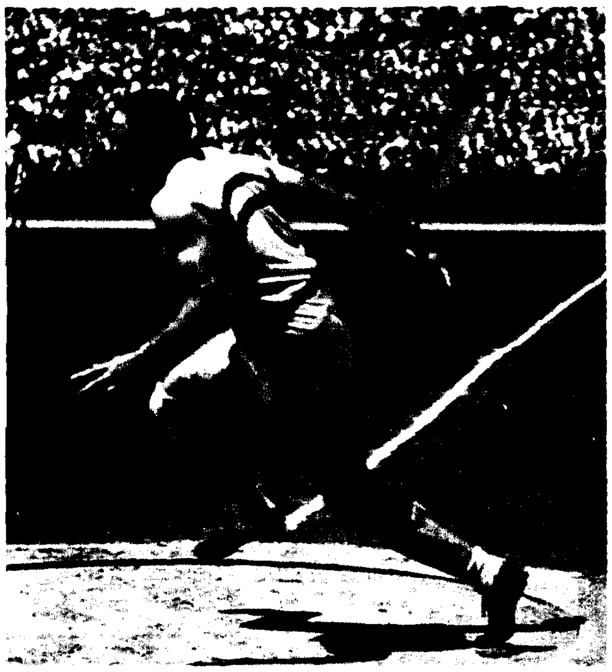
HAMMER THROW

Best American
CLIFF BLAIR

Best Foreigner
MIKHAIL KRIVONOSOV
U.S.S.R.

Order of Finish
1 KRIVONOSOV
2 S. NYENASHEV
U.S.S.R.
3 BLAIR

Krivonosov, the official world's record holder, regularly tops 210 feet and must be given a clear edge over the rest of the field. Blair gets off a big throw occasionally, and recently recorded a mammoth 216-feet 4½-inch heave, just under Krivonosov's best mark. But he doesn't match the consistency of either of the Russian stars.


GENE TRINDL

HIGH JUMP

Best American
CHARLES DUMAS

Best Foreigner
BENGT NILSSON
Sweden

Order of Finish
1 DUMAS
2 NILSSON
3 VERN WILSON
U.S.A.

Dumas is the first amateur ever to clear the dream height of seven feet. He's a cool competitor who doesn't figure to buckle under Olympic pressure. Nilsson has beaten many of the best jumpers in the world and consistently goes between six feet nine, and six eleven. He lacks the graceful, relaxed form of Dumas, but has done more big-time jumping. Wilson looks the best of the rest of the field.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP

Best American
IRA DAVIS

Best Foreigner
ADHEMAR da SILVA
Brazil

Order of Finish
1 Da SILVA
2 L. SCHERBAKOV
U.S.S.R.
3 YEVGENIY CHEN
U.S.S.R.

Da Silva is the Olympic champion, world's record holder and all-time great in this event. Scherbakov was runner-up to Da Silva at the last Games and has recorded some of the world's best marks during the past two years. Chen also has been a steady winner in European meets, although U.S. star Davis has improved and could win third place.

DISCUS

Best American
FORTUNE GORDIEN

Best Foreigner
ADOLFO CONSOLINI
Italy

Order of Finish
1 GORDIEN
2 CONSOLINI
3 KAREL MERTA
Czechoslovakia

Gordien and Consolini, both veterans of two Olympics, are still the best in the world. Gordien (above) lacks good form, but has great speed in the ring and a powerful throwing arm. Consolini won the discus in the 1948 Games and was second in 1952. Merta is a comparatively young discus man whose European record puts him in the running.

POLE VAULT

Best American
BOB RICHARDS

Best Foreigner
EELES LANDSTROM
Finland

Order of Finish
1 RICHARDS
2 JIM GRAHAM
U.S.A.
3 LANDSTROM

Richards, the 1952 titleholder, is the only 15-foot vaulter competing. The remaining places are a tossup among Graham, Landstrom and America's George Mattos, who have been vaulting around 14 feet nine inches most of the season. Landstrom is the only foreign pole vaulter to clear the bar at better than 14 feet six consistently.

DECATHLON

Best American
RAFER JOHNSON

Best Foreigner
VASILIY KUZNETSOV
U.S.S.R.

Order of Finish
1 JOHNSON
2 KUZNETSOV
3 M. CAMPBELL
U.S.A.

Johnson has everything it takes to win a decathlon: speed, agility and endurance. His single weakness is the 1,500 meters, and he's only fair in the pole vault. But he is good to outstanding in the hurdles (below) and the seven other tests that make up the decathlon. Kuznetsov recently set a European decathlon record and can run up a good score, but not enough to worry Johnson. Campbell is slightly weak in the weights, but should be able to top all other entries.

SHOT-PUT

Best American
PARRY O'BRIEN

Best Foreigner
JERI SKOBLA
Czechoslovakia

Order of Finish
1 O'BRIEN
2 KEN BANTUM
U.S.A.
3 BILL NIEDER
U.S.A.

All three U.S. entrants have bettered 60 feet. O'Brien, the defending Olympic champion, is the greatest shot-putter ever developed. Bantum has beaten O'Brien once and has been consistently over 59 feet. Nieder seems to have tailed off slightly from his early-season form, but is a fine shot-putter. Chances for a U.S. sweep are best in this event.

JAVELIN

Best American
CY YOUNG

Best Foreigner
JANUSZ SIDLO
Poland

Order of Finish
1 SIDLO
2 SOINI NIKKINEN
Finland
3 YOUNG

Sidlo has been improving enormously since the 1952 Olympics, where he finished far back. He recently posted a world mark of 274 feet 5¾ inches. Less than a week before, Nikkinen had set a new record of 274 feet 1¾ inches. Both are top-flight throwers and rate the edge over Young, the javelin winner at the '52 Games. Europeans are making big strides in the event these days and the U.S. will have a struggle to take third place.

PHIL BATH

Mathias demonstrates javelin technique to students at Nippon College, Tokyo. He won Olympic decathlon title in 1948 when he was only 17, and again in 1952

Have the iron-curtain athletes improved? One Russian hammer thrower barely hit 150 feet at the '52 Games. Now he's regularly over 210

(*Continued from page* 97) lanes after the first turn and the going from then on is mostly arm to arm. That's the reason for the jams that occur on the curves and the elbows that are thrown, too.

The first time I saw Moens he was stumbling about and getting no place in the 400 at Helsinki. He has since, however, found his place in the 800 and was burning up the tracks in Europe at this distance until he suffered a bad thigh injury in September that could possibly keep him out of the Games. Last year, Moens set the present world's record of 1:45.7 and has been betting he'd lower it to 1:44.

SOWELL, A STUDENT at the University of Pittsburgh, is an excellent speed runner with a long, rhythmic stride, but a bit on the delicate side for a roughhouse race. He stands almost six feet tall, but weighs only 135 pounds. Courtney, a Fordham graduate, is a heavyweight (at 180 pounds) who can protect himself in the clinches.

While I feel Moens will run and do well, I'll go along with Danish miler Gunnar Nielsen, who has seen him compete often in Europe, and told me before Roger was hurt: "Moens is too nervous for Olympic competition. An American should win."

I don't see the slightest hope, however, for the United States in any of the distance races from the 1,500 meters, which is 120 yards short of a mile, through the marathon. Our distaste for distance running costs us many points in the Olympics, but there again we get back to the old question: Should we encourage athletes to compete in events that give them no pleasure merely for the sake of points? Personally, distance running was never a favorite with me, either. I used to spend less time training for the 1,500 than for anything else on the decathlon program and the event used to kill me.

You would hardly recognize the 1,500 the way I ran it in comparison with the epochal contest coming up in Australia. Ordinarily, a race is considered outstanding when three or four men in it are rated to have a good chance to win. In this Olympic 1,500, any of seven runners could take it. The race has everything—a tremendous pace setter in John Landy of Australia; great stretch runners in Nielsen, Ron Delany of Ireland, Australia's Jim Bailey and Lazslo Tabor of Hungary; and strong people who run close to the pace in Sandor Iharos and Istvan Rozsavolgyi, two more Hungarians. Only Iharos on this list has not yet bettered a four-minute mile.

Landy is not famous for his speed, which leads many experts to believe he won't have the finishing kick to win the Olympic test. Zatopek picks Rozsavolgyi, who recently lowered the world's 1,500-meter mark, to take it; and Landy, himself, picks Bailey. I disagree with both. Nobody in track understands pace the way Landy does. If John moves out the way I expect in the first three quarters of a mile, I can't see how any stretch runners who have stayed close will have the stamina left to catch him, and the ones who have laid back will never get up in time.

Ironically, the fastest milers in America, Bobby Seaman and Fred Dwyer, failed to qualify for our team in the U.S. Olympic Trials. Both had an off day, as did Ernie Shelton, one of our best high jumpers; two of our 15-foot pole vaulters, Don Bragg and Bob Gutowski; our top-seeded 400-meter hurdler, Aubrey Lewis, who fell in his heat, and sprinter Willie Williams, who twice since has bettered the official world's 100-meter mark.

The absence of these athletes, plus Dave Sime, will no doubt weaken our effort slightly at Melbourne and leads me to believe that our method of picking an Olympic team on the basis of one meet isn't sound. In a series of, say, three meets, the best athletes would inevitably prove themselves. The inferior performer has all the advantage under the present system. He can cash in on a break and win an Olympic place from a man who might beat him nine times out of ten.

No matter what the selection system, however, it wouldn't help us right now in the distance events. We have lagged far behind the Europeans during the past 30 years and don't figure to catch them for some time to come. From 1912 through 1936, the Finns mostly dominated the longer races. And then came the amazing Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia, who has won four gold medals in the last two Olympics. Zatopek actually revolutionized long-distance running throughout the world with an involved but grueling method of training based on a large amount of running each day with no thought to clockings. The veteran Czech in his prime ran five to 15 miles each day, in sunshine or rain. It is his theory that building up endurance is of prime importance; the speed comes later.

As students of Zatopek's ideas, such runners as Iharos, Vladimir Kuts of Russia, Gordon Pirie of Great Britain and Landy have turned in astounding times in distance running during the past three years. And these are the men you will hear about in the long races at Melbourne.

We Americans do much better in obstacle races like the 110-meter high hurdles and the 400-meter hurdles, although our success in the latter is largely a case of Yankee ingenuity. We never run this race in regular competition in the United States, but in Olympic years, our good quarter-milers take a few hurdling lessons and somehow come home winners at the Games. We have now won the 400-meter hurdles with converted quarter-milers at the last three Olympics. And between Glenn Davis of Ohio State, and Eddie Southern of Texas, also 440 men who have just learned to hurdle, I'm sure we will make it four in a row this year.

Our chances are equally good in the 110-meter high hurdles, a popular event in our country and one that we've won at 11 of the 13 modern Olympics. Our top man in the event this year is Jack Davis, a USC graduate, who lost only by inches to Harrison Dillard in the 1952 Games. As a former high hurdler at Stanford, I ran against Davis many times and studied his style—from a good distance back. He has the finest hurdling form I've seen. His starts aren't the fastest, but he takes his jumps with such mechanical perfection that he only rarely touches any wood.

There is a third jumping race in the Olympics, the lengthy 3,000-meter steeplechase. This obstacle-filled test combines the qualities of a foot race and the Grand National and is seldom contested in our country. I think it's a silly event and the rest of the United States seems to agree. Our spectators laugh uproariously when they see it, particularly when someone takes a header into the water. Europeans, however, take the steeplechase seriously, with the result that they usually win it.

In the field events, Parry O'Brien has done for shot-putting what Zatopek did for distance running. Parry has so much extended the horizons of this event that his form now is copied all over the world. When I visited Iran, in fact, I heard that the Russians were using slow-motion pictures of O'Brien as a training aid for their shot-putters.

I WATCHED PARRY set an unofficial world's record for the shot of 61 feet 4½ inches (he has since bettered 62 feet six inches) in Los Angeles last June. It was the same O'Brien I had seen win the gold medal at Helsinki: fired up, fidgety, grumpy with those around him before the start of competition, and apologetic afterward. He's a big man who stands six feet three and weighs 230 pounds. Now twenty-four, O'Brien has been training exhaustively for the shot-put for almost ten years. He's a terrible hypochondriac on the field. He eats honey for quick energy. He usually wears three sweat suits and a couple of extra T-shirts to keep warm. At a meet, he isolates himself from the other trackmen, runs back and forth, jumps up and down, chases away cameramen and is generally antisocial. Once he's through competing, he's a wonderful guy. Parry has been laughed at for eccentric behavior, but no one laughs at the results. He's the most remarkable shot-putter yet.

The pole vault, too, is an all-American proposition. We have a remarkable record of having lost this event only once in Olympic competition. Our top contender again is Bob Richards, an alumnus of Illinois and a minister, who won the gold medal at Helsinki. Richards, like O'Brien, disciplines himself rigidly and works at his specialty the year around. He has cleared 15 feet upwards of 90 times, far more than anyone else in history.

Bob is as confident as he is well liked. During the last Olympics he was giving his rivals, Russians included, helpful tips on pole vaulting even while the competition was in progress.

Our high-jumping crop this year has produced the most exciting jumper I've ever beheld, a nineteen-year-old junior-college student from Compton, California, named Charles Dumas. So help me, this guy goes up like a helicopter. He is comparatively inexperienced and stands only six feet one, which is small as high jumpers go. Yet, he has become the first man to clear seven feet, and I am confident he will continue to go higher.

Dumas uses the "belly roll" to go over, which differs slightly from the more popular "Western roll." With the Western roll, an easier form to master, the jumper makes a quarter turn of the body and clears the bar on his side. With the belly roll, he makes a half turn and sails over face down.

Dumas's toughest opponent at Melbourne will be a Swede named Bengt Nilsson who has an odd-ball jumping style all his own. Nilsson dives over the bar head first, tucking his body under him and flattening out with amazing dexterity. He has jumped as high as six feet eleven. Diving is not legal in high jumping if the contestant takes off on both feet, but Nilsson stays within the rules by pushing off on one foot. He's the only good jumper I've seen who goes head first.

The discus will bring together a pair of wonderful showmen in Fortune Gordien, a six-time American champion, and Adolfo Consolini, the European champion from Italy. Both will be making their third Olympic appearance. I retired from track competition at twenty-two. Consolini, at forty, and Gordien, at thirty-four, are still going strong.

Consolini is a handsome fellow with an Old World charm, who approaches his job like a ballet artist. He even steps into the ring with a flourish. Gordien, meanwhile, lends comic relief to a meet. No Barrymore ever hammed it up more. Fortune mugs for the photographers and usually stirs a rhubarb with officials by complaining about the poor condition of the ring. Then, after he throws, he often turns to the stands and takes a sweeping bow. Gordien doesn't look as pretty in the ring as Consolini, but he gives that plate a long ride.

Fortune's foreign competition should be a good deal tougher than that which our broad jumpers will face. All three U.S. entries, Greg Bell, John Bennett and Rafer Johnson, top 25 feet consistently and may score a sweep. The broad jump has never been one of my favorites. I feel it's the least scientific of the field events, and trackmen have made less progress in it than in any other test. Jesse Owens's record of 26 feet, 5⅜ inches, made in 1936, is the longest standing Olympic mark for a field event in the books.

The javelin throw, hammer throw and hop, step and jump should be taken handily by foreigners. Poland has a pip of a javelin thrower named Janusz Sidlo who couldn't even hit 190 feet when I saw him at Helsinki. How times have changed! He now betters 250 feet every time out.

IT'S THE SAME STORY in the hammer throw, but the athlete this time is a Russian named Mikhail Krivonosov. Krivonosov barely knew the first thing about throwing the hammer when I watched him in the 1952 Games. He hardly reached 150 feet. Now he's consistent beyond 210 feet.

As for the hop, step and jump, I feel it's a shame that we pay the event so little attention in this country because it strikes me as far more interesting than the broad jump, which is part of our regular track program. The most astounding hop, step and jump competitor I've seen is a five-foot seven-inch Brazilian sportscaster named Adhemar da Silva. Da Silva, who speaks seven languages, won the 1952 Olympics and hasn't been beaten since. In the Pan-American Games last year, he set the present unofficial world's record of 54 feet four inches, which is a fantastic distance, as you'll discover if you measure it out on your lawn.

I watched Da Silva in action one day and wondered idly what he did that made him so good. And then it struck me—he has a tremendous hop. He seems suspended in the air as if he were filled with helium. Just for the fun of it, I paced off the hop. It measured close to 18 feet. As a broad jumper, he is only average at about 23 feet. But when you add his hop and step, he's terrific.

Finally we come to the decathlon, which should go easily to our own Rafer Johnson of UCLA, who already has broken my world's record. I'll assure you that Johnson's record won't stand. He won't let it. He'll break it often in the future.

This fellow is tailor-made for the decathlon. He stands six feet three inches tall, weighs 200 pounds, has big arms and shoulders for the weights and trim legs for the races and jumps. Most people don't realize that an athlete needn't be outstanding in any of the 10 events to score well in the decathlon. Johnson is so great because he ranges from good to exceptional in fully eight events. Barring injury, Johnson should walk away with the Olympic title and score more than 8,500 points to better by far his present record of 7,983. My mark, set in 1952, was 7,887.

Since the Olympic Games this year will be held for the first time in the Southern Hemisphere, where spring comes during our fall, the Northern Hemisphere nations have a training problem on their hands. In our country, the track-and-field season ended on June 30th with the Olympic Trials. Many experts, coaches included, have questioned our judgment in picking our team so early. They would have favored the Russian plan of staging the trials about now, a month or so before the Olympics. Instead, our squad has to be reassembled now in Los Angeles to start intensive training. It is argued that the long layoff may hurt our athletes, who will have missed big-time competition sorely.

However, I seriously doubt that the early trials will cost us any first places in the Games. Furthermore, in the 12 individual events I am picking our athletes to win, I think they will establish Olympic records in 11 of them, missing only in the broad jump. I plan to be in Melbourne for the whole great show, but only as a kibitzer and conductor of a tour. In a way, I will miss competing this time. But after watching Rafer Johnson, maybe it's just as well.

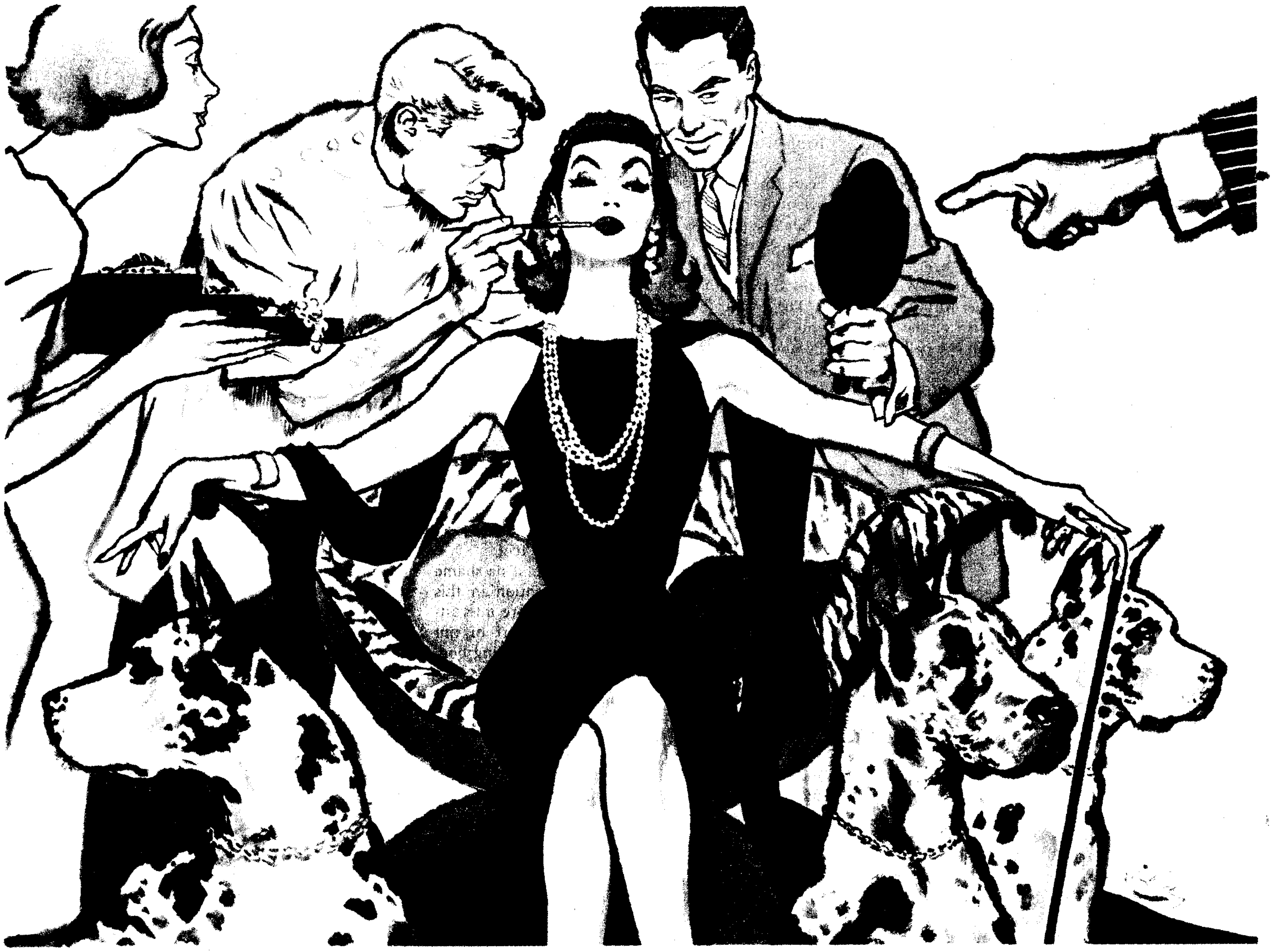
THE END

EUROPEAN

Chugging Czech Emil Zatopek leads Gordon Pirie of England (No. 1) in a 10,000-meter run. They are top prospects in the long Olympic races. U.S. team is weakest in the distance events, will be lucky to place

WIDE WORLD

Brazil's amazing Adhemar da Silva soars high and far in hop, step, jump specialty



When we finally got Rita up, at five in the morning, we started hurriedly slapping her about with the powder puffs—stand up, sit down, walk this way, turn, *smile*

A good vamp is hard to find

Hollywood had once scorned her; now it had *to win her back. And who was the fool who rushed in to do the wooing? Dear George*

By HANNIBAL COONS

HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

September 22, 1956
Airmail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Harmony Pictures
Algonquin Hotel
New York, New York

Dear George:

George, I have an excellent idea for you. While lolling there at the hostelry of the literary set, why don't you secure a pencil and rip off a quick autobiography? Everybody else has. Everybody from Rocky Graziano to Hitler's valet. Most of these searching tomes naturally finding their way into the cinema.

We've got so many life stories going out here at the moment that the whole town resembles a vast meeting of the Salvation Army. Step up, brother, and tell what saved you.

But enough of this idle stuff. To business. Opportunity is suddenly knocking at my door like Gene Krupa trying to get in out of a hailstorm; and not to delay the thrilling news any longer, the fact is that all you have to do is make one quick trip to Florida to earn me a bonus large enough to strain a derrick.

Because, George, whose life story do you suppose *we* have suddenly decided to make? Rita Dawn's! Remember her? Back in the ropes-of-pearls silent days Rita was the undisputed queen of this town; when Rita Dawn lay back on that gold couch, bent those sultry eyes on the camera, and the subtitle flashed on reading "Kiss me, you fool!", strong men all over this nation fainted dead away. That woman was a pistol. She had a house in Beverly Hills about the size of the Roman Colosseum, and when she gave a party she had so many live lions roaming the premises it would have frightened Walt Disney. We lived it up a little in those days, too, friend.

But then came the talkies. And when the bright young men we imported from the New York stage to teach us how to talk tried to record Rita's foghorn voice, it unfortunately sounded like a sea gull just coming out of the ether after a tonsillectomy. Overnight, America's darling had turned into Andy Devine with a bad needle. The bright young men tut-tutted and cluck-clucked, and finally Rita told them all where they could go, in terms that singed their Brooks Brothers suits severely.

Then she loaded a few of her things into eight or ten large moving vans and headed east, pausing only when she got to Key West, which is as far as she could get from Hollywood without pontoons.

The last I heard of her she'd bought her own island there off Key West, built a vast castle on it surrounded by a moat filled with varmints, and had

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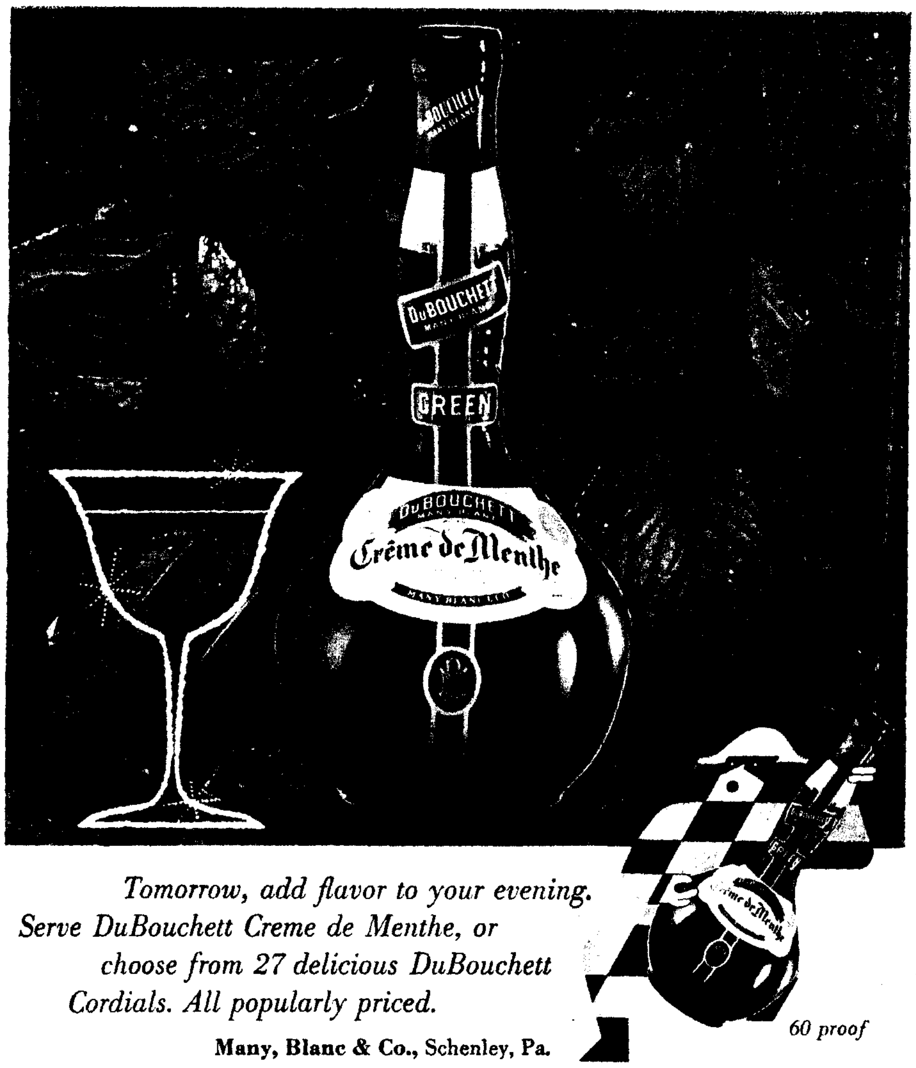
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vowed that she would never mention Hollywood again.

And that's the last I heard of Rita Dawn until ten o'clock this morning, when Lou Bentley, our beloved employer, called me in to inform me of a shattering communication from her.

Beset by these filmed biographies on all sides, Bentley had conceived the idea of making Rita's turbulent history into a vast CinemaScope version of the leopard-skin era and had, accordingly, written her a long and polite letter asking her what she would take for the film rights to her life story.

And this morning he got her reply. It burst into flame several times in the studio post office, finally being delivered to Bentley's office in a bucket partly filled with sand. The gist of the message being that she did not need his filthy money, that the mere mention of Hollywood made her sick, and would he please drop dead. She also swore quite a bit.

Rendering Mr. Bentley terribly unhappy. And I must say that I share his feelings, because I too think that Rita Dawn's life would make a wonderful motion picture. As pictures go.

Leaving, George, only one thing to do. Hop down there to Key West at once and get this ungrateful woman straightened out. Remind her that to forgive is divine and convince her that she should sell *me* her life story without delay. I will then offer it to Mr. Bentley—at a slight profit—and he will embrace me warmly and hand me a large sack of gold. Wouldn't that be nice?

George, this is the very sort of idiotic assignment you might succeed on, so be off. Key West lies toward the south. Hit it.

Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? I ALSO KNOW SOMETHING OF THE BACKGROUND OF THIS VIOLENT WOMAN. SEND JOHN FOSTER DULLES.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
ALGONQUIN HOTEL
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, JUST ASK HER ONE SIMPLE QUESTION. JUST SAY, MADAM, WE WOULD LIKE TO MAKE YOUR LIFE STORY INTO A DANDY MOTION PICTURE—HOW MUCH? WHAT COULD SHE SAY TO THAT?
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

SHE COULD HIT ME RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES WITH AN ALLIGATOR. AND YOU KNOW IT. RICHARD BOY, I WANT NO PART OF THIS DEAL. IS THAT CLEAR?
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
ALGONQUIN HOTEL
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, I KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL, AND IT'S OKAY. FORGET IT. BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU GOT NICK BLIN'S PHONE NUMBER? HE WAS IN THE OTHER DAY ABOUT A PUBLICITY JOB, AND I'VE MISLAID HIS NUMBER.
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

LEAVING FOR KEY WEST IN TWENTY MINUTES.
GEORGE

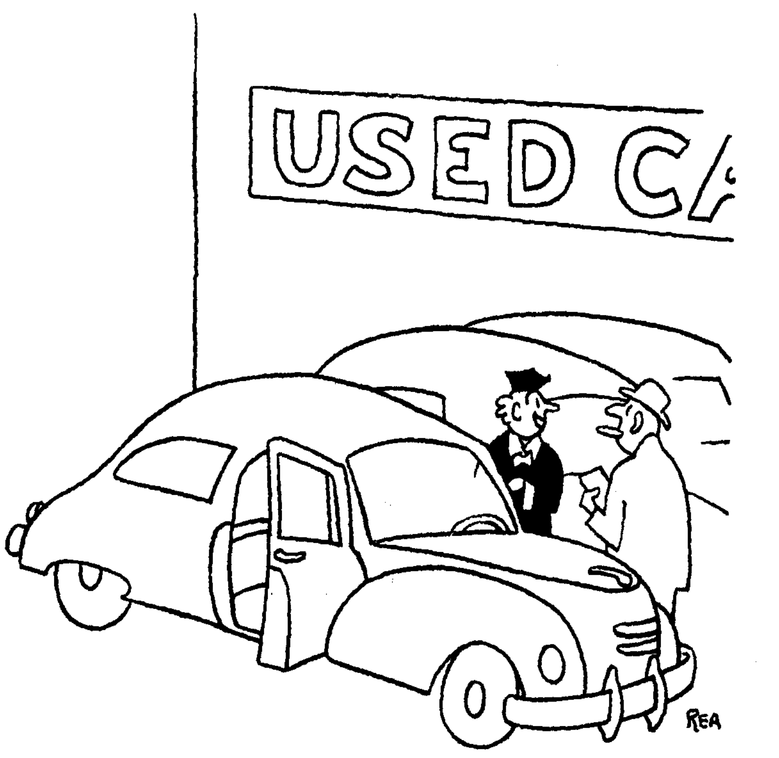
HOTEL KEY WESTER
Key West, Florida
September 25, 1956
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, this thing turned out better than I thought—it took only about an hour to find out that it was impossible.

I arrived here early this morning, made a few simple inquiries, motored across town a few blocks to the seashore, and there low on the horizon was Rita's island. Not an unusual situation,



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For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)–discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters–money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Without Nagging Backache

Now! You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often cause restless nights and miserable tired-out feelings. When these discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain—you want relief—want it fast! Another disturbance may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and drink—often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling.

For quick relief get Doan's Pills. They work fast in 3 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headaches, muscular aches and pains. 2. by their soothing effect on bladder irritation. 3. by their mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

Find out how quickly this 3-way medicine goes to work. Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 60 years. Ask for new, large size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!

as there are more little islands up and down these Florida Keys than there are pimples on a football. Anybody who couldn't have his own island around here isn't trying.

Rita's island, however, is a little unusual. Circling the whole island right at the water's edge is an electrified fence with enough juice in it, they say, to stun a steer. She comes over to Key West in her own boat when she wants to, which is seldom, and her telephone is a ship-to-shore arrangement that she can call out on when she pleases and just shut off when she unpleases. Leaving no way in this world to contact her. I tried.

I next drove over to a place where you rent boats, rented one, and took a short ride over there. And the reports were correct—the place is impregnable. There's a huge house of some sort behind an inner wall, but the only gate in the electric-chair fence is at the shore end of her private pier, and directly in front of this one gate stands, so help me, a large cannon.

Now, Dick, I realize full well that that cannon is just some old pirate prop she's found somewhere and stuck up there as a gag; but, knowing Rita, it's also entirely possible that that cannon is not only oiled and loaded, but wired up so that she can fire it from the house and blow the hell out of anybody trying to land.

Moreover, local rumor has it that she's so mad over some new Hollywood situation—guess which—that she's fit to be tied. She's even installed a herd of ravening great Danes who can usually be seen patrolling the fence, hopping for something edible to appear out of the sea. Preferably, someone from Hollywood.

Well, Richard, it isn't going to be me. This is just to let you know how things are going, and to inform you that if you will call the United States Marines and get me a decent landing force—nothing showy, just a thousand or two well-equipped men—I will get on with this assignment. As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL KEY WESTER
KEY WEST FLA

ARE YOU RELATED TO DEMILLE? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYBODY WHO SO LOVED A LARGE CAST. LOOK, I'LL RUN OVER IT AGAIN—JUST ROW OVER THERE, SEE THE LADY AND ASK HER HOW MUCH SHE'LL TAKE FOR HER LIFE STORY. GOT IT?
RICHARD L. REED

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL KEY WESTER
KEY WEST FLA

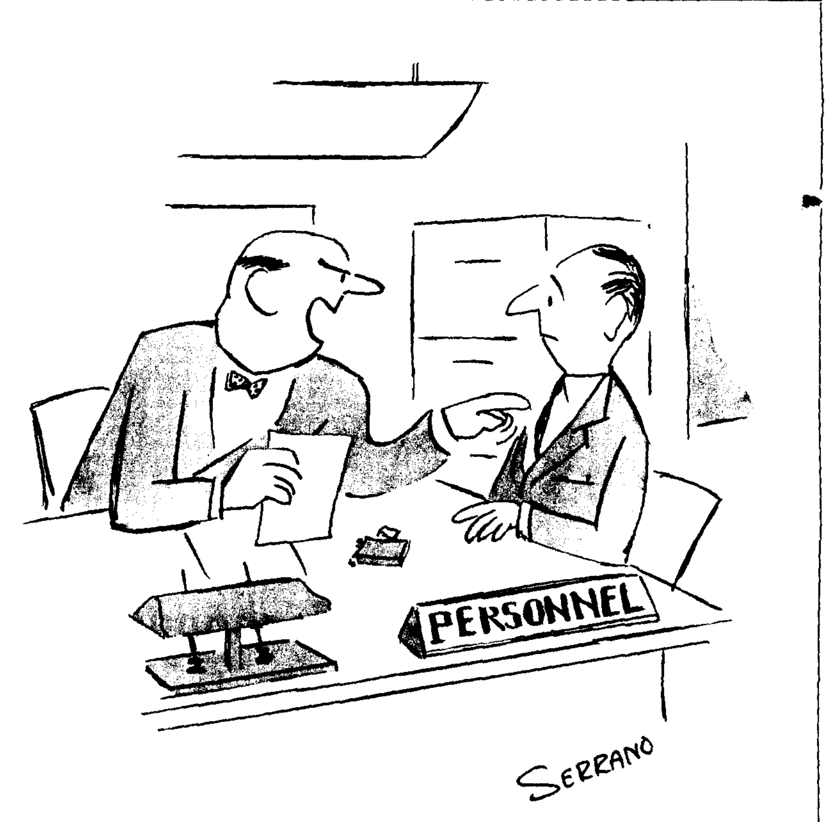
OOPS—HOLD IT. NEW DEVELOPMENT. COMPLICATES TASK JUST A LITTLE. AWAIT AIRMAIL SPECIAL.
DICK

HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
September 26, 1956
Airmail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative
Harmony Pictures
Hotel Key Wester
Key West, Florida

Dear George:

George, one nice thing about your job is that when you're in the field, you can depend on Uncle Dick to keep you informed. You're not forgotten here.



"What we're looking for, Mr. Finchley, is an aggressive man who's not afraid to bring his wife home forty dollars a week!"
COLLIER'S JOSEPH SERRANO

In other words, let us switch reels rapidly, to the talent dodge. You will be relieved to know that Rita's current anger at Hollywood has nothing to do with Bentley, or me, wanting to buy her life story. It concerns her favorite niece and only living heir, a Miss Daphne Dawn, a girl who is so beautiful that she could glamorize Times Square merely by sitting at the foot of Father Duffy's statue in a cane rocker.

My connection with this Daphne being minor, but terrifying. About a month ago I happened to see Daphne's picture in a magazine feature about Eastern college girls and, with no idea who she really was, showed the picture to an agent friend of mine who happened to be in the office. And the sneak immediately rushed out and put in a call to her, signed her to a personal contract, and he is now busily escorting her around to the various studios here, accepting admiration and bids from all. *My* discovery.

Anyway, as soon as I found out that she was Rita's niece, I was overjoyed that I had had no further part in the proceedings, because I knew that Rita's wrath would be something for which only Wagner could write the music. Her plans for Daphne, believe me, have in no way included the possibility that the girl might wind up in Hollywood.

So when you talk to Rita about buying her life story, don't mention me, or my slight part in this Daphne business, under any circumstances. Tell her you're buying it for a friend in Chicago. Tell her anything. Only don't mention me.

At any rate, you now understand the situation. Rita isn't really mad at us at all. So hop over there, buy her life story and, when I've made my fortune, I'll get you a real nice present from the war-surplus store. Best,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

AS USUAL, YOU'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING BUT THE HAZARD. THIS OLD LADY STUDIED UNDER HETTY GREEN. SHE'S APT TO OUTFIGURE US. I SAY WHEN YOU'RE MONKEYING WITH YOUR LIFE'S SAVINGS, GO SLOW.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL KEY WESTER
KEY WEST FLA

MY LIFE'S SAVINGS WOULDN'T BUY FLEA POWDER FOR A CHIHUAHUA. HAVE SCRAPED TOGETHER EVERY CENT I CAN FIND, AND AM AIRMAILING YOU CASHIER'S CHECK FOR FIFTY THOUSAND. MAYBE A DEFINITE CASH OFFER WILL SWING IT. ONLY PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH MY TAWDRY LITTLE PILE OF CONFEDERATE MONEY. RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

OKAY, BUT IF THIS ENDS UP WITH SOMEBODY FINDING YOUR OLD BLEACHED BONES SOMEWHERE, DON'T BLAME ME.
GEORGE

HOTEL LA CONCHA
Key West, Florida
Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California
September 29, 1956
Airmail

Dear Dick:

Now, Dick, be calm. You wanted me to go invade that island and see that fearsome woman, and I've done it. And I'm going to tell you exactly what happened. Only please be calm. I'll work it out somehow.

To begin with, to contact her I just picked up the phone, called Western Union and told them that I'd like to send a local wire. To Miss Rita Dawn, Key West. Message: "Please call George Seibert Hotel Key Wester; terribly important."

Figuring that they must have some way to deliver it. Anybody as important as Rita Dawn had certainly received a few telegrams over a period of twenty-five years. Maybe they had a Western Union boy who was a strong swimmer, or one who just liked dogs.

And they evidently have some magical method, because in not over thirty minutes the phone rang, and there was Rita. I knew at once that it was Rita, due to her opening sentence—in a voice like Tallulah Bankhead at the other end of a drainpipe.

"This better be important," she said, "or I'll buy Key West and break it over your head."

I had long ago decided that subterfuge with this woman would be the work of a fool. "Miss Dawn," I said, "I am from Hollywood, and I would like to buy your life story. Would you care to discuss it?"

And, Dick, her entire tone changed in a twinkling. "Oh," she said, "someone from Hollywood. Get a boat and come over at once!"

Which I did. And, Dick, I have never spent a pleasanter hour with a pleasanter woman. She met me at the pier, batted off the great Danes with a cane as we strolled up to the house and, as soon as we were seated, rapped sharply for servants to bring drinks and goodies. Hot goodies.

"And now tell me what's been going on in Hollywood," she said. "People think I loathe the place, but the fact is I'm so lonesome for it I could die." She was just charming.

It was a delightful interlude. There's nothing I enjoy more than talking to an intelligent older woman, unless it's talking to an unintelligent younger woman. Anyway, we talked on and on, and I told her about all the changes that television and the wide screen have brought on, and how crime movies are now so violent that even gangsters can hardly sit through them, and all in all we had a fine talk. And gradually I worked the conversation around to her life story, and she said oh that, she really didn't care one way or the other about the money, she'd sell it for practically nothing to any really deserving person, and did I by any chance have any news of her niece Daphne? She was so pleased that someone had given Daphne a chance at a screen career, and she'd been wanting to find out just who had discovered her so that she could write him a note of thanks.

Well, for Heaven's sakes, all that remained to cement the deal was to tell her that *you* had discovered Daphne, and that it was *you* who now wanted to buy her life story. What a happy coincidence! Smiling warmly, I reached in my pocket for the cashier's check and the fountain pen.

At which point she suddenly turned into a maniac. "Aha!" she cried, leaping up and slashing at me with her cane. *"That's* what I wanted to find out! So this Reed's the one that did it—I'll see him in hell first! Hollywood's not going to do to her what they did to me!" *Slash, whap, whappety-whap.* With the cane.

Fortunately missing me. Rounding the davenport, I sped out of there like a startled hare. And, Dick, I can settle one question for you—it is possible for a man to outrun a great Dane. I leaped into the boat—fortunately I'd had the man leave the engine running—and off we chugged. Rita legging it down the path banging away at us with a shotgun, and missing.

Well, that's about all there is to tell. Just what she will do I don't know, but I have personally changed not only my hotel but my name, and if I were you I wouldn't answer the door for a few days. How are things in Honolulu? Or Glocca Morra?

Dick, I just had a feeling this wouldn't work out.

As ever,
Sam Smith

SAM SMITH
HOTEL LA CONCHA
KEY WEST FLA

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WOULD COST TO HAVE SOMEBODY HURL YOU INTO THE NEAREST TURTLE CRAWL? GEORGE, AS BENNY SAYS, IF I TOLD YOU ONCE I TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES—DON'T MENTION ME, I SAID. THEN A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD WOMAN GIVES YOU ONE HOT VIENNA SAUSAGE AND YOU BLURT OUT THE WHOLE PLOT. JUST WAIT THERE. I'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO REWARD YOU. DICK

SAM SMITH
HOTEL LA CONCHA
KEY WEST FLA

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAS HAPPENED NOW? BENTLEY HAS SIGNED DAPHNE TO PLAY THE LEAD IN RITA'S LIFE STORY, THINKING THAT THIS WILL HELP BRING RITA INTO LINE! IF HE KNEW THAT WE HAD ALREADY HOPELESSLY MUDDIED HIS WATERS MY LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH A NICKEL. ALSO, I FIND THAT HE HAS BEEN PLANNING ALL ALONG TO BUY RITA'S STORY AND THEN RESELL IT TO HIMSELF AS HEAD OF HARMONY PICTURES. WHY, THE OLD GOAT—TRYING TO GET PERSONAL GAIN OUT OF STUDIO OPERATIONS. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YES, IMAGINE THAT. IF YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, THE REASON THIS WHOLE THING HASN'T GONE BETTER IS THAT NEITHER YOU NOR BENTLEY SHOULD MAKE A PROFIT ON THIS STORY, AND YOU KNOW IT. IF RITA HAS NO CLOSER RELATIVES SHE SHOULD MAKE ALL SHE CAN AND LEAVE IT TO DAPHNE. STOP TRYING TO ROB THIS GIRL OF HER FULL INHERITANCE, AND THINGS WILL GO BETTER FOR YOU. GEORGE

SAM SMITH
HOTEL LA CONCHA
KEY WEST FLA

WELL, LISTEN TO TODAY'S INSTALLMENT OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL. YOU SANCTIMONIOUS IDIOT, HOW COULD ANY GIRL AS BEAUTIFUL AS DAPHNE POSSIBLY NEED ANY EXTRA MONEY? ALL HER LIFE, STRONG ABLE-BODIED MEN WILL BATTLE TO THE DEATH FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF HANDING HER ALL MANNER OF RICHES. FOR HER TO INHERIT A FORTUNE TOO WOULD BE ALMOST OBSCENE. ALL OF WHICH IS NOW ACADEMIC. IF BENTLEY WANTS THAT STORY PERSONALLY, I CAN'T HAVE IT, SO MY INTEREST IN IT CEASES. THE ONLY PROBLEM NOW IS HOW TO GET US OUT OF THERE ALIVE. MAYBE YOU COULD WRITE A SUICIDE NOTE, ABSOLVING ME OF BLAME, AND LEAVE IT ON THE END OF A PIER WITH A PILE OF YOUR CLOTHES: THEN RUSH TO THE AIRPORT AND FLY OVER TO HAVANA FOR SEVERAL YEARS. I COULD SEND YOU CARE PACKAGES. ANY BETTER IDEA? DO SOMETHING QUICK. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

CERTAINLY I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. CHILDREN WOULD HAVE A BETTER IDEA. LETTER FOLLOWS. GEORGE

HOTEL LA CONCHA
Key West, Florida
October 1, 1956
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

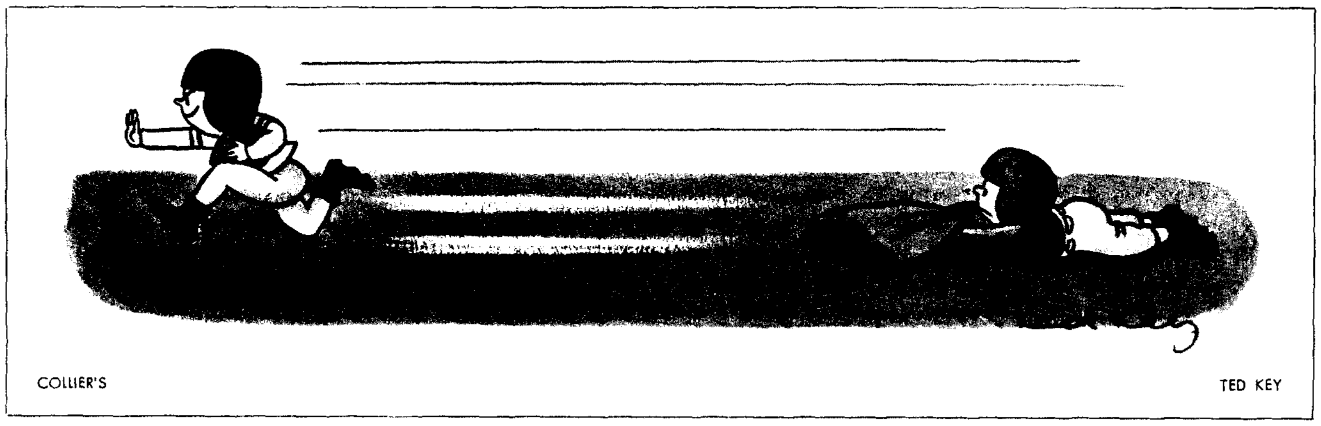
Dear Dick:

Dick, why do you get so excited about these things? Don't you know that it's difficult to think in a state of panic? First get a grip on yourself and then get a grip on the problem. I wish I could spend more time with you and show you how some of these things work.

Take our little difficulty here. As soon as I discarded the thought of craven flight, the solution was obvious. The only thing to do was to meet the situation head on and gain Rita's cooperation. Only do it intelligently.

Why is Rita so mean? Why does she have this undying hatred of Hollywood? Why, because Hollywood once scorned her. And if we've learned nothing else in the last five thousand years, we've at least learned that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

So the solution to the problem is simply to unscorn her! I will merely



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The Nylonair

The WEATHERAIN

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QUALITY
pays off in performance

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"YES, AND WHAT A CHANGE IT MADE IN THIS MOTOR."

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The 2000 MILE OIL

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Kendall Quality starts with 100% Bradford Pennsylvania Crude — acknowledged the world's richest crude oil. Continuous research . . . exclusive refining processes . . . and carefully selected additives blended under a New Formula enhance this natural superiority. The result — Kendall, The 2000 Mile Oil (For Service MM-MS-DG) satisfies the critical lubrication demands of modern engines and driving conditions.

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Specialists

go over there, knock politely on the cannon, and when she comes out I will say that we have seen how unfairly we once treated her; that we have now found, as we have, that unusual voices such as Aldo Ray's and Judy Holliday's are not a detriment in the talkies at all, but a distinct asset. And so will she please come back and be a great character actress for us at five thousand dollars a week?

At which point I will hand to her through the electrified fence a supposed contract—which in the meantime I will have made up—together with your cashier's check to bind the deal. After examining the check, she can hardly doubt that I am in earnest.

Now, Dick, to you this may sound like idiocy; to me, it is as safe as a gold bond. Because there is just no chance in the world that she will accept any such offer. She made her money in the days before we foolishly let the tax collector get such a big bucket; and she is certainly not going to go back now to getting up at five o'clock in the morning just to make a few silly movies.

But offering her this supposedly ironclad contract, backed by cash, will give her what she has always wanted—vindication. She will then calm down and I can talk a little business, and sense, with her.

I'll wire you the minute everything's straightened out. As ever,
George

P.S. It's really your own idea. You said that a definite cash offer might swing the story deal, so maybe it'll swing this whole deal of regaining Rita's friendship.

SAM SMITH
HOTEL LA CONCHA
KEY WEST FLA

DON'T THINK OF DOING ANY SUCH FOOL THING. SHE MIGHT TAKE IT. ALL I WANTED WAS HER STORY. NOW ALL I WANT IS MY FIFTY THOUSAND BACK. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK, THERE'S NOT A CHANCE IN THIS WORLD OF HER TAKING IT. IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW IT'S HUMAN NATURE. GEORGE

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW—SHE TOOK IT! YOUR NEWEST STAR IS THE NOTED RITA DAWN, CHARACTER ACTRESS. SHE'S LEAVING FOR HOLLYWOOD AS SOON AS SHE CAN PACK! BUT NOW DON'T GET EXCITED. I GOT US INTO THIS AND I'LL GET US OUT, SOMEHOW. BE CALM. GEORGE

SAM SMITH
HOTEL LA CONCHA
KEY WEST FLA

WHO'S EXCITED? ALL YOU'VE COST ME IS MY JOB, MY REPUTATION AND MY LIFE'S SAVINGS. HAVE DISPATCHED JOE GREEN AND DAPHNE TO KEY WEST BY PLANE. WITH HER HELP, MAYBE JOE WILL STILL BE ABLE TO PULL SOMETHING OUT. YOU START WALKING BACK TO NEW YORK. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER. RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WONDER OF WONDERS—EVERYTHING'S SOLVED! STOP CRYING IN YOUR BEER AND START COOLING THE CHAMPAGNE. AIRMAIL SPECIAL FOLLOWS WITH THRILLING DETAILS. GEORGE

HOTEL KEY WESTER
Key West, Florida
October 5, 1956
Airmail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, as I say, there's always a way. If you don't get panicky.

But there are times, I must admit, when things get a little brisk. Yesterday afternoon about three, for instance, I had my pockets filled with sash weights, and was walking out on a long pier here preparatory to hurling myself into the briny. Not with any trip to Havana in mind—just a short trip to the bottom. But it was such a long pier that I got a little out of breath, sat down on a bench to rest a minute—and reason reasserted itself.

I began to think. And suddenly I had it. Why, of course!

Hurriedly discarding the ballast, I sped to a phone booth and called every likely hotel in town, leaving word that when Joe Green and Daphne Dawn arrived, they were to call Sam Smith at the La Concha at once and leave word where they were, and then to stay put till I contacted them; I had a vital message for them from you.

Then I sped across town to the premises of a Shakespearean troupe that had lately been assaulting the Key West nights with clash of sword and epigram. I'd been wanting to go by, anyway, to see if Archibald Gavin, listed as company manager, could be Slick Gavin, a light-fingered student of the Bard I had once known in Chicago.

It was Slick, all right, and after a hasty hello I asked him whether I could borrow a couple of make-up men and a director who owned a Brooks Brothers suit.

Because I had seen in a flash that Rita's whole remaining trouble—the one flaw in my original plan—was that after twenty-five years of sleeping till noon she'd simply forgotten how unpleasant it is to get up at five o'clock in the morning and go to work. It can be awfully tricky if you haven't done it for a while.

I next rounded up a couple of movie cameras and some lights; then I sped back to the hotel, got the message from Joe Green that they had arrived, and hurried over and had dinner with them. And during dinner Joe, who had been acting very un-co-operative, insisting on going ahead with some mad scheme of his own—Dick, I wouldn't have anybody that crazy working for me for five minutes—suddenly got a severe short circuit in his innards and had to retire to his quarters. It seemed almost as though somebody had slipped him a Mickey. The doctor said he'd be just fine in a couple of days.

And sharply at five this morning I and my small group, including Daphne but minus poor Joe, debouched out of the sea onto Rita's private pier. Where I commenced clanging away on the cannon with a tire iron. "Rita!" I called. "Rita, dear! The men are here from the studio for your screen test. Up and at 'em—can't hold up production!"

The charade being that the group with me were make-up men and a director from Hollywood, who had flown in to give her some lighting and make-up tests at the earliest possible moment after the good news that she was signed. Daphne having talked the studio into letting her come along to see her dear aunt. I had found a slinky siren-type dress, a few ropes of pearls and some sultry eye make-up for Daphne, and she looked not only beautiful in it but so much like Rita Dawn in the old days that it was astounding.

And it worked just fine. When we finally got Rita aroused, we started hurriedly slapping her about with the powder puffs—stand up, sit down, walk this way, turn that way, *smile* . . . And in about twenty minutes she got up and, with her cane, took a slash at that little director that would have decapitated a Kodiak bear. "Get out of here!" she roared. "All of you. That blankety-blank Bentley needn't think he's going to get me back into his clutches just because he knows I could now be the greatest character actress in the world. He can take his blankety-blank job and his blankety-blank money and—"

By this time she had the shotgun down from the mantelpiece.

And yoicks, yoicks, out we all flew, down the path to the getaway boat. My Shakespeare group, Daphne with her skirts raised and her pearls flying, the great Danes, Rita racing along in the rear banging away with her shotgun—Mack Sennett would have loved it.

And we were just pulling away from the pier when Rita arrived, out of breath and shells, and suddenly lowered her fowling piece. "GEORGE!" she yelled—I remember thinking she sounded like the skipper of a whaling schooner—"you little weasel, come back here!"

Which I did. Something about her voice told me that the battle was over.

And she and Daphne and I went back in, and for a minute or two she just sat there and looked at Daphne. "My dear," she said finally, "you do look like me. You look exactly as I looked in Passion Fire, with Francis X. Bushman. What a wonderful picture that was."

At which point I nudged Daphne. The truth being that she almost beat me to it. "Aunt Rita," she said, her eyes shining, "if I can ever be half the actress you were, all my dreams will have come true."

And in five minutes we'd made a deal. We're going to get some gab in the columns about how the great Rita Dawn turned down a million-dollar offer to return to the movies, and how she's going to sell her life story to Harmony Pictures (not you, not Bentley), and let her niece Daphne play the starring role. And Daphne'll be tremendous—Rita's going to give her the advice of a veteran in the *femme fatale* dodge.

And Rita of course returned your check. So let's have no more of this loose talk about gifts from war-surplus stores. I have no need of a used parachute. Let's think more in terms of cash.

Which really leaves me with only one regret—or almost a regret: that Rita didn't hold us to that acting offer. Because I'm not at all sure but what that wild old woman could really be the greatest character actress in the world.

When you get her on the phone to settle the life-story details, why don't you see if you can sign her up?

As ever,
George

—HANNIBAL COONS

Rock 'n' Roll Battle

BOONE VS PRESLEY

In the field of popular music, no head lies more uneasy than one wearing the crown of Top Singer. Currently, that crown rests above the long sideburned features of a loose-jointed guitar thumper named Elvis Presley Almost unknown a year ago, Elvis has since the start of 1956 sold more than 7,000,000 records, become a major television attraction because of his ability to boost the rating of any show on which he appears, purchased five new Cadillacs and a Lincoln Continental, been paid a whopping $100,000 by 20th Century-Fox to make his movie debut in a Western titled Love Me Tender, and has exerted such a sweeping influence on American teen-agers that sociologists and psychiatrists have once again begun to debate the fate of our youth as fainting fits and Presley hairdos sweep the nation.

But brief as Elvis's reign has been, a new young singer named Pat Boone has fast been gaining on him. Boone is twenty-two years old, was born in Florida and raised in Tennessee, and is a direct descendant of Daniel Boone. Brought to national attention as the winner of an Arthur Godfrey talent contest in 1954, he has raked in royalties from 6,000,000 sales of five hit discs, shattered records at three Eastern night clubs, and stirred up such a flutter in feminine hearts that his home (now in New Jersey) is constantly besieged by a stream of teen-agers knocking on the door for autographs and pictures.

In the battle for first place in the affections of rock'n'roll fans, it would

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN NEWMAN AND JAY LEVITON

Top-rated Elvis Presley and his closest rival,

be hard to find two more dissimilar rivals than Boone and Presley. Where Elvis scorns marriage as a waste of time for a young idol with thousands of admiring girls beating at the stage door, Pat has been married for more than three years to Shirley Foley, daughter of famed hillbilly singer Red Foley, and recently became a father for the third time.

Where Presley quit his education with high school, Boone has juggled his singing commitments to permit a college career, and will receive a B.A. degree in June from Columbia University where he has maintained a straight A average. Where Elvis has been widely criticized for the emphasis his style places on "the roll," Pat's reputation is as solid as a rock.

TREND WATCHERS in the popular music field are already saying there are indications Boone is set to take over Presley's position as top seller. For five weeks last summer, Pat's recording of I Almost Lost My Mind headed all the best-seller polls while Presley lingered farther down on the lists.

Moreover, after a great deal of fanfare accompanying Elvis's night-club debut in Las Vegas last spring, he was quietly released from his contract when adult patrons sat unmoved through his performances.

Pat, on the other hand, backs up big appeal to youngsters with a wide adult following, which he credits to his frequent appearances on the Arthur Godfrey Show.

But Boone, who started his career at the age of seven by appearing in Nashville amateur contests, is not yet convinced he will devote himself to a singing career. Deeply religious, he has considered either teaching or the ministry as his life's work and may yet switch to one of them.

"I just sort of drifted into singing," he says, "because I had to support my wife while I went to school . . . but I won't keep at it unless I feel I'm really doing something worth while."

If he does keep at it, Pat should have a dazzlingly successful career. He has already proved that he is that rarity among singers, a man who can sing anything in any style. (In popular music, where styles change as fast as singers, this becomes an essential talent.) He gained his first fame as a rock'n'roll specialist (Two Hearts), went to the top with one ballad (I Almost Lost My Mind), now has another in Thee I Love, the theme song which he first recorded for the sound track of The Friendly Persuasion, then for Dot records. Presley, by way of further contrast, has still to produce anything to equal his success with rock'n'roll numbers.

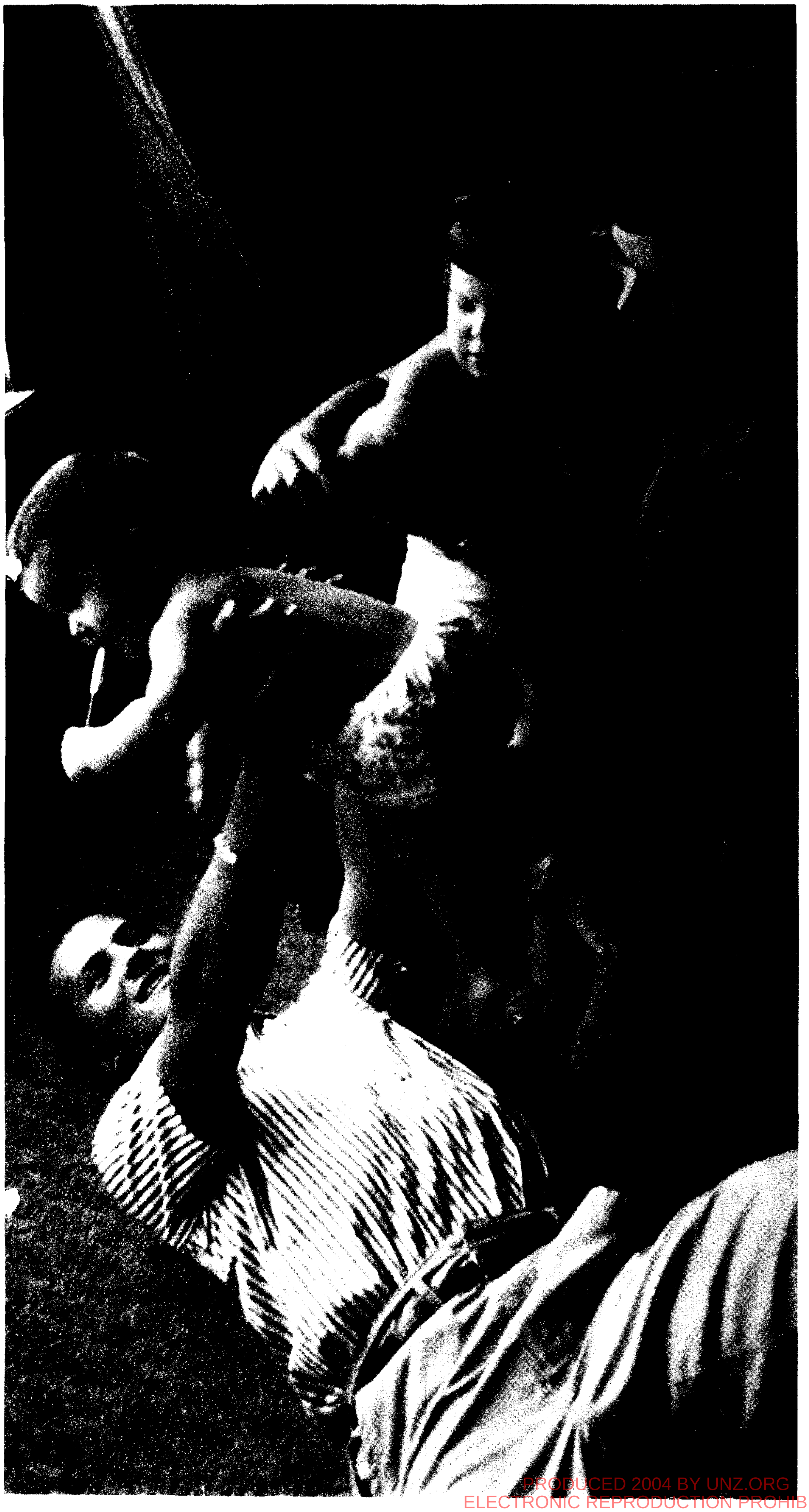
Meanwhile, the battle has been joined, and the nation's teen-agers—who establish top singing stars by buying their records—have at least mollified their elder critics by providing the boom for Boone. —THOMAS C. RYAN

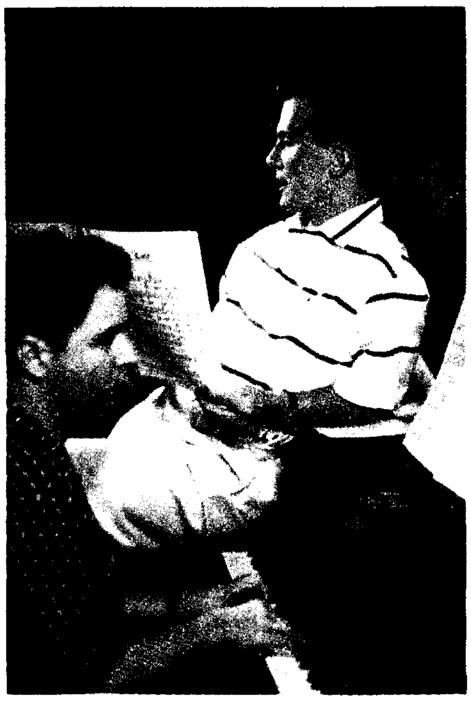
Presley rests in hotel room. One-night stands built up early reputation

Elvis talks with June Stephens of Atlanta who won date with him in a contest

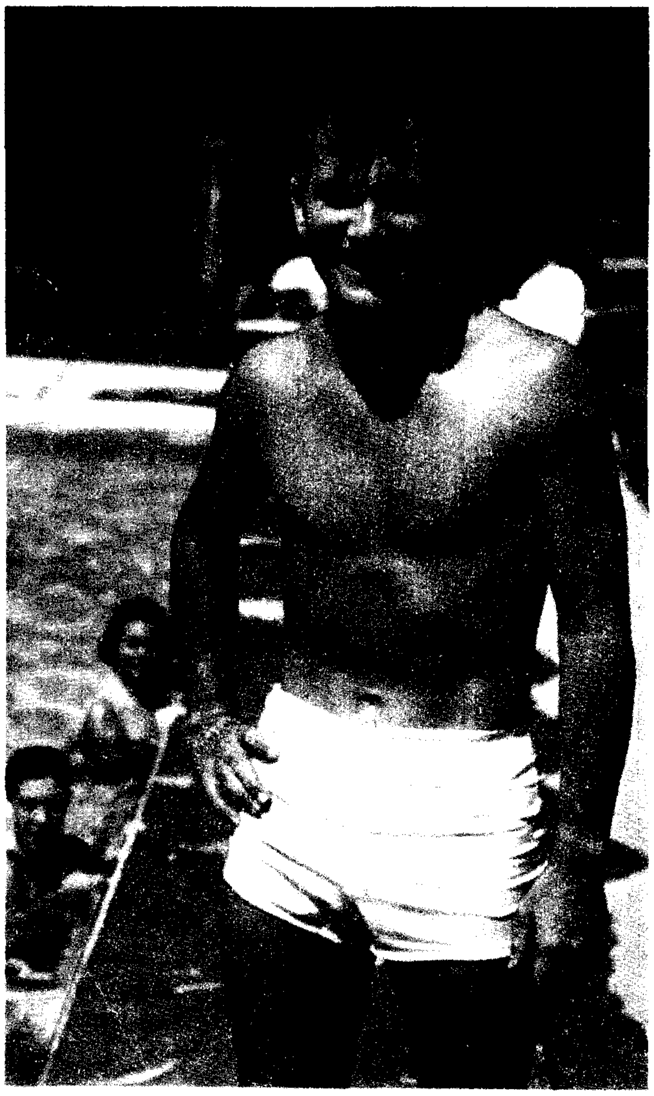
Pat Boone (right) romps with daughter Linda
elder daughter Cherry and wife Shirley wa

Pat Boone, present a study in contrasts off stage—are similar only in their effect on the fans

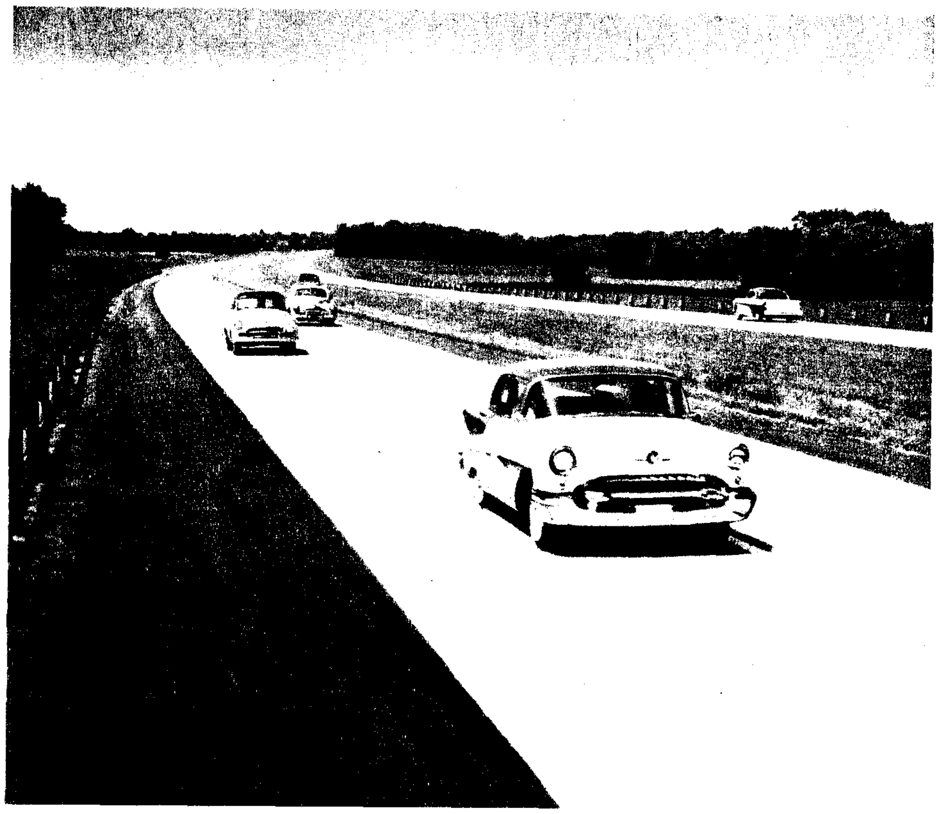




Boone records Thee I Love, the theme from Allied Artists' The Friendly Persuasion. A hit, it sold 250,000 copies the first week



On rare home-town trip to Nashville, Pat relaxes with sisters Judy (left) and Margie



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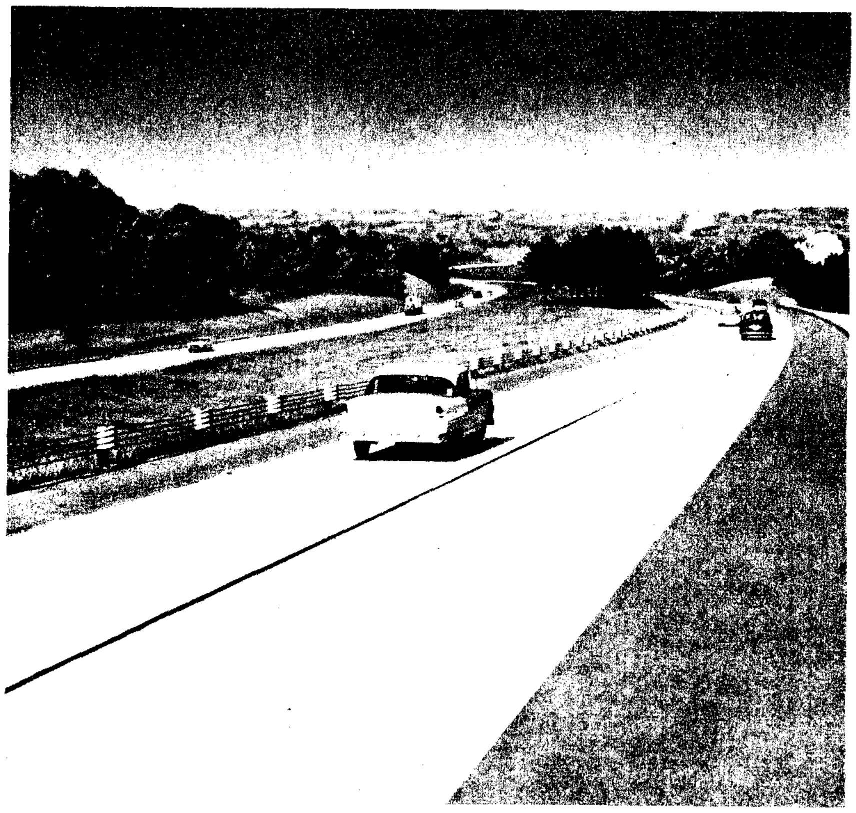

OHIO

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Drive from Chicago to New York on roads free from congestion, crossings and stop lights — a preview of thousands of miles of super roads to come

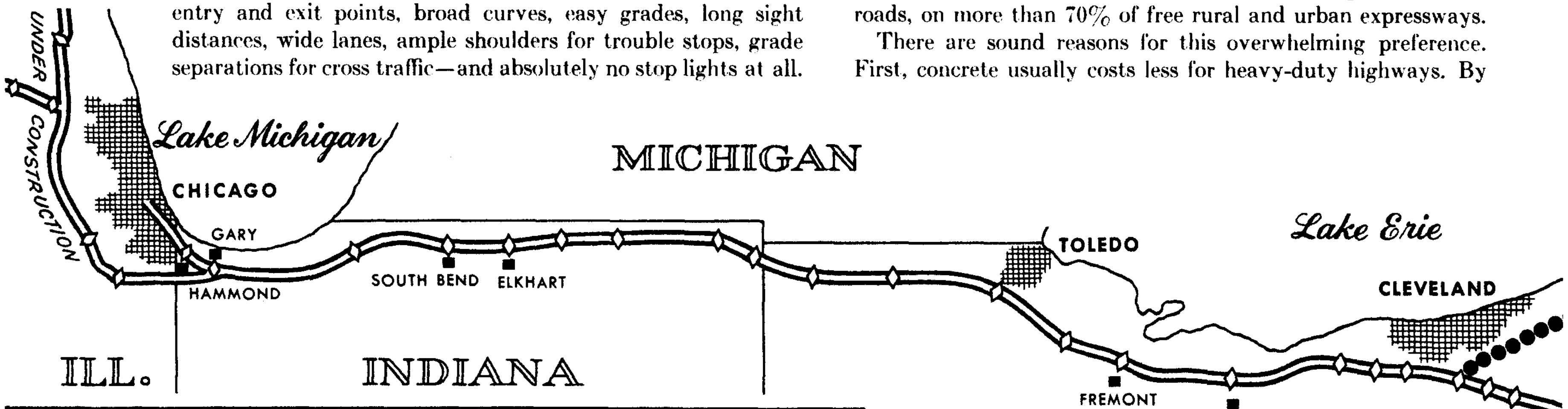
When the final section of the Indiana Toll Road opens soon you can drive 808 miles from Chicago to New York without slowing down for curves, shifting gears for hills, decelerating for slow traffic or stopping—except to eat, sleep or gas up. And you can do so more safely than on roads of earlier design.

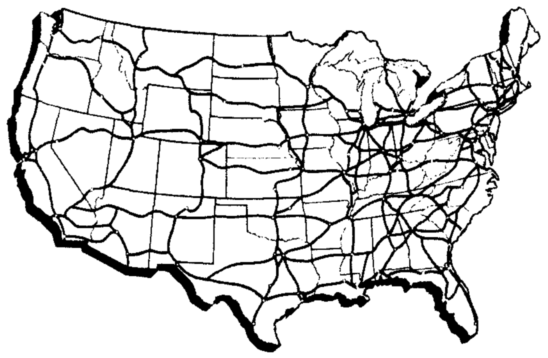
On the fine highways shown in the photos and map you'll save precious time, too—up to a day between Chicago and New York. That's possible because engineers built these roads to the highest standards of comfort and safety for reasonable speeds. You will find roadways separated for traffic in each direction, limited entry and exit points, broad curves, easy grades, long sight distances, wide lanes, ample shoulders for trouble stops, grade separations for cross traffic—and absolutely no stop lights at all.

These roads are a preview of the magnificent main highways soon to start spanning the nation. Under the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1956 the 41,000-mile National System of Interstate and Defense Highways will be built by 1970. Mostly four lanes or more, it will connect practically all major cities.

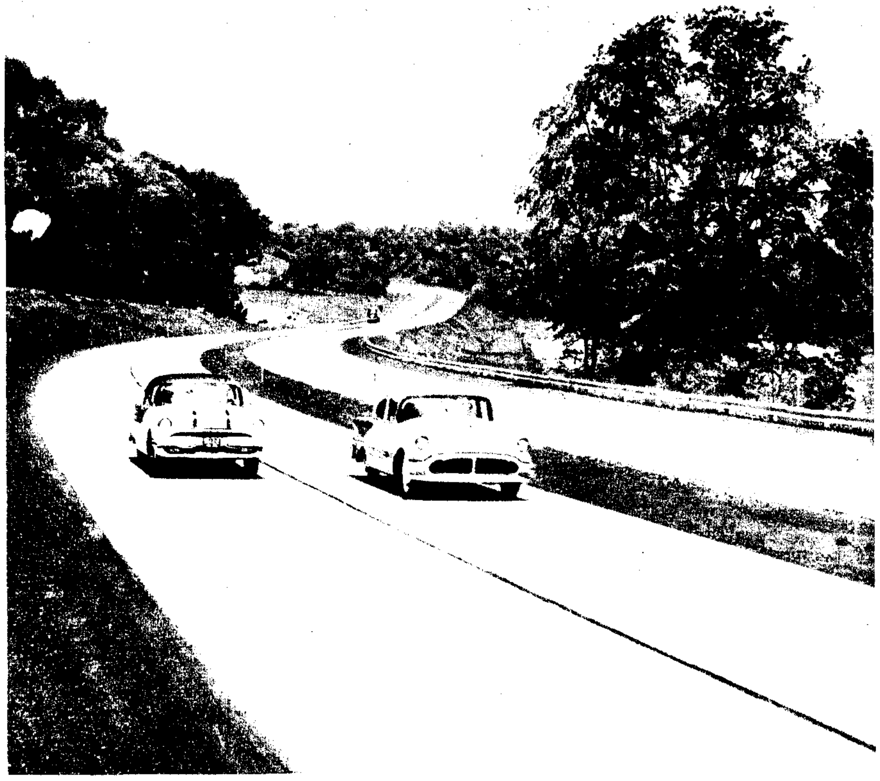
The Interstate System should be built with concrete, the pavement highway engineers recognize as best. They choose it wherever roads must meet rugged tests of time and traffic—on more than 90% of the 25 most-heavily-traveled rural road sections in the country, on nearly 70% of all turnpikes and toll roads, on more than 70% of free rural and urban expressways.

There are sound reasons for this overwhelming preference. First, concrete usually costs less for heavy-duty highways. By

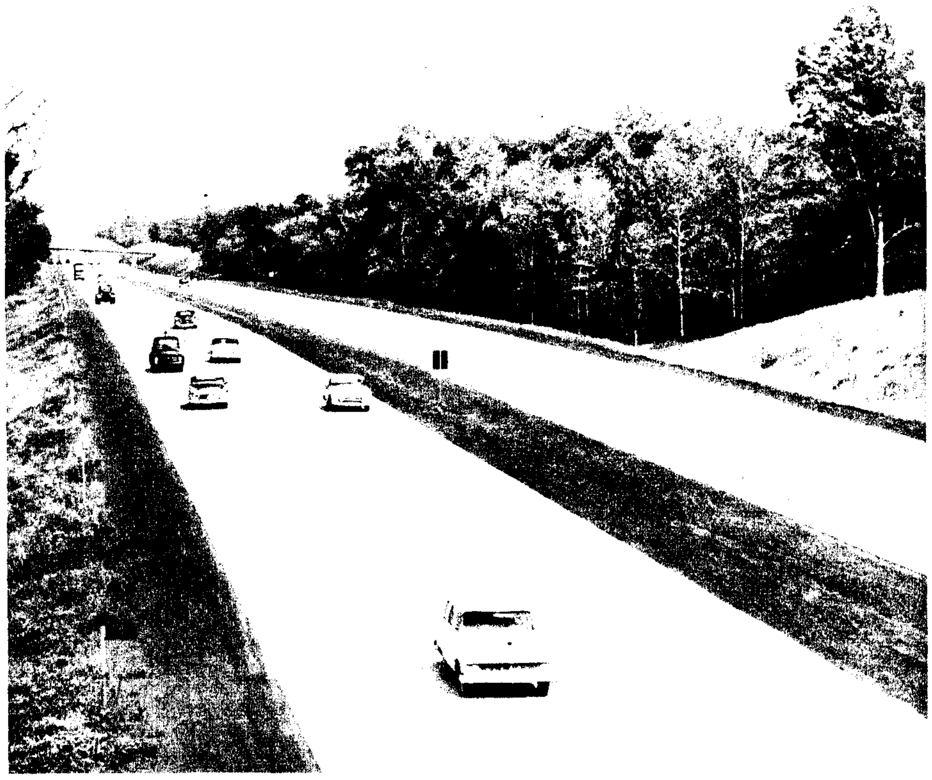




The map at the left shows the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways—a network that reaches every state, 42 state capitals and connects 182 of the 199 cities with more than 50,000 population. Comprising about 1% of the nation's road mileage, it carries 20% of the rural traffic. Contracts for the first sections *of this system have already been* awarded in several of the states.



PENNSYLVANIA



NEW YORK

choosing concrete, for example, engineers saved $2,803,000 on the Ohio Turnpike, $9,740,000 on the Indiana Toll Road.

Second, concrete costs less to maintain—an average of 26% less than the next pavement, according to official data from 24 state highway departments keeping such records. *That's especially important to taxpayers because the federal government will pay 90% of the cost of building the Interstate System, but the states must pay the cost of maintaining it.*

Third, concrete serves longer—more than twice as long as other pavements. Engineers can build concrete roads with a predictable life of more than 50 years.

Fourth, concrete is much safer. It's highly skid-resistant, *even in the rain.* Its light color affords vastly better night visibility.

Add to this three great new improvements. A granular layer under the slab keeps water from undermining the pavement. Air-entrained concrete ends surface scaling. Sawed joints, so thin that they're almost unnoticed by the motorist, give you the smoothest ride you ever had.

A great day is dawning for the highway user. But the biggest construction job ever undertaken anywhere poses bigger-than-ever problems for highway engineers. Support and help them. The permanent benefits will far outweigh temporary inconveniences.

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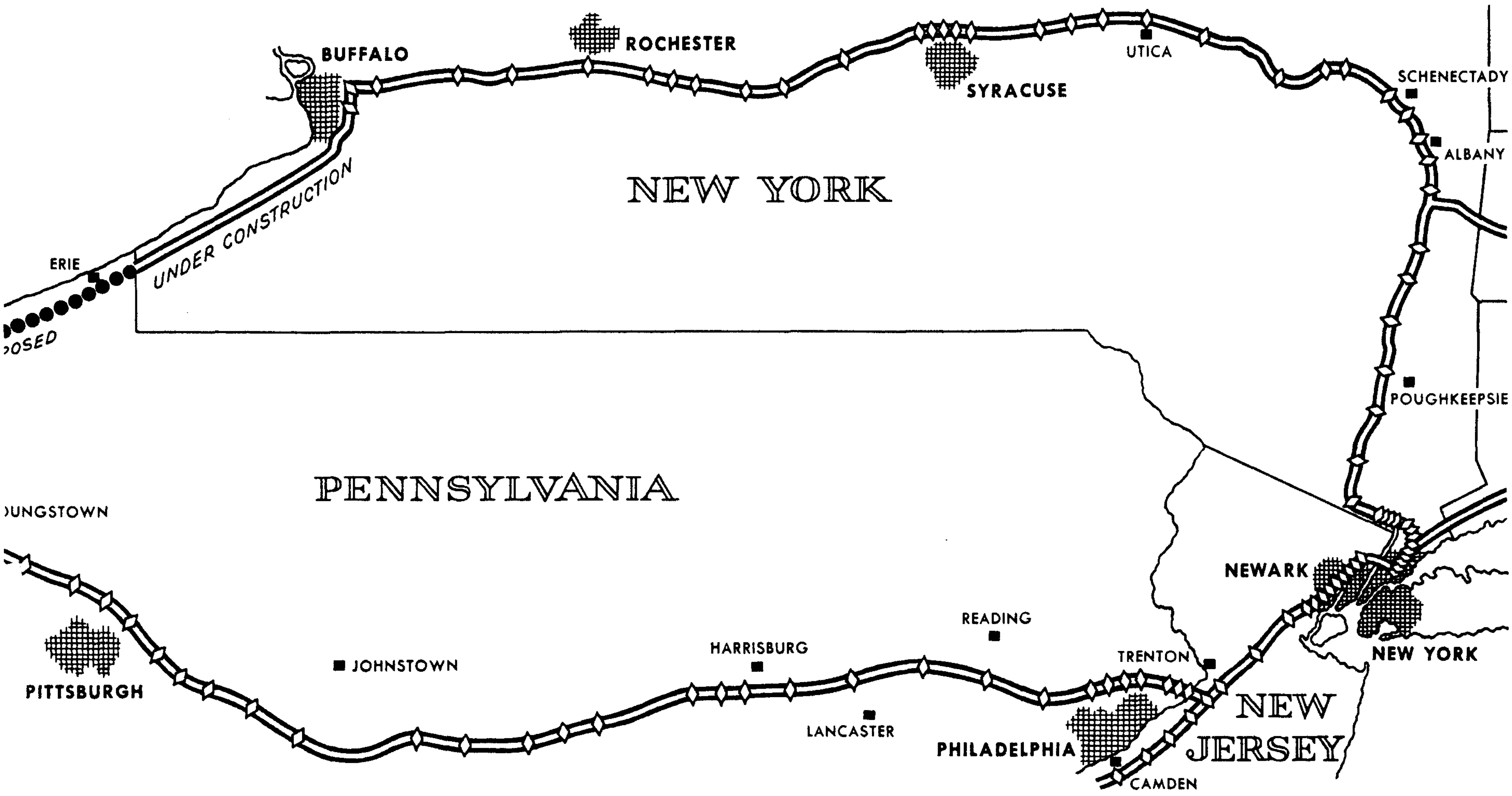
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A Lesson in Power...

MOST OF US HAVE GROWN UP believing the lesson our history books taught us: that the measure of power among nations is a measure of arms. Whoever had the most arms, and the best, with the mobility and manpower to use them, was the strongest.

The blast that rocked Hiroshima in 1945 seemed at first to be the ultimate demonstration of this thesis. We had shown a new weapon so powerful that it must be absolute; Japanese resistance crumbled in the face of it, and a surrender was signed within days. It seemed a matter of simple logic to suppose that by building enough of these bombs and poising them in the right places, any nation could rule the world.

But the past decade has shown that the bomb not only failed to prove the concept, it destroyed it.

Even before the dust had settled on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, doubts began to rise as to whether the weapons that would develop from these bombs could be used in decisive quantities without inundating the world in radioactive fog.

Then Russia got the bomb, and we found the world's two great powers facing each other with weapons they dared not use. Moscow and Kiev could be flattened, but only at the reciprocal cost of New York and San Francisco . . . and the Russians knew that Detroit would cost them Leningrad. The ultimate weapon had made force only the ultimate resort. So it has begun to appear that the two strongest military powers in the world, when ranged against each other, have no effective military power at all.

And now President Nasser has come along to demonstrate the singular impotence of today's great military powers even to keep the lesser powers in line. As the great nations' fear of one another has slowly been superseded by their fear of war itself, the effective strength of the small nations has risen fast. Half a century ago, had a nation of Egypt's size scrapped a solemn agreement and threatened a vital artery of world trade with virtual paralysis, war or retribution would have been sure and swift. Now no great nation takes precipitous action; no one issues an ultimatum except after the most agonizing examination of all alternatives and all consequences.

The spectacle of a cocky Nasser, busily playing both ends against the middle, arrogantly defying a thousand times his weight in military strength, has been exasperating. Such a man is dangerous, a possible fuse to the global powder keg. But there is an illustration, a lesson here, that goes beyond Suez, beyond Nasser, beyond the whole perplexing Middle East complex. For here, regardless of the irresponsible maneuverings of Nasser, is an example of great nations responding to a grimly but powerfully persuasive argument against the rule of force and for the rule of law. The atomic bomb and its successor, the hydrogen bomb, have come full circle since that day in midsummer of 1945 to exercise the most powerful influence for peace the world has yet seen. Nasser is not worth a war, when war has grown as destructive as it now is. So the search is for ways around the impasse, for ways that avoid the terrible consequences of war.

Here is evidence of a transition—a hard transition, since the habits of thousands of years are not contradicted easily or without pain. The art of human relations wants a great deal of refining. Yet in our fumbling way we are discovering the art, and refining it. We are learning that when ways *must* be found, ways *can* be found to circumvent war, even in the face of the most formidable obstacles. These are discoveries that will be of importance and value long after the Suez affair and an arrogant upstart named Nasser are forgotten.

. . . and a Study in People

SUCH HAS BEEN THE IMPACT of the atomic bomb upon people in the mass, or upon certain masses of people, in certain circumstances.

An interesting counterpart of this massive reaction to the presence and meaning of the bomb is its impact upon the group of 25 young women of Hiroshima, described by Gloria and Peter Kalischer on page 48. These girls, stricken and disfigured in the Hiroshima cataclysm, were brought to the United States and taken into typical American homes, while American surgeons healed as best they could the physical damage wrought by the bomb.

"If it had not been for the atomic bomb, I would never have gone to America," said Tazuko Shibata, returning to her home land. Tazuko had little reason to accept the bomb philosophically. It had seared and scarred the side of her face and shrunk the skin of her fingers and arms.

And yet Tazuko found much in America, not to compensate, certainly, but of significance and value—painstaking, expert surgery that freed her crippled hands and smoothed over the ugly scars . . . and more than that, friendship and understanding, and a keen desire to help. Another of the Maidens spoke for the group in this respect: "I lived with eight (American) families," said Terue Takeda, "and it was a strange feeling at first. Why did former enemies treat us like daughters? When I wanted to ask this question I couldn't speak enough English and later when I could it didn't seem to matter any more."

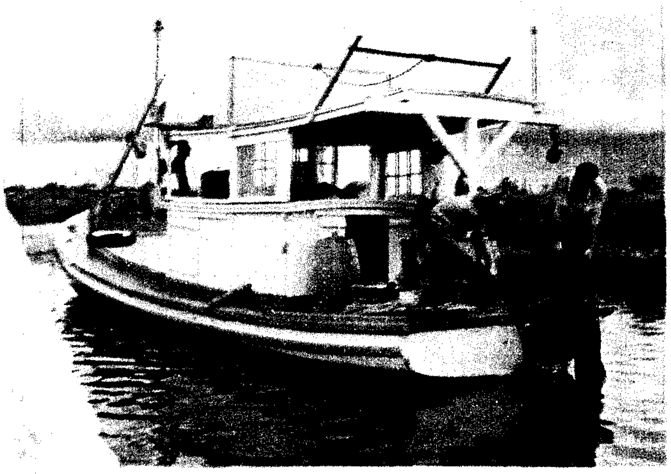
However much they found, Tazuko and her friends surely gave more.

"If you asked me what I remember most about the girls in our home," said one of their hostesses, "I should say it was the laughter they brought with them and that they shared with us. We had feared we might have to make a special effort to keep things from becoming too grim or restrained in the presence of disfigured persons. But these girls had a warmth about them and a gift for laughter that created an entirely different atmosphere . . ."

These are important, if belated, discoveries of the outgoing kindness and generosity that are basic American traits; of a buoyant, warm, and sparkling humor that is characteristically Japanese; of common identity and value as human beings.

These are, of course, particular, personal discoveries, made by one small group of people about another. The tremendous task remains of establishing among whole peoples the oneness of mankind, the basic identity that relates all of humanity. And yet, for all the obvious obstacles, progress is being made in a world increasingly ripe for such progress. The means of meeting one another have been expanded a hundredfold in 20 years by the tremendous strides in international air travel. Where thousands used to move between the continents in a given year, hundreds of thousands now move. The means of knowing one another have multiplied apace. An English or South American song can become in a matter of weeks a hit in America, and American jazz reverberates to the ends of the earth. Radio, television, motion pictures, books, magazines, all carry the thoughts and hopes and ideals of one people to the others, all chipping away at the barriers separating man from man.

The realized terror of the fission and fusion weapons now holds back obliterative war and affords time—a chance for millions to discover in one way or another what Terue Takeda discovered about her hosts and what the hosts learned of Terue Takeda. Historically men are obstinate and obtuse; historically, too, they have born in them "a warmth, and a gift for laughter," which may yet make the whole world kin.



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